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New Movie

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A TOWER MAGAZINE



HOW FATHERHOOD SOFTENED
E. G. (HARD-GUY) ROBINSON

MIRIAM HOPKINS

James Montgomery Flagg Reveals

The GARBO YOU NEVER KNEW

AWAKEN LOVE...

Be utterly
Irresistible

AWAKEN love with the lure men can't resist . . . exotic, tempting IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME It stirs senses...thrills... sets hearts on fire. Use Irresistible Perfume and know the mad joy of being utterly irresistible. Men will crowd around you . . . paying you compliments . . . begging for dates. Your friends will envy your strange new power to win love.

To be completely fascinating, use all the IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure is the new lip-stick that melts into your lips leaving no paste or film . . . just soft, warm, ripe, red, *indelible* color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it hides small blemishes . . . stays on for hours . . . gives you a skin that invites caresses.

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Irresistible

Perfume and
Beauty Aids
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—
Makes her avoid all close-ups
... dingy teeth and tender gums
destroy her charm.

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work . . . what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You can't afford to take chances—to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of

exercise—soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier—and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not begin, today, to get the full benefit of the Ipana treatment in a full-size tube? Buy it now—and get a full month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-45
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.



Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street _____

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IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

new movie

VOL. XI No. 4 • • • APRIL 1935

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

Frank J. McNelis, Managing Editor • Bert Adler, Eastern Editor • John C. Mitchell, Western Editor • Hugh Ryan, Art Director • Verne Noll, Associate Art Director

A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

If ever an industry could be called American, it is the motion picture industry, more popularly known as "the movies." Nowhere else in the world does such a large army of followers flock week after week to see, hear and be entertained by the vivid and oft-times inspired creations of the producers of the flickering images. The old world has its operas, its pageants and spectacles, and its song festivals, but in America the "movie" holds first place in the hearts of the public.

Something like 120,000,000 persons attend picture shows each year. Nowhere else in the world could such a huge audience be drawn to any kind of entertainment. And these "fans" are not the type to accept anything that comes along. They demand, and get, the kind of pictures they desire. A producer may get by for a time by not heeding the demands of his far-flung audience, but not for long. The "fans" manifest their desires and make their demands in no uncertain terms. They bombard the movie magazines with letters, overwhelm the studios with requests, and most important of all, flock to the motion picture "palaces" or stay away in such huge numbers that no producer can mistake their meaning. And that is the way stars are made and unmade.

And not only do the fans choose the stars who are to entertain them, but they also choose the stories they want to see. Many who complain about the cycles of entertainment forget that the voice and desires of the people are responsible. The movie pendulum swings back and forth; we have had cycles of gangster pictures, war, musical, and costume pictures. At the present moment people are demanding pictures of a semi-operatic nature. This is no doubt due to the tremendous success of "One Night of Love," which starred the songbird, Grace Moore. Another trend is back again to the mystery thriller.

In other ways, too, the fans make known their preferences. An Indianapolis reader, writes in to say: "New Movie can confer a great favor on its readers if it will inaugurate a drive to eliminate or at least shorten the 'coming' trailer in the picture houses. They are a nuisance." It further suggests to the editors, who have had similar requests along this line, to publish an article under the general heading "Are Trailers a Nuisance?" At the present time with so many houses playing double features, together with newsreel, comedy and perhaps a cartoon, it may seem that the trailers are too long. And yet the producer of the trailers naturally tries to get as many scenes as possible of coming pictures into his announcement in order properly to advertise its merit.

Another storm center among the fans is the advertising film that is slipped into the program. While it is true many of these films are cleverly done and have certain entertainment and educational values, do they really belong in the show? Regardless of what an exhibitor may think, the advertising reel is advertising, and patrons know it. And further, they do not like to pay to see something that the theater itself has been paid to run. In the fan's eye that does not constitute entertainment.

With television just around the corner, many farsighted producers are wondering what effect the new devices will have on the movies. Some are viewing the future with alarm, feeling that the vast army of radio fans will adopt the new product immediately. Not so the astute Samuel Goldwyn, one of the pioneers of the movies. Mr. Goldwyn is sponsoring a new device which may pave the way to three-dimensional movies. It is a variation of the old stereoscopic movies. If you remember, these were the movies that gave the impression of looking into a room and seeing all sides and the depth of the room at the same time.

Those who are inclined to scoff and say it isn't possible are under-estimating the Goldwyn reputation as a pioneer. They forget, too, that many experimented on sound films until the brothers Warner went into it whole-heartedly and gave us the talkie. And J. H. Whitney, a newcomer into the motion picture field, is leading the way to a new and finer color picture. You remember the colored short picture, "La Cucaracha," and its tremendous reception. "Becky Sharp," which he is producing now as a full-length feature, will be in color. And it might well be that it will lead the way to a new field of natural color pictures.

Adolph Zukor once said no one corporation could ever control the movies because it was a business of "ideas." New Movie takes the liberty to add that it is also a business of the personalities behind the ideas.

THE BEST OF THE MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

They're the Tops.....	Jack Jamison	4
Three Sides of Jimmy.....	Victor Jory	6
How Fatherhood Softened E. G. (Hard Guy) Robinson.....	Barbara Robbins	15
The Garbo You Never Knew....	Douglas Gilbert	16
The Man in the Mirror.....	Charles Darnton	18
Hard-to-Get Hepburn.....	Elsie Janis	19
It's a Fake.....	William A. Ulman, Jr.	20
The New Fashion Queen....	Whitney Williams	27
Actors Are Nobodies.....	Hal Hall	30
In Exile and Loving It.....	Jerry Asher	33
It's a Million to One You'll Never Be a Star	—John Casey	38

NEWS OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS

On-the-Set Reviews.....	Barbara Barry	32
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NEW MOVIE'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Hollywood Goes A-partying....	Grace Kingsley	8
Introducing Tower Star Fashions.....		22
Hollywood Day by Day.....	Nemo	28
All the World's a Screen.....	Herb Howe	31
Music in the Movies.....	John Edgar Weir	34
Shirley Temple's Birthday Party..	Rita Calhoun	37
Watch Your Neck and Arms, says Madge Evans		52
You Tell Us.....		54
The Make-Up Box.....		61
John Boles' House.....		71
Wood Accessories.....		73

COVER DESIGN BY GENE REX

When changing address send us both old and new addresses, and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you.

Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc., 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Executive and Editorial Offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. . . . Home Office: 22 No. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Western Editorial Office: 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Officers: Catherine McNelis, President, John P. McNelis, Vice-president, Theodore Alexander, Treasurer, Marie L. Featherstone, Secretary. R. H. Flaherty, Advertising Director; E. L. Schroeder, Eastern Advertising Manager; S. B. Gale, Western Advertising Manager; R. M. Budd, Pacific Coast Representative.

Advertising Offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

NO MYSTERY ABOUT HER SNOWY WASHES NOW!



Like magic for tub washing, too —safe for colors—easy on hands!

IF YOU haven't a washer, all the more reason to use Rinso. No matter how big or how dirty your wash is, Rinso *soaks* away the dirt and gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Colors stay fresh and bright. Rinso saves hours of tiresome hard scrubbing, makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save lots of money.

Thick suds—instantly!

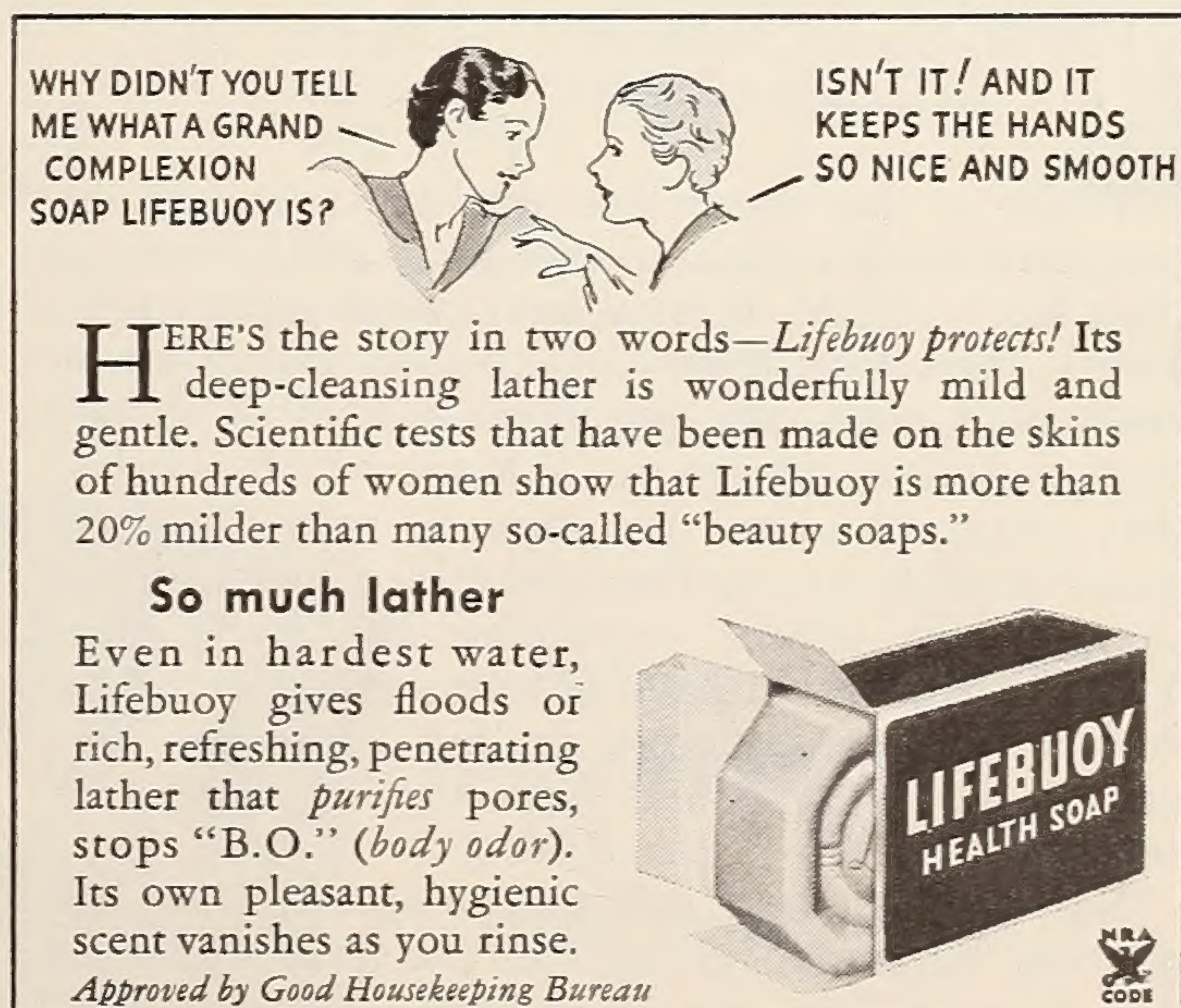
You need only a little Rinso to get a tubful of rich, lively, long-lasting suds—even in hardest water. The makers of 34 famous washers recommend Rinso. And Rinso suds are no end of help in the dishpan. Dishes come bright and clean in a twinkle. And Rinso's creamy suds are easy as can be on your hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG household package. You'll find that it's even *more* economical.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

TRYING TO MARRY OFF MARY



They're the Tops. WHY?



It may surprise you, but box-office figures never lie. These are the five leading women stars. Each one shares the mysterious secret of success. WHAT IS THAT SECRET?

**By
JACK JAMISON**

IF someone asked you, "which are the five greatest women stars?"—which five would you name?

Box-office figures never lie, even though they sometimes shock you. The five big women stars today are:

First, Janet Gaynor.

Second, Mae West.

Third, Joan Crawford.

Fourth, Norma Shearer.

Fifth, Katharine Hepburn.

Why?

What is the mysterious quality, possessed by these five women, which places forty million fans at their feet? What do they have, what power, what ability, that lifts them out of the ranks even in Hollywood itself, and sets them over other women stars, as ruling empresses? What is it? If you had that secret, wouldn't you have a prize infinitely more valuable to you than the fabled philosopher's stone, which turned everything into pure gold? Yes; for you would have not only gold, but fame, national homage, success in any profession you undertook. Why, you'd have the very secret of success.

You may not be a scientist or psychologist, you may not have a laboratory, but you have seen these five stars on the screen, you have read their lives. You really know them better, in a way, than you

know your closest friends. Why shouldn't you, by carefully comparing them, be able to discover a clue to their secret?

JANET GAYNOR was discovered entirely by accident some years ago when a picture called "The Johnstown Flood" needed a girl who looked boyish and could ride a horse. It wasn't until she made "Seventh Heaven," still her best-remembered film, that her box-office personality came through. It jibed with an image that was in the public mind; that of a helpless little waif, half woman and half child, at anybody's mercy. No one has ever pointed out that the character Janet gives us on the screen is identical with the pathetic little tramp played by Charlie Chaplin, psychologically. Both are wistful, frustrated creatures; bewildered, utterly unable to cope with life. Perhaps because all of us are at heart defeated and bewildered and wistful, this is a character with universal appeal.

Oddly enough Janet fights, bitterly and continually, against the very thing which keeps her one of the Big Five! She's a mature woman, who has been married and divorced. She wants to play mature roles, glamorous roles, sophisticated roles—anything but the wistful waif! Again and again

she tries to break free, only to have her pictures fail the moment she steps out of the characterization in which people are used to seeing her. Sheer pressure of public demand forces her back, again and again. The ironic spectacle of a woman struggling against the one thing which explains her success! For—don't doubt it—if Janet ever says good-bye to that waif, once and for all, she may be dashed down into obscurity overnight!

IT would be a hard job to imagine any greater contrast than Janet and Mae West.

On Broadway Mae's name used to stand for risqué plays. No one admitted it with more alacrity than Mae herself. She wrote her own little dramas, and the critics joined in jeering at them, dubbing them Hokum for Hicks and Bait for Boobs. Yet even with the rural visitors Mae wasn't a success. She never got rich off her New York stage productions.

Compare this with her unparalleled rise on the screen. Wherein lies the difference? Censorship! For there was censorship long before the Decency Drive was heard of, remember. On the screen, from the start, Mae played risqué plays without actually being risqué. It revealed her true appeal, a compelling, dynamic, sweeping feminine vitality that literally knocked us out of our seats. "It isn't the things she says, it's (Please turn to page 44)



*But mother! He
said he'd write*

Heartsick—wondering *why*
he had lost interest! Then
Ruth learned the reason
and NOW...



At the office he had seemed to fall hard for Ruth at first. Then he left on a trip, promising to "drop her a line"... but...



One morning she overheard two of the girls whispering... she resolved never again to risk second-day underthings.



She stopped at the store on her way home. That very night she started the easy Lux habit of daintiness, and then when



Dan came back, they met again! Dates followed... flowers... Well, she's taking a new job for life in June—as Mrs. Dan.

AVOID OFFENDING—Underthings absorb perspiration odor. Protect daintiness the easy 4-minute way:

Girls—don't take chances that may ruin your popularity, romance! We can't help perspiring, of course, and underthings constantly absorb perspiration. But Lux removes odor completely if you'll make it a rule to Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Ordinary soaps with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing tend to fade and weaken silk. But Lux has no harmful alkali—keeps things like new *longer*! You know that anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

LUX for underthings



Removes
perspiration
odor—
Saves colors

The Three Sides of JIMMY



Longworth

On the screen Jimmy Cagney is tough, hard-boiled, and pugnacious. This story by his friend Victor Jory, reveals the actor as his Hollywood friends know him best

By VICTOR JORY



Elmer Fryer



Longworth

Above: Cagney is fond of horseback riding. Left: His friend Victor Jory; and left, above, a recent studio portrait of the vigorous Jimmy.

NO two human beings could be more radically different than the Jimmy Cagney you know, and the Jimmy Cagney I know. The former, who exists only on the screen, is a cock-sure, hard-boiled, pugnacious—though very likable—little mug; the latter is a soft-spoken, kindly, intellectual gentleman—the finest gentleman it has ever been my good fortune to meet.

Like every dyed-in-the-wool movie fan from Hollywood to Timbuktu, I judge an actor by his roles, and, willy-nilly, form conclusions about his off-screen personality. In Cagney's case, I did just that. Having seen him bombard rival gangsters with bullets and lovely young ladies with grapefruit, I instinctively pictured him as a tough nut from the lower East Side—and of course paid him a compliment in so doing, for it is every actor's ambition to make his roles believable.

I was right in just one particular—he is from the lower East Side. In every other particular, my conception was ridiculously amiss.

Jimmy Cagney, therefore, has been a perpetual surprise to me. And so he is to everyone who knows him, for, like most self-made men, he is a bundle of contradictions, unusual abilities, unexpected interests and original ideas. He is a flesh-and-blood album of "Believe it or Not" items.

I first met him on a location trip, and, by comparison with the other members of the troupe, all of whom were heavily tanned, he was so pale that I concluded he must be suffering from a severe hangover. I said as much to the assistant director, and he regarded me with amusement.

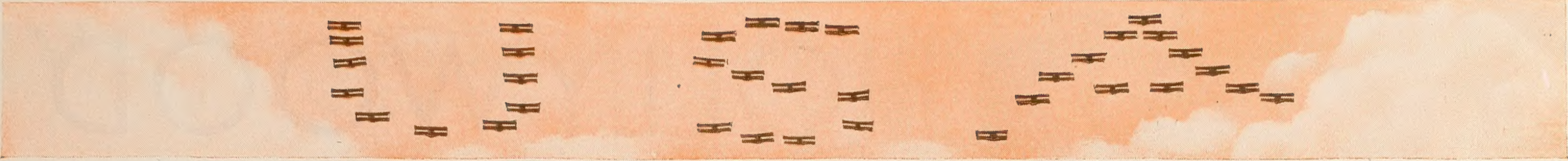
"You've been seeing too many Cagney pictures," he answered. "It may surprise you to know that Jimmy never takes a drop."

It did!

A few days later, I was boxing with an ex-heavyweight pug who had a bit in the picture. Cagney watched a while, then offered to put on the gloves with me. I was reluctant, for Jimmy is a much smaller man than I, and I don't like to pull punches. However, my concern was unwarranted. I've fought hundreds of amateur bouts and once had a brief whirl in the professional ring—but I've never felt such jolting blows from heavy gloves as he dished out. The man's a little giant! And his physical condition is as keen as that of a professional athlete!

Surprise number two!

As we became friends, we were drawn into discussions of this and that, and one day, we happened to hit on philosophy, a subject which has always interested me and which—until then—I rather prided myself on. And Cagney—the East Side boy—left me floundering. He quoted from books which I had heard of but never found time or courage (*Please turn to page 62*)



HEADS UP, FILM FANS!

... for M-G-M's greatest film festival o'er land and sea!

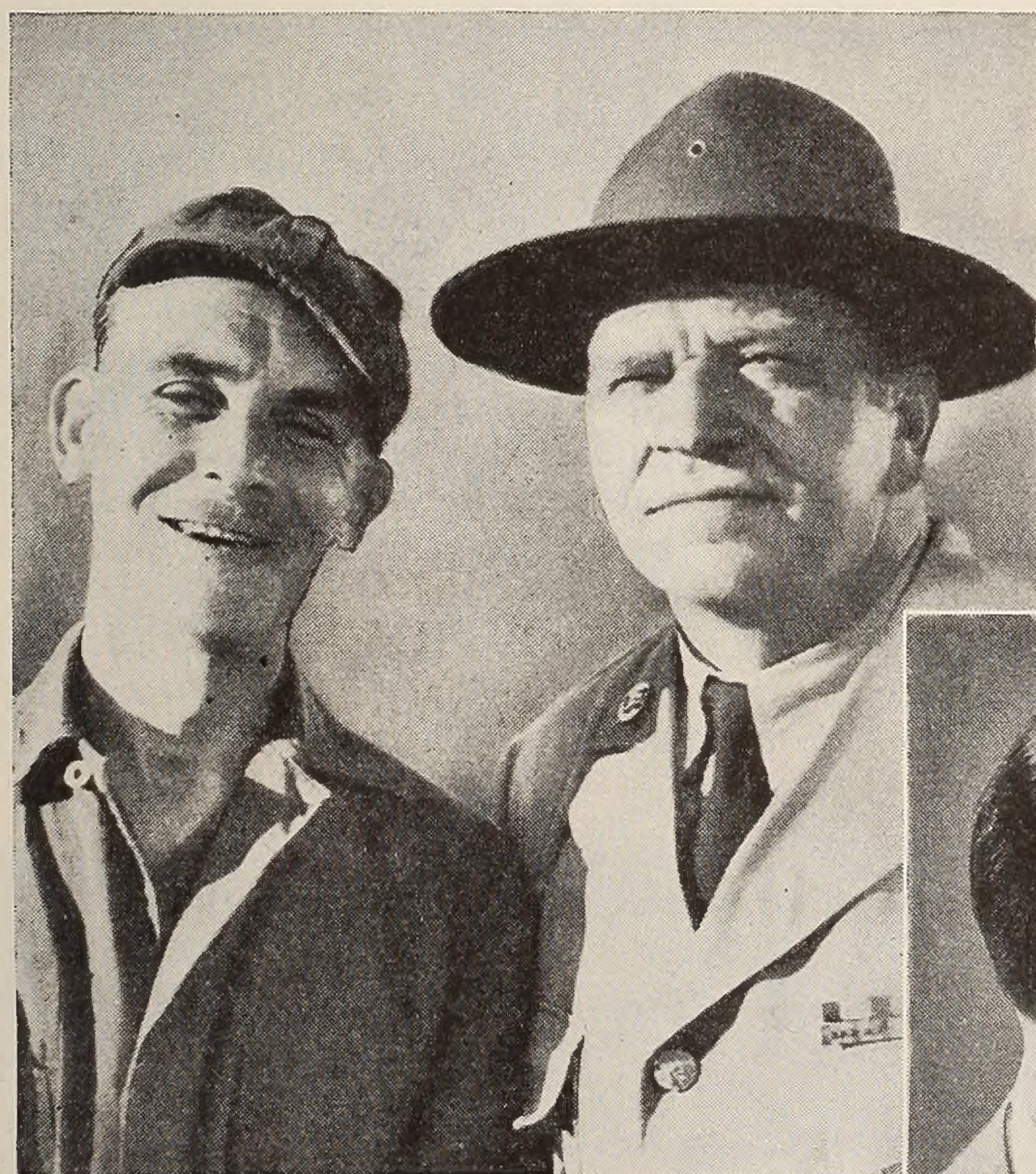
Now all the heaven's a stage for Uncle Sam's fighting, flying men. You'll thrill as never before when you see the famed "Hi-Hats" wing into action! You'll grin as you watch the West Pointers getting a P G course in courage and daring! And you'll weep with the girls they leave behind as they soar into the skies to keep a date with the angels!

It took six months, thousands of men, \$50,000,000 worth of equipment to make this exciting saga of the sky devils. You'll never forget it!

Wallace Beery

in

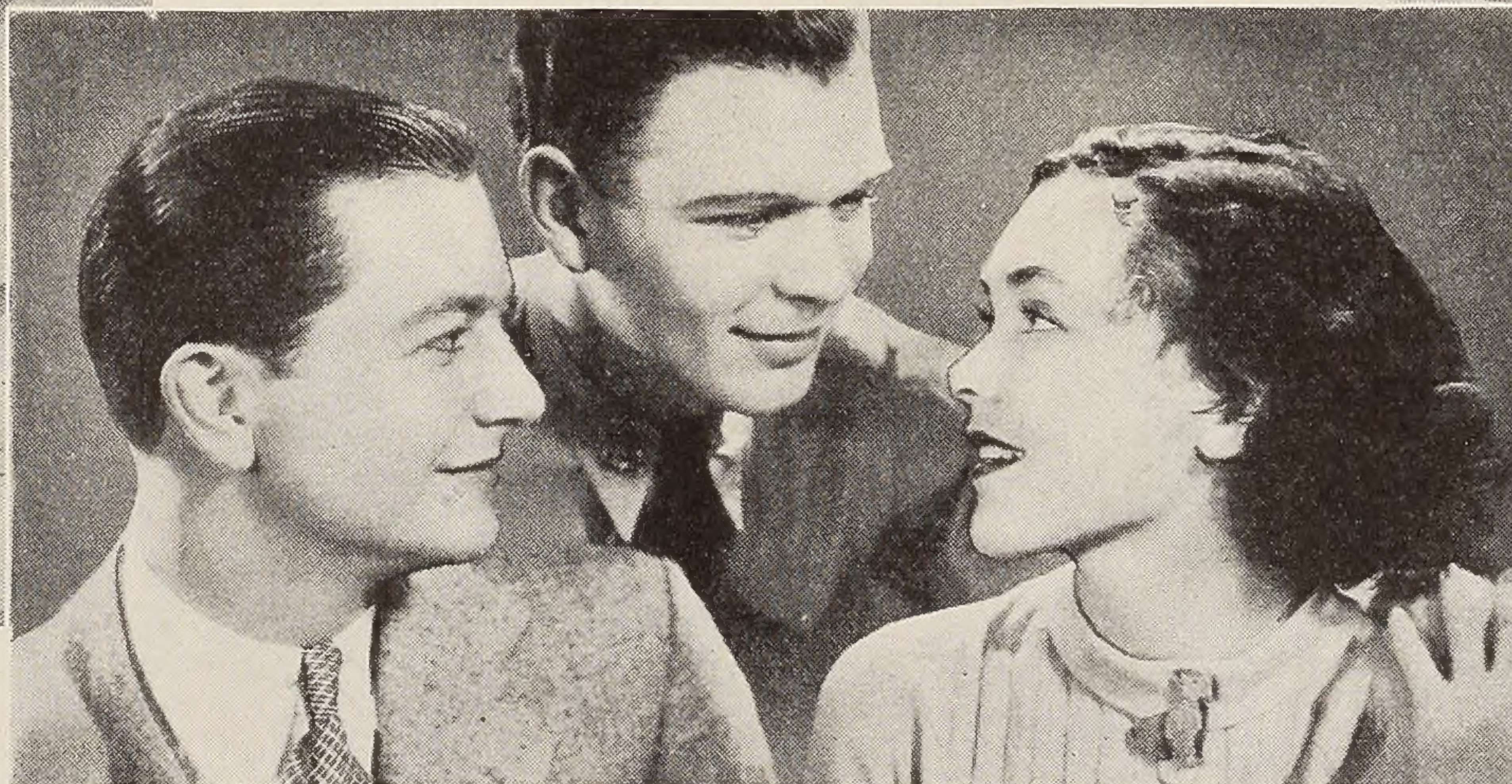
WEST POINT of the AIR



The two old-timers who sat around...and wore out their brains!

with
ROBERT YOUNG
LEWIS STONE
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
JAMES GLEASON

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



The three mosquiteers of Randolph Field
... whose cradle was a cockpit!



The girl who loved as they lived...dangerously!

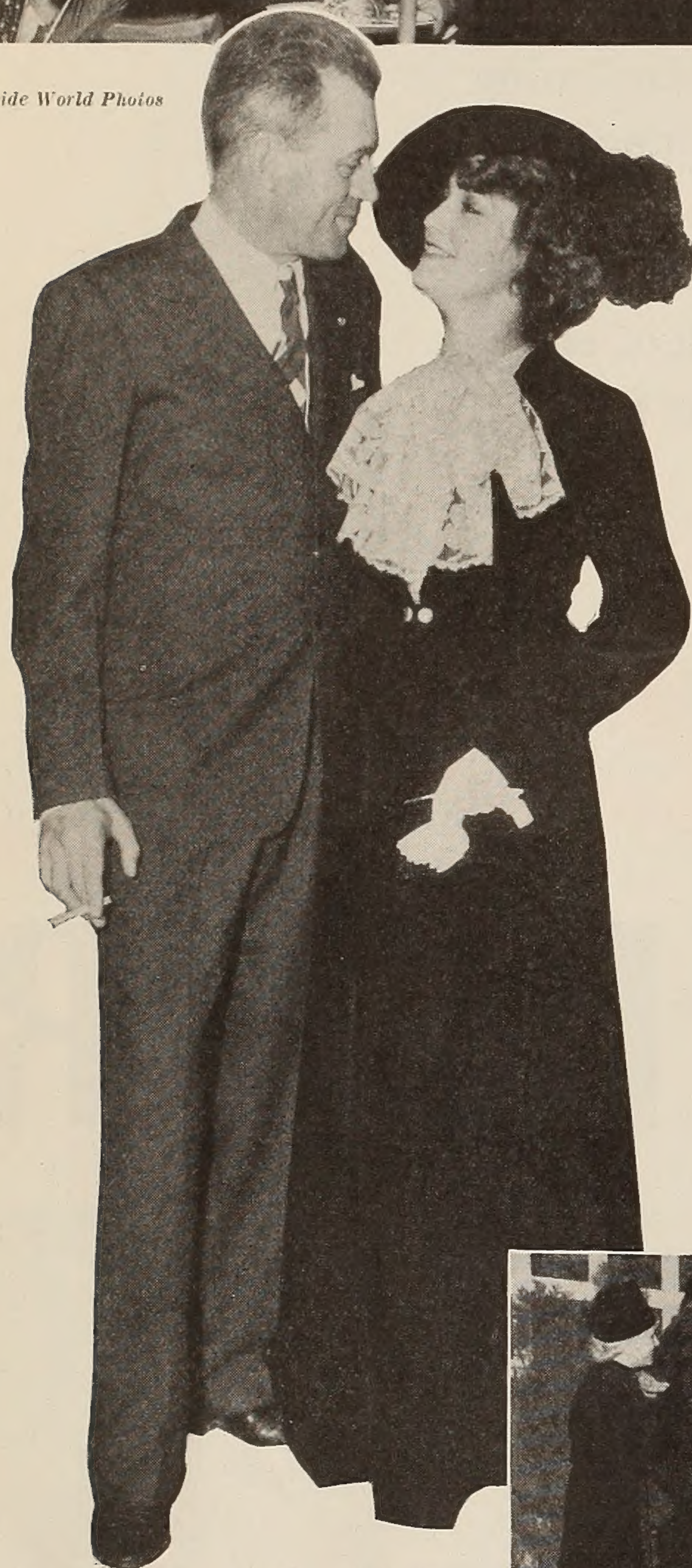




HOLLYWOOD GOES A-PARTYING

With the social season in full swing, Grace Kingsley brings you the parties of the month, from caviar to champagne

Wide World Photos



Top of Page: The W. S. Van Dyke party. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Laughton, Gertrude Michael and the host. Above: Mr. Van Dyke with Jeanette MacDonald.



DOGS are all right and presents are swell, says W. S. Van Dyke, and when you receive twelve Newfoundland pups as a present, all at one pop—that's swell, too. But when those twelve pups go barging right through your house, knocking guests and furniture right and left—well, that's something else again.

It was John Miljan at the bottom of it all, of course. John and Van are always playing tricks on each other, and when Van announced a big party, John just couldn't resist the temptation to send him the pooches.

Then Jack Oakie tried to ride herd on the pups and crowd them all into Van's bedroom! There the pups evidently decided that table scarfs, cushions and such like fluff were all a lot of hooey, and proceeded to make mince-meat of them until Mrs. Laura Van Dyke, Van's mother, rescued the things, called Van and coaxed the puppies into the kennels. Van's going to keep all the dogs, although he already has about ten or twelve.

That wasn't all John did for the party, either. He turned butler—not just an ordinary butler, though, for he borrowed the bugle horn belonging to one of the marines who, when Van throws a party, always appear as escort and guard about his estate, and announced every arriving guest with a blast!

Plenty of romantic interest made its appearance at the party, including Jean Harlow and William Powell, Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie, Irene Hervey

and Robert Taylor. Dolores Del Rio was present with Cedric Gibbons, but had to hurry away because she had a party of her own on at home.

Herbert Marshall was there alone, which created quite a hum of excitement. There were other lone wolves, too, including Charles Butterworth, Jack Oakie and Edwin Earle.

IT was a real hunt breakfast which Frank Lloyd and his wife gave at their Whittier estate, the morning a lot of stars decided to go to the races at Santa Anita. Their lovely old southern mansion was just the spot for it.

There were whole turkeys and hams on the sideboard, together with what other cheer you may imagine. You helped yourself and stood about, eating and drinking, or sat at little tete-a-tete tables. It was all very gay, with much horsey talk and much marking of bet tips.

A highly cheerful feminine guest approached Otto Kruger, exclaiming effusively, "Oh, Mr. Kruger, I never miss a single one of your pictures! I think you are grand! Sometimes I go to see them two or three times!"

"Wh—why!" gasped Otto, overcome, "I don't believe even I get that much of a kick out of my pictures! I guess I'm just not my type!"

Cosily married folk made up most of the guest list, including Mr. and Mrs. Kruger, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Meighan, and others.

YOU couldn't possibly imagine Leon Errol's legs ever folding up if you could have seen him at the party which he and Mrs. Errol gave in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Fields, on the occasion of the forty-second anniversary of the Fields' wedding. He was the nimblest of the nimble, as he looked after his guests, and climbed up on the bar in the whoopee room, before dinner, to act as master of ceremonies for the earlier doings, which included toasts to everybody.

Those youngsters, Joe Cawthorne, Edmund Breese, Lew Fields and Charles Evans, formed a close-harmony quartette, (Please turn to page 47)

Guests at Fred Keating's delightful party included Barbara Blair, Tala Birell, the foreign star who has had bad luck with her American films, Fred himself, Isabel Jewell, who is seen still with Lee Tracy despite talk of a tiff, Pauline Garon, and lovely Nancy Carroll.



Among the stags at Leon Errol's, find Lewis Milestone, Leon, Lew Fields, Joseph Cawthorne, Edmund Breese, Julian Eltinge, Charles Evans and Richard Carle.

"Treasured Flavor"

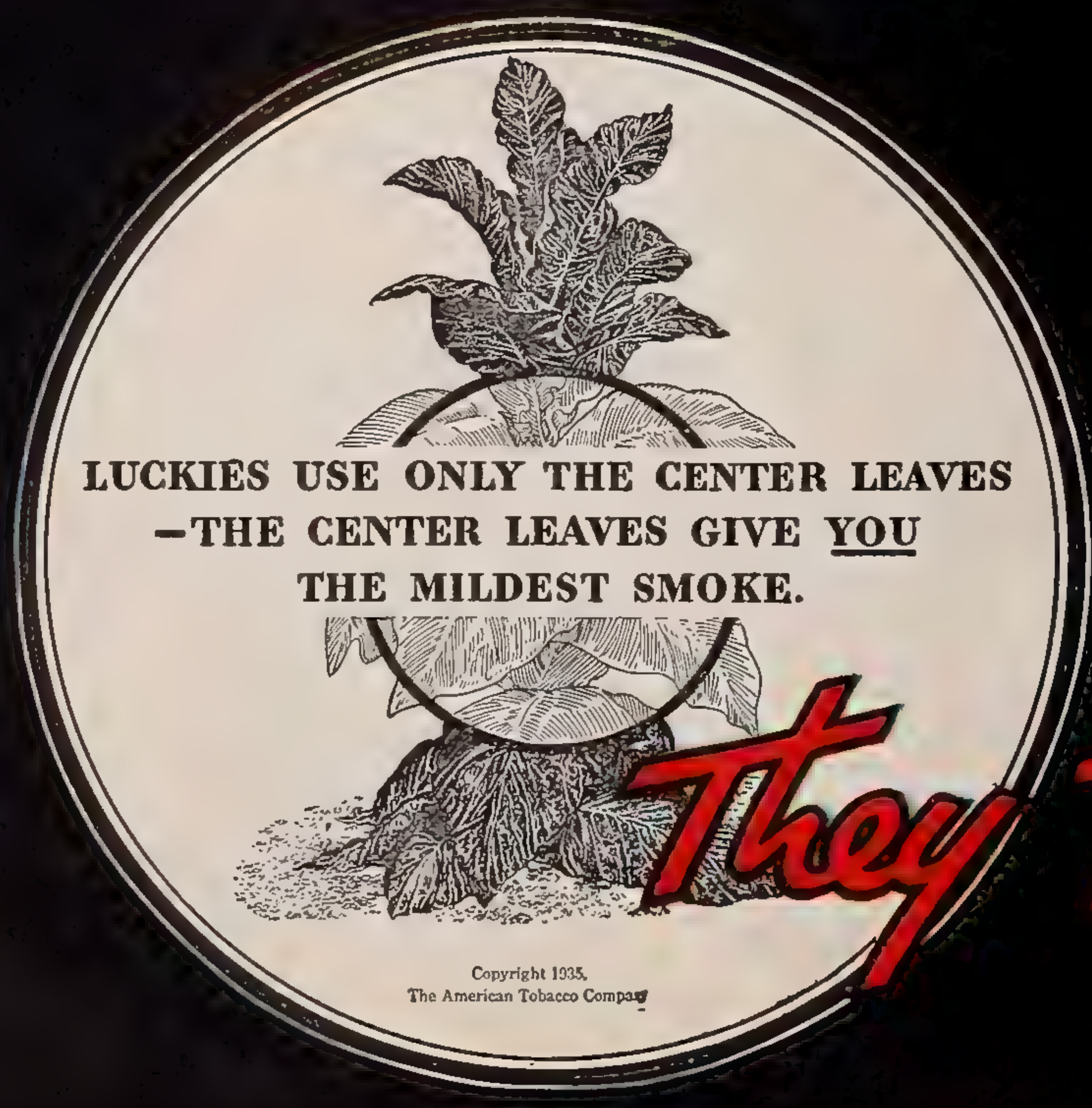
Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove... gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum... golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop... precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say —
"Beech-Nut, Please!"

Beech-Nut GUM and CANDIES





Luckies



They Taste Better



NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S GALLERY *&* STARS

JEANETTE MACDONALD needs no introduction to the lovers of fine pictures and fine music, but can Nelson Eddy, who plays opposite her, fill the roles that once were played by Chevalier and Novarro? In "Naughty Marietta" everyone will have the opportunity to see and hear for himself. Above, Jeanette and Nelson in the "Wishing Well" scene from the picture.

Music HATH Charm



Clark



Hewitt

● **BING CROSBY** . . . who fooled the lads and lassies of Hollywood by starting out as a singer and ending up as one of our most talented comedians, fools 'em again as an old-time southern gentleman in "Mississippi," in the days of side-wheelers and whiskers. Don't tell us they had crooners then!

● **MERLE OBERON** . . . who is English and looks Oriental, goes French in her first big American picture, "Folies Bergere de Paris," with Maurice Chevalier. So far as we're concerned, we're going to see it if only to sigh at all that beauty.

AND HOW MUCH CHARM HAS THE MUSIC, FEATURED IN



● **DICK POWELL** . . . who also plays the violin, looks seraphic and tunes up for another romantic singing part in Warner Brothers' "Gold Diggers of 1935." After which, believe it or not, the boy will go into Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream."



● **LILIAN HARVEY** . . . who, for some reason, the producers decided was not going over with American audiences. But what a howl of rage went up when the studio finally let her contract lapse! Now Lilian is back, petite, elfin and captivating, in "Let's Live Tonight." Her smile above is to thank you.

COMING PRODUCTIONS, WITH THESE FOUR SMILING STARS?




SHIRLEY TEMPLE AND LIONEL BARRYMORE


Can you imagine any sweeter combination than Shirley Temple and gruff, kindly Lionel Barrymore, for "The Little Colonel"? The little colonel herself, who wears what all well-dressed little girls wore in 1875, is proudest of her shoes. The shoes were especially made for her, of orchid faille with pearl buttons. Isn't she cute?

Dyar





Snarling, a leer of defiance on his face, a killer to the heart—will Eddie still be able to play such parts, now there's an Eddie Junior?



Fair warning:
Only women will understand this story. If you wear trousers, you can just turn the page

By BARBARA ROBBINS

How Fatherhood Softened E. G. (Hard-Guy) ROBINSON

DO you remember "Little Caesar"?—ragged, sodden; trapped yet snarling still. A horrible leer of defiance on his cruel face. Cowering behind a sign-board as a detective ended his life by pumping him full of machine-gun bullets?

From his very first picture—and "Little Caesar" was the picture which brought him fame and started him on his movie career—Edward G. Robinson has carried on the tradition of brutality. Again in his new film for Columbia, "The Whole Town's Talking," he is a gangster—although, this time, merely a timid clerk who is mistaken for one. A racketeer. A killer. A sadist. A maniacal egotist. Well, how would you like to be married to him?

You wouldn't?

Don't be too sure! You might get the surprise of your life.

For Eddie Robinson, if the truth be told, is one of the finest perambulator-pushers, one of the most notable diaper-folders, in fact the very outstanding nursemaid's helper in all Hollywood! To be sure, he was probably never as bad as he was pictured even in the

days before Edward G. Junior was born, two years ago. He might snarl, on the screen, but his most violent pastime at home was listening to Beethoven Symphonies on the phonograph. But now, since the baby has come! It almost breaks our heart to tell you, but nowadays Mr. Robinson spends most of his time crawling around on the floor on his hands and knees, growling: "Gr-r-r, I'm a big-g bear!"

That's what fatherhood does to you!

"You see," says Eddie—Eddie, Senior, not the baby—"three of my four brothers were married men almost before I was out of college. I was completely surrounded by young nephews and nieces as a very young fellow. They used to bat me in the nose and pull my hair when I tried to play with them. Oh, I used to say 'Goo-goo' to them, now and then, or 'Baby see nice mans?' but secretly I thought they were just a lot of noisy little brats that ought to be spanked.

"And then, two years ago, I found myself with a son of my own. I don't know—I doubt if it's possible to put into words just what that experience means to a man. To have a son! Some- (Please turn to page 64)

To an actor, a home is a nuisance. Edward G. Robinson swore he'd never own one. But then the baby came, and—"Suppose something should happen to me?" Eddie thought.



James
Montgomery
Flagg



With CONRAD NAGEL . . . ROBERT MONTGOMERY . . . CLARK GABLE . . . CHARLES BICKFORD . . . LEW AYRES

James Montgomery Flagg Reveals The GARBO YOU NEVER KNEW

Continuing our series, of favorite stars of famous people, James Montgomery Flagg, famous illustrator, says,
"Garbo's face has as much character as Abraham Lincoln's has for a man. Fortitude! She's magnificent!"

By DOUGLAS GILBERT

IT is the opinion of James Montgomery Flagg that Greta Garbo is the greatest of the film stars. The silent Swede, says the renowned artist, has everything. He places no crown on her golden head—but a halo. According to Mr. Flagg, Greta is greater than art.

It sounds like a Hollywood rave. Moreover, to your correspondent who laid siege to Mr. Flagg in his New York studio for his selection, it was—at first—a nuisance choice. I had never before contributed so much as a gram to the tons of tripe that weigh down the fabulous Garbo. And I hesitated, in the early stages of our interview, crest-fallen at thus being forced to commit a violating act.

But, so help me, the Flagg Garbo is no one you have ever met before. She emerged through his summation, not the pseudo-sphinx shunning the quoted word, but a melancholy Swede, a mystery woman whose screwy reactions, indeed, rudeness, are born of sorrow. And I don't mean a yearning for the dead Stiller. It seems Mr. Flagg knows Garbo. Let us get to his characterization at once.

"She vibrates, does things to you. She has a terrific lot of dignity. She carries around with her a Swedish phonograph record of laughs; no words recorded, no music, just laughs—belly-laughs, hysterical chortles, loud guffaws, laughs that are insane, satiric, happy, derisive, sardonic—every degree of emotional response in laughter. Then she'll play it on her host's or hostess's phonograph and watch the reaction. I don't know what it means. . . ."

Perhaps I should explain that Mr. Flagg is picturing Miss Garbo after an all-afternoon social contact with her at a party given by a director some years ago when he was in Hollywood. She was Garbo in person. She was apparently at ease in his company and spoke, on the word of Mr. Flagg, with earnest freedom.

"We sat together on a sofa. I didn't find her aloof, reticent, or rude, as others are said to have found her. True, she wasn't voluble at the start. But something clicked in me when we met, and I have often wondered if she realized it too. Realized what it was. She certainly gave me the key at the start with an astonishing revelation. She confessed to me that she suffered from melancholia.

"Well, years ago as a youth, studying in England, I had been a victim of melancholia, and I was sympathetically bonded to her at once. This might well be a spiritual affinity. Moreover, she told me that she had experienced melancholy in her youth, so I discounted the stories I had heard of her sorrow for the dead Mauritz Stiller, her first di-

rector in Stockholm, and the man she is said to have loved—he who was responsible for her success.

"Success? I wondered just how much it meant to her. I recall how she characterized herself to me during her conversation; it was 'Svenska flicke,' which means, I believe, 'just a little Swedish girl.' While we were talking I asked her if she'd pose that I might sketch her. She agreed, graciously and with charming politeness, and I began to wonder again at the tales I had heard of her rudeness.

"She tilted back her head, revealing her lean neck, which is one of the most remarkable characteristics of her features, and I began. I was interested, tremendously interested, and took some pains to make a finished drawing, not just a hasty sketch. I said, 'you are tired?' And she said, 'no, I am not tired. You are the first real artist I have met in America.' It shut me up, for a moment. But she never betrayed the slightest sign of kidding me. She really sounded very sincere. I finished the sketch and gave it to John Gilbert.

"Then I did something unpardonable, and to this day I can't tell you why. I reached down, picked up her tea-cup, and drank from it. She looked at me for a moment, steadily, with just a trace of disdain. Then she said, 'Are those American manners?' I would have given an arm not to have had it happen. Yet it was worth seeing her coldness, an indescribable frozen contempt.

"Millions admire her I know. I'm not traveling with the herd; I just think they have good taste. And another thing, she hasn't got big feet, it's all damn nonsense. She's tall, about five feet six inches; if her feet were smaller they'd be disproportionate. And her face to me has as much character as Abraham Lincoln's has for a man. My feeling for her art is best summed up in her final scene in 'Queen Christina.' I shall

never forget her bravery as she goes forth, standing there at the prow of her ship—such fortitude, such utter renunciation. She is magnificent."

Says Mr. Flagg. Now let's take a breather and get down to case histories. Frankly, I am at a loss to understand Mr. Flagg's rave. So far as I know he has never committed himself to superlatives with such abandon before. Indeed, as a forthright artist in New York for some forty years, he has always insisted upon calling a spade a spade and not a "garden implement." Now he goes hay-wire over Garbo.

I suspect that his affection for her artistry is more than "a melancholy affinity." They have more in common than that. Like Garbo, Flagg shuns the multitude. Both run on independent tickets. Both are courageous, Garbo shrewdly silent in her fortitude, Flagg with outspokenness. He once characterized the nation, indignantly commenting upon some mass response, as "the United Sheep of America."

He is really one of the remarkable characters of commercial art, so prolific he was once accused of being a syndicate. His was no beginner's garret. He was in the money almost from the start, earning when sixteen, a stipend for his drawings for *Life*, *St. Nicholas* and other magazines that would be a fairish figure today.

A native of New York born of New England stock, he studied in art schools for six years; all wasted time, he says, "unless I had gone to college in which case the time wasted would have been appalling." There is less nonsense about Flagg than almost any other commercial artist. Is the illustrator's field art or business? Flagg will tell you—business. Says it has to be so in an industrial nation where a man is appraised by what he has or what he earns.

He has no highfalutin' views about art for art's sake. A publisher of educational
(Please turn to page 63)



The list of Greta's leading-men is staggering. See the photographs below.



With JOHN GILBERT . . . HERBERT MARSHALL . . . RAMON NOVARRO . . . JOHN BARRYMORE . . . and GEORGE BRENT

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

There had been many lean days for "The Thin Man" but William Powell now rides the crest of the wave of movie popularity

By CHARLES DARNTON

PLAINLY, The Thin Man had outlived his lean days. Not that he himself betrayed any sign of growing obesity. Far from it, he was in his best form, just as advertised and true to his waistline. It was in the spirit, rather than the flesh, he gave the impression of living a full life. Evidence of it was all about him in his Beverly Hills home. For no sooner had a houseman let me in than a butler popped out, solicitous as to my inner welfare. Could he bring me something? A cocktail? Perhaps tea and toast? Then a cup of coffee and a bun? With each hospitable suggestion I felt myself taking on weight alarmingly.

How, in these plumpish circumstances, did The Thin Man manage to look his weighing scales in the face every morning? Was he, throughout his waking hours, plied with food and drink? Did he set

great store by the nourishment at hand? What, then, did he value most of all?

Here you have it in one word: Personality.

"But what is it?" William Powell wanted to know. "It's nothing we can put our hands on. We can't even say anything definite about it. It's that unknown quantity X. Yet somehow, mysteriously, it's there in some cases."

"Yours, for example."

"I don't know about that," he hastened to say. "But I do know that if Greta Garbo and Marconi were appearing in halls on opposite sides of the street and people could see them free of charge one hundred persons would go to Garbo where one went to Marconi."

"You're not doing so badly yourself," I reminded him.

"I feel a bit guilty," he confessed from a pew-like window seat. "God put a silver spoon in my mouth—thank God—but I don't know why He did."

"I think," proposed my resourceful host, "a high-ball would help."

It did. Scotch, like confession, proved good for the soul. With first aid in his "Here's how" hand and a stained-glass light shining through it he revealed:

"I'll let you in on a shameful secret. I look at myself in the mirror and see a guy looking back at me. Naturally, I want to give him the best of it,

but for the life of me I can't see anything unusual in him. And there's one thing, above all others, I can't understand. Forgive me for overworking the personal pronoun, but I know any number of actors who are easier to look at than I am and much more competent, but many of them are not stars and I am a star. Why?"

"Personality." You can't help handing it to a guy so disarmingly on the level about himself.

But Mr. Powell shook his head with: "Looking at that guy in the mirror, I don't know. What makes a star? Whatever it is, it may have something to do with personality—but what the devil is personality? Why does anyone come to see me on the screen when he can go and see far better actors? It certainly isn't because good actors are to be found anywhere, for you can't pick 'em out of the bushes. Then why pick me for a star? What have I that those others haven't got?"

Tunefully, George M. Cohan's old song, "*Personality*," was running through my head, but to save my interlocutor a possibly fatal nervous shock I didn't let it go any further.

"Would you say," I compromised, "that personality is a star's stock-in-trade?"

"Odd you should bring that up," remarked Mr. Powell. "We were talking about it only the other night, after seeing Fred Astaire in 'The Gay Divorcee.' In five minutes he won me. It was not his marvelous dancing nor his singing, but the man himself, his charm, personality, call it what you will. Now Astaire, as you know, is no Adonis, not irresistibly good-looking, nor is he the accepted romantic type of actor. Before his astonishing triumph in 'The Gay Divorcee' he had been known only as an uncommonly fine dancer. Yet his is the most decided example of personality I have ever seen. That's the amazing part of it. No one, certainly, had considered him to be star picture material. But suddenly, unquestionably, this young man has become the greatest new star motion pictures have known in years. How do you account for it, if not by personality?"

"Maybe by getting his 'break.' When and how did you get yours?" (The trouble was to get this man Powell to talk about himself.)

"In 1920 on the stage in 'Spanish Love,' was his strictly informative reply. "Before that I had put in four years with (*Please turn to page 50*)



C. S. Bull

Above: A character study of William Powell. Right: With May Robson in a scene from "Reckless" in which he is co-starred with the platinum-haired Jean Harlow.





HARD-TO-GET HEPBURN

You will like this story of an interview that never came about; told as only this writer can tell it

By ELSIE JANIS



FROM the moment I saw her in "Bill of Divorcement" I hit the Hepburn Trail. To say that it has been winding is putting it more mildly than it is my habit to put anything. I had a fairly good start but I got lost in byways which were then and still remain today so lined with press bunk. I read so much about the Elusive Elf, the Screen's Sprite, Kaleidoscopic Katie, Diana in Dungarees and other disturbing descriptions that I said to myself, "What the—Hepburn! There are plenty of stars to write about. Why try to tag around after what appears to be an itinerant comet?" I went to see all of her pictures. Admired, wondered, but did not pursue.

Last week, out of a far from clear sky, Mr. New Movie said to me, just as calmly as if he had been saying Christmas is coming, "Hepburn's in town. What about an article?"

"What about it? I'll bite," I crisped.

"Do you know her?" said Mr. N. M. who somehow thinks I'm a pal of everyone from Diogenes to the Dionne Quintuplets.

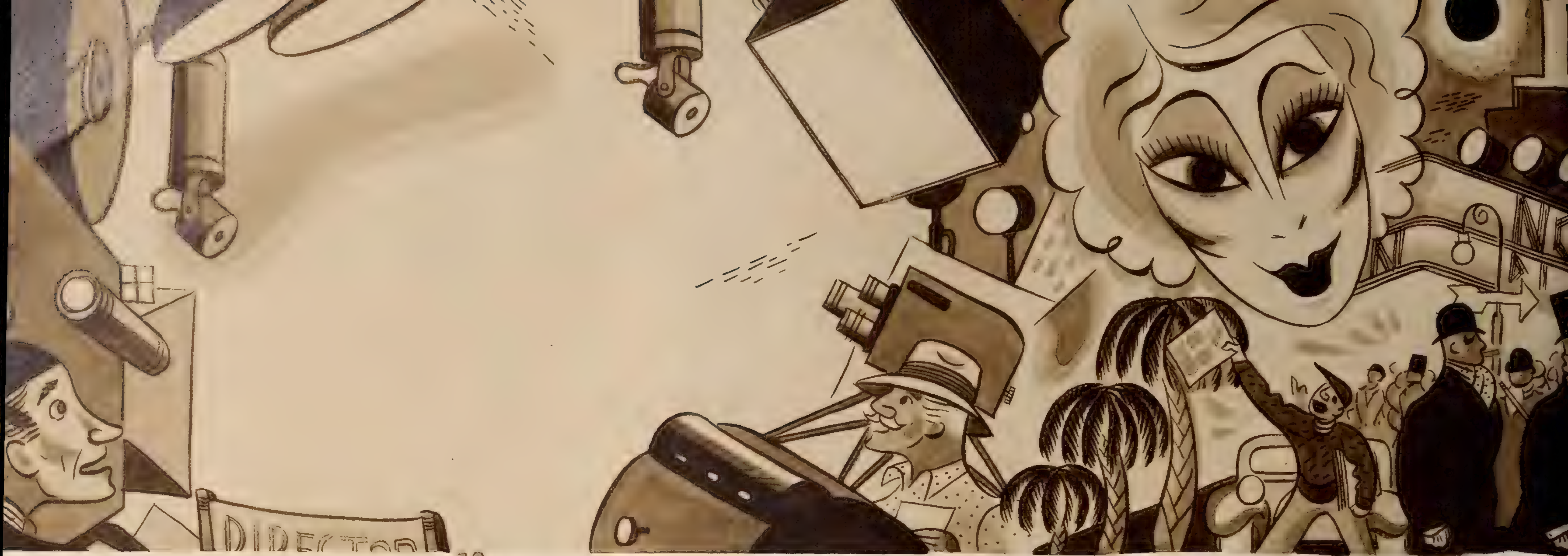
I admitted that I had met and lunched with her, but I added from what I read about her she might have thought I was just another chicken sandwich and she sent the one she ordered back. I'm sure you will be as relieved as I was to learn that she did not think I was a chicken sandwich and she remembers our meeting vividly. She chuckles audibly even when she thinks of it, and well she should, because what at the time seemed to me a very serious situation turned out to be just another of the many Hepburn gags. Without undue conceit I venture to announce that when anyone plays a joke on me and I take it seriously that one goes to the head of the class. Just what class we won't say, but anyway Katie, aided and abetted by the late Lowell Sherman and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., put one over on my sense of humor which I still insist was dazzled by the combination of studio lights and the Hepburn teeth.

This is what happened. I had told Doug Jr. how crazy I was about Hepburn. He had told me what a "swell egg" she was and added in the casual Fairbanks manner, "Why don't you come down on the set? You know Lowell Sherman, don't you?" I admitted that I not only knew the ace director well, but loved him likewise. "I'll leave word at the gate that you are coming," said Doug. That should have been that, but when those three comics, Hepburn, Sherman and Fairbanks were making the very fine screen sensation "Morning Glory," the so-called "set" was one continual "set-up." Practical jokes. Time out for laughs and fierce fun for everyone who was in the know.

I happened to be out of same, so when I walked in holding my breath at the sight of the Hepburn rehearsing a scene, I was somewhat embarrassed to see Mr. Sherman turn his back on the lady's histrionic efforts and hear him call, "Hello, Darling. Come right in. A chair for Miss Janis please." He pulled the chair close to his own and proceeded to talk and laugh as only he could. No introduction to the star who was being interrupted. Doug strolled out of the scene to greet me. I was so fussed and worried over what Miss Hepburn was thinking about this rude procedure that I couldn't listen to the welcome I was receiving.

(Please turn to page 72)

Above, left: A recent portrait of the elusive Hepburn and, left, as "Bobbie" in her latest hit picture, "The Little Minister."



IT'S A FAKE

Have you a friend who wants to write screen scenarios? Give him this article to read! He hasn't a chance! Crooked "literary agents" will bleed him of his savings. No other magazine has ever dared to print these facts about a racket so contemptible, and so heart-breakingly unjust that it will make your blood boil—the Vultures of Ambition!

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN, JR.



The crooked agent baits his trap for the poor would-be author with alluring tales of big movie money.

NEW MOVIE hereby acknowledges its appreciation of the assistance unstintingly rendered in the preparation of this article by the United States Postal Authorities, the Attorney General of the State of California, The District Attorney of Los Angeles County, the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau, the Screen Writers' Guild, all of the major producers in Hollywood, individually, the Association of Motion Picture Producers, the City Attorney of Los Angeles.

THIS is not an amusing story.

Rather it is a warning that NEW MOVIE is publishing for the protection of the public against the rapacious men and women lurking in Hollywood, New York and other large cities, whose living is made by victimizing sincere and, in some cases, talented admirers of the screen.

In all likelihood you, too, have left the theater after having seen a mediocre picture feeling that you could write a darned sight better story—if you had the time or if the kids weren't always getting into jams or if, well, a thousand different ifs for as many people. And you've probably also heard

how much money is to be made writing for the screen. I know I did. That's why I came out here to Hollywood.

It's a funny thing, but almost everybody thinks he can write. And a large percentage of those people want to write for the movies. Almost before they set pen on paper, however, they are faced with the question, "How can I sell this idea? How can I even get an executive to read it?"

In answer to that question there are carefully worded advertisements in dozens of magazines and newspapers, literally hundreds cluttering up the pages of so-called writers' magazines. For example,

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS NEED STORIES
Producers favor suitable stories for the TALKING SCREEN. . . . It makes little or no difference whether you are KNOWN OR UNKNOWN—THE STORY IS THE THING! . . . Our Studio Representatives are in daily contact and personally submit such stories as are in line with current production needs. . . . We invite the submission of manuscripts in any form for FREE READING and REPORT.

THIS pleasant little effusion is widely broadcast by the racketeers located right in Hollywood and providing the people of the industry with one of their least liked smells.

Their method of operation is simplicity itself. They know that the world is full of ambitious people who ache to find self-expression and some loose change by writing—and that the vast majority of these people have not yet lost their amateur standing by having been sullied with the touch of crass coin for their efforts. Further, they don't even know how to get it.

But these grafters do! Boy, oh, boy! Do they know how to get it! They know so well that at this moment they are being investigated by the United States Postal Inspectors on suspicion of using the mails to defraud.

In their advertisements they tell you, by infer-

ence, that Hollywood producers just couldn't get along without them, that they sell stories right and left and that all they want is for you to write in and tell them your idea and then YOU, TOO, CAN CASH IN! It's a cinch!

The sucker (Pardon me! I hope you haven't fallen for this gag, too!) reads and thinks. He thinks about that story he wrote last Spring, when he was down with bronchitis, and never did know what to do with. Eventually he clips the ad and mails both the coupon and the brain-child to Hollywood. Why not? It doesn't cost anything! Says so right here in black and white!

Maybe he bites his finger nails or maybe he just forgets about it, but in the course of time the postman arrives with a nice, long brown envelope straight from Hollywood. And what do you think? They DIDN'T return the manuscript! Instead there's a full page, seemingly-typed letter from the head of the "Manuscript Department" telling the embryo author what a simply ducky story it is and that they "are pleased to inform you that your story is acceptable to us for representation by our Sales Department. The basic idea, plot treatment . . . have been worked out with judgment. In our opinion, you have a story . . . that should attract the attention of Talking Picture Producers."

If the amateur author (who always thought he had it in him, anyway) hasn't swooned at this point, he reads further that before the story can be submitted to studios a United States Government copyright is essential. And (lucky author!) the company will be glad to attend to this by publishing a 750 word synopsis of the story. Their Experts will prepare it for a nominal charge—the charge largely based upon the quality of your stationery and indications of education in your story.

NO. 1 OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES IN WHICH NEW MOVIE WILL EXPOSE THE



Mind you, they don't say they WILL sell your yarn, or to whom, exactly, they'll show it. In fact, they don't really say anything that you could pin on them except that they think you're great and, in effect, that they'll tell you so again if you'll crack open the cookie jar and divvy up.

I HAVE signed writers' contracts with two major studios and have been a reader in two others. I know a little about the business. I know for example that major studios certainly get their copies of the Scenario Synopsis, as promised in the ads, and that said publication is promptly consigned to the waste basket—usually by the office boy, who is paid to know that executives can't be bothered by such tripe. I know that the unknown, amateur writer can feel darned lucky if he or she has one chance in ten thousand of selling any story to the producers.

The Screen Writers' Guild, an organization to which practically every man earning a living writing for the screen belongs, has estimated that last year 42,000 unsolicited manuscripts were submitted to studios, and someone said four had been bought, but nobody could say for sure by whom.

And yet, according to the ads published by the dozens of literary racketeers, it's easy. They will stuff your correspondence with fillers—clippings from defunct trade papers or irresponsible sheets, all telling the unwary what a great organization it is and how Hollywood needs it and you, and especially your loose change. If you don't fall for it at once they send numerous follow-up letters, begging for a look at your story.

If you were out here, I could show you files a foot thick of nothing but complaints from victims who have been sent to the Better Business Bureau and the various agencies of the law. Dozens of these are absolutely illiterate; some include copies of the stories they sent in and were told were great stuff. If they weren't so sincere and so darned pathetic they would be downright laughable.

Sooner or later these leeches will trip up and be eradicated by the law, but in most cases they are still too shrewd to get the long rap. Their written documents are really masterpieces of insinuating evasion. They don't promise anything but that they'll take your money—but you can't read their letters without a conviction that they can, and will, sell your stuff for fabulous sums.

One outfit alone is making at least a hundred thousand dollars a year in the racket—and I do believe that most of it is coming from poor people who have turned to writing to augment their slender, or non-existent, incomes. They have the effrontery to advertise the names of authors for whom they have sold material and imply that their service had everything to do with it. I have checked one of these lists and found that every author on it was a professional and had not used their revision

INVESTIGATE FIRST

**A good literary agent can help you.
A racketeer helps himself.**

**A good agent can stand investigation.
The racketeer can't.**

**If you believe you can write, try to
by all means; but before you place
your manuscript in the hands of an
agent, look him up by way of the Better
Business Bureau or similar organization
in your own town. And above
all, remember this, a good agent will
pay you money—not you the agent.**

or so-called copyright at all. Further, I learned that most of these people protested the use of their names. Most of the material thus sold had been published in magazine or book form and had been specifically solicited from perfectly honest eastern literary brokers who did not know of any odorous connections the firm might have had. In the instances where this came to light most of the eastern brokers promptly severed any relationships they had.

The editor of one major studio told me quite frankly that he wouldn't let representatives of any of these concerns within throwing distance of his office, and the rest were just as outspoken in their condemnation. All volunteered letters to New Movie outlining their stand in the matter. They despise this type of chiseling because it preys upon both the glib and ambitious; because they, too, were writers before graduating into pictures and therefore sympathize with the admittedly hard lot of the beginner.

In case this all sounds a bit wild to you, let me say that, although I believed the tales of the people who came to me with their woes after having been gypped by one of this horde of Literary Racketeers, I still determined to put it to the test myself. I corresponded with all of these parasites, sending the most illiterate letters and story which a fourteen-year-old boy could fabricate . . . just to see what they'd say. In my opinion, the submissions were so bad I was afraid the agents would smell a rat, but we took that chance.

Here is the story, verbatim:

TREACHERY ON THE SEA or BACK FROM THE DEPTHS

By JOHN MARVIN

Mary Jane Powers lives in a village on the sea. Her father is a captain (old-school) who don't like the boy Mary Jane loves because hes just a sailor not like first mate Pete Johnson, a big Swede. Mary Jane is blonde with brown eyes very pretty.

She loves Bob Masters a sailor regardless that hes only a sailor and she a captains daughter. Pete Johnson wants to marry her but is evil and she feels this. Captain Powers is a rough seaman and thinks Pete is fine just because hes a first mate. Pete comes to him and says "I want to marry Mary Jane." Captain Powers says, "Fine my brave boy. Did you pop the question yet? And all the time he was thinking now my daughter certainly wont waste any more time with a comman sailor such as him. He gloted.

That night Pete came to the house for dinner which Mary Jane cooked though shed rather be sponing with Bob Masters. He asked her to marry him after dinner but Mary Janes brown eyes flashed and she said "No. I could never marry anybody but Bob (Please turn to page 59)

Illustrated by
Henry Wiener



Only when it's too late does the hopeful author find his "agent" is a criminal, wanted by the law.

RACKETS OF HOLLYWOOD'S UNDERWORLD.



TOWER STAR FASHIONS, a new service for readers of New Movie, presents three outstanding spring ensembles selected for three different Hollywood types, available in department stores

Introducing TOWER STAR FASHIONS

DRESSING to type is perhaps not a new idea, but it is one that has never been made practical or widely available. Some women are definitely not the type to wear strictly tailored clothes, and again there are others who look badly dressed in frilly, feminine garments. This new service, Tower Star Fashions, is to help you select your clothes to suit your type, and it makes Star Type fashions for your selection available for you in conveniently located department stores. First, you must decide on your type—are you the Frances Dee type, the Ann Sothorn type, the Fay Wray type? When you have decided which star you resemble most, study her, her make-up, the way she does her hair, her dresses, suits, coats and hats. Visualize yourself in the same clothes she wears and make your own selections accordingly. The value of the new Tower Star Fashion Service to you lies in the fact that the merchandise displayed on these pages, selected according to type, has been chosen by expert stylists who interpret Hollywood fashions in terms of what you or any other woman can wear. It does not present expensive or exotic clothes, but stresses simple, smart ensembles that are within the reach of the average budget, and perhaps most important of all, it definitely helps you to define your own particular type and select your clothes accordingly.

The Hollywood influence on American designed clothes is becoming more and more evident every day. All the beautiful new lines from the famous Paris houses find their most glamorous adaptation in the clothes chosen particularly for the stars.

Tailored tweeds are chosen for Frances Dee, RKO player, soon to appear in "Becky Sharp." Miss Dee is distinctly the sports type, and if you, too, are this type, this tailored tweed suit with simple crepe blouse and smart ascot tie should be your own spring selection.

The highlights of the spring fashion trends can be told in brief and will be helpful to you in selecting your own spring wardrobe. Suits will be the most important day-time feature and black and white, navy and white, gray, blue, "bud" green, raspberry and beige will be the outstanding colors. Gaily colored prints, and plain and plaid taffetas will be features. Details will have untold importance, such as wide collars, berthas, capelets, novelty belts, smocking and shirring.

Trimmings are a feature of the new spring models. Piqué collars, cuffs and jabots, plaid taffetas, plain quilted and embroidered, and delightfully feminine lingerie touches, and ruffles and ruches of net and other dainty sheers.

Flowers again appear on evening dresses. The flaring skirts are voluminous with gathered fullness at the sides or back. The low and square draw-string neckline is new and smart. The outstanding fabrics will be nets, mousselines, sheers, tulle and lace, and the new evening shades are yellow-green, violet-blue, geranium-pink, mango, red, deep blue and prints.

The accessories to go with each ensemble should be chosen with a great deal of care and deliberation. The wrong hat worn with the right suit or dress will often spoil the entire ensemble. Oxfords or other sports type shoes should be chosen for tweeds and woolens while patent or dull leather pumps or strapped slippers are the right selections for dressy garments.

We all know that a woman's charm does not rest entirely on her personality or her beauty; smart and correct grooming at all times and for every occasion is a woman's greatest asset. Tower Star Fashions can help you in this.

Take advantage of this new service and if you are at all in doubt as to which type you belong, write to us and tell us all about yourself and we shall be glad to help you find your own particular type and to advise you on proper make-up and choice of clothes.



A delightfully feminine type is lovely Fay Wray, Columbia star, for whom we chose a dressy little suit of novelty sheer with a printed taffeta blouse which ties in a jaunty butterfly bow at the neckline. A flattering straw "baby bonnet hat" with a tiny turned up veil completes the ensemble. This smart new suit is available in all the new spring color combinations.

**Look for the seal of
Tower Star Fashions on
these dresses**

Vivacious blond Ann Sothern, Columbia player, could wear this charming light-weight Matelasse suit with the smart short jacket and frilly cotton blouse which is shown in a variety of color combinations. With this suit is worn a pert little off-the-face wool crepe hat. If you are the Ann Sothern type this ensemble is just what you need to complete your spring wardrobe.

ROMANCE in DUETS and TRIOS

For instance, looking down the left-hand border of this page, you see Kay Francis, Warren William and George Brent, in "Living on Velvet." Genevieve Tobin, Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck constitute another triangle, in the swank "The Woman in Red."

And Jack Holt, Florence Rice and Edmund Lowe go to make up still another, in "The Best Man Wins." Then, the romantic duos—Gary Cooper and Anna Sten, in "The Wedding Night"; and, in the large photo, Clark Gable and Constance Bennett, in "After Office Hours."





Movies comb the world for plots and stories to bring you Romance. And on this page are still other examples of the relentless search. From Great Britain comes the story of "Vanessa," bringing you Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes as lovers. Spain furnishes the

background of "Caprice Espagnole" (right, above) with Lionel Atwill and the provocative Marlene Dietrich. North to Britain, again, goes "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Merle Oberon and the gallant Leslie Howard. In what far lands shall we find ourselves next month?

A GIRL AND A MAN—OR TWO!—AND THE CAMERAS GRIND ON



Coburn

Honorable Mention

First, on the left, Allen Jenkins. A picture-stealer, he often outshines the big stars. . . . Mary Ellis, in the center, is a comer. Watch for her in "All the King's Horses," with Carl Brisson. And on the right: Do you know this one? No? Well, it's Robert Montgomery in "Vanessa."



Autrey



Apger



Coburn

Faces in the News

The lead in Charlie Chaplin's mysterious "Production No. 5," will Paulette Goddard drop out of sight afterward or become Mrs. Chaplin? . . . Nelson Eddy wins the coveted "Naughty Marietta" lead opposite Jeanette MacDonald. . . . Anne Shirley is climbing fast.



Fryer



Apger

and Stars of Tomorrow

John Beal, a newcomer, created an appealing "Little Minister" . . . It was sheer ability that won the lead in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" for Jean Muir . . . and watch Robert Taylor, of M-G-M. Directors say he's got that Clark Gable or Robert Montgomery stuff.

The New Queen of FASHION in Hollywood

Verree Teasdale's flair for smart clothes has made her one of the best dressed women in the world. And she designs her own clothing—too

By
WHITNEY WILLIAMS

ADOLPHE MENJOU once described Verree Teasdale as the best dressed woman on the screen. This, coming from the outstanding exponent of male attire in Hollywood, and himself judged one of the ten best dressed men in the world, was a rare and discerning compliment . . . and at once established the actress as an interesting and important personality.

It is quite fitting, too, that Miss Teasdale became the bride of the suave portrayer of men of the world roles, for she, too, is as polished and finished an actress as Menjou is an actor. Both represent the perfect epitome of sophistication, a combination that for *savoir faire* knows no equal now in the world's screen capital.

Such actresses as Kay Francis, Adrienne Ames, Constance Bennett, Hedda Hopper have, in the past, held the center of the stage as leading the Hollywood parade in style. They still attract for their taste in dress, and for their startling creations



Left: Verree Teasdale with her husband, Adolphe Menjou. Above and right: Two recent studies of Verree.



. . . but standing now, a bit ahead, is Verree Teasdale, beautiful, magnetic, charming and a woman to whom even famous designers turn for advice and new ideas in costuming.

You've seen her in such pictures as "Roman Scandals," "Fashions of 1934," "Payment Deferred," and, more recently, "Du Barry." In each, she appeared stately, regal, smooth, and, particularly in "Du Barry," with Dolores Del Rio, glamorous. One immediately singles her out as an actress of extraordinary poise and ability.

When she left New York for Hollywood two years ago, Verree had no intention of remaining away from that center of culture and color for more than six months. She had devoted a large

part of her life to preparation for the theater, and she didn't care to turn from the course she had set for herself and enter, for a long period, a new and strange medium, motion pictures. After six months in pictures, she thought she would forget Hollywood and return to Broadway, where already she had made a name for herself.

Those first six months in Hollywood will ever remain the darkest hours of her existence, she reflects in reminiscence. The parts she played did not meet with her expectations, and when the studio loaned her to another company for a picture she did not like, she looked forward with only one purpose in mind . . . to get back to New York. Only thoughts of the future buoyed her through these unhappy days.

During the latter weeks of this period, however, she met Adolphe Menjou, to whom she was (*Please turn to page 70*)

HOLLYWOOD

DAY BY DAY

Day by day Hollywood adds to the zest and gaiety of the news. Here's the very latest, served with salt and spice by Nemo

Gene Raymond entertains his rarely-seen mother and kid brother, who are visiting him in Hollywood.

Wide World



Water-soaked and mussed, after a scene for "Reckless," Jean Harlow still can smile at Director Fleming.



UP betimes—whenever that is—and mixing with ye twinkling stars and starlets as only Old Man NEMO can mix. And, if you haven't tasted one of our extra special Martinis, you really have no idea of what a mixer the old boy is!

To start off with a laugh—we'd love to divulge the name of the famous blond star, who, during a discussion on the merits of a certain well known writer, cracked: "He writes witty dialogue, all right—but, he doesn't know how us people talk!"

Which is a rare sample of what we have to put up with!



THE way that Laughton guy hangs clothes on himself is like unto nothing we have ever seen!

A beret perches carelessly atop his heavy eye-brows; red slippers sporting huge red pompons adorn his feet; and, in between . . . oh, well . . . name it and you can have it!

But, in spite of all, "Buster" is the most adored man on the Paramount lot.

GINGER ROGERS had the scare of her life when she discovered that one of the diamonds in her brand new wedding ring had shaken loose from its moorings and bounced into nowhere!

Frantically, the entire crew pitched in and turned the studio upside down. Sweepings were sifted, cracks poked into . . . but with no luck.

At the end of the day, our forlorn Ginger made her way home, and there, on her dressing table, lay the lost gem, twinkling like anything! Wherever it had been, it certainly came home to roost!



THE Fox lot has been a bedlam of strange noises since Hank Bell moved in and opened up his hog-calling class, for the benefit of Will Rogers' new picture, "Life Begins at Forty!"

"I've been in pictures for twenty years," Slim Summerville said mournfully, "but never have I taken part in such goings-on!"

"Don't let it get you," Rogers consoled him. "Didn't I play second fiddle to a prize hog, in 'State Fair'? You shouldn't kick about callin' a few shoats for a picture. In this business, you meet almost everybody!"

IS it illegal for a governor to wear a moustache?

Anyhow, if Frank Morgan catches pneumonia in his upper lip, he ought to sue M-G-M for alienation of something or other. Because, for seventeen years, Frank has loved, honored and cherished that snappy moustache of his. And, now . . . just because he happened to be cast as a governor, in "Naughty Marietta," the studio duchess yelled: "Off with it!" And there was nothing to do but mind teacher or stand in a corner and no recess!



WITH his master away on location, Sir Guy Standing's dachshund, "Buster," just sat himself down and pined away.

By the time Guy returned, "Buster" was in such a condition that his anxious owner hurried him off to a dog hospital where everything in the world was done to revive the heartbroken animal.

Every day, Sir Guy visited him, but "Buster" was either too sick to care, or had forgotten what he was pining for, because he merely looked at his master with mournful eyes and turned his head away.

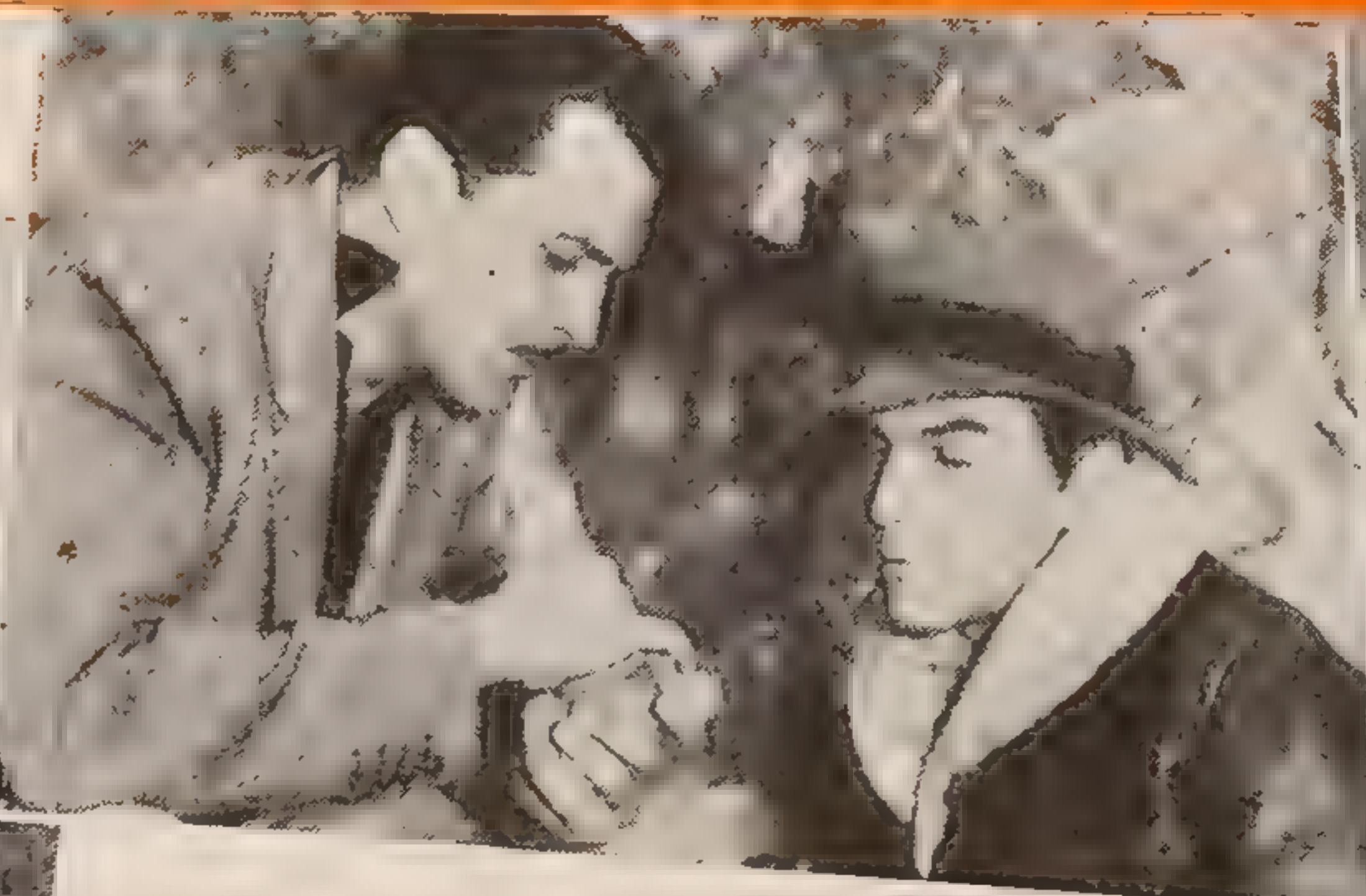
And then, one day, when everyone had given up hope entirely, something happened. At the sound of Standing's voice, "Buster" pricked up his ears, raised his head and, in a split second, had leaped into his master's arms, licking his face and whimpering like a lost child!

OUT of season, but still amusing, was the predicament of Wallace Beery last Christmas-time.

After taking his little daughter down town to confide her wishes to Santa Claus, little Carol Ann changed her mind about what she wanted and requested another conference with old Santa.

Wally offered to tell Mister Claus of the change in her plans, but Carol set her tiny foot down and insisted on delivering the talk in person! And there was nothing for Wally to do but drive back to town and wait around while little Miss Beery whispered things into Santa's ear!

Jimmie Cagney and Frank McHugh rest from "Devil Dogs of the Air."



Above: Kent Taylor and Henry Wilcoxon prospect California valleys for gold. Right: "Life Begins At Forty." Dick Cromwell watches Will Rogers play a joke on Slim Summerville.





W. C. Fields, making "Mississippi," takes some time off to have a little chat with another world famed comedian, Irving S. Cobb.

Below: Katherine DeMille gets into make-up for "All The King's Horses." Right: Mary Brian and Dick Powell are stepping again, and Dick has bought a house. Hm-m!



June Knight, so the publicity man tells us, wears this modernistic hat of film. We don't believe a word of it.

IT reminded us of the old pioneer movie days, as we watched Director Scotty Beal chase the setting sun across the Universal lot to complete his day's shooting schedule before sunset!

ONE little sneeze out of Director Victor Schertzinger started the whole thing!

Lilian Harvey cried: "Gesundheit!"; Hugh Williams said: "Cheerio!"; Tullio Carminati offered: "Salute!"; Tala Birell came through with a Polish "Na Zdrowie!"; Peter Lorre made it "A Votre Sante!"; and Janet Beecher gave the sneezer an All-American "God Bless You!"

THE cat that moved onto the Columbia lot acts as if it might be the reincarnation of a Shakespeare, or something.

Every day he visits the offices where the scenario writers hold forth, and, after jumping up on several desks and sniffing at the typewriters, he curls himself up next to a copy of Roget's "Thesaurus" and takes a nap!

Mary McCarthy calls the feline "Brian Boru"; Robert Riskin has dubbed him "Broadway Bill"; and the janitor, who sets out milk for the cat, calls him just plain "Kitty!"

But "Brian Boru-Bill" is no fool. Much as he likes to bask in the admiration of his literary pals, just let the janitor call "Kitty!" and that smart little cat is off like a shot to do some plain and fancy re-fueling!

GINGER ROGERS has been having no end of fun trying to get places in the ultra-extreme gowns, created for her by Bernard Newman, the famous fashion designer who is doing his stuff (and, some stuff, eh, kid?) for "Roberta."



The other day, Ginger was hobbling across the lot in a gown so tight that the gal's knees were calloused from trying to put one foot in front of the other!

"Lissen . . ." we argued, "suppose a mad dog came galloping down the pike? Where do you go from here?"

Ginger turned pale. "Remind me to put some ground glass in your next bowl of spinach!" she glared. "Make it a mouse and I'll think of an answer!"

ROSCOE KARNS has an answer for everything. The other day he was regaling the boys with a few wild and woolly tales of his prowess as a Nimrod. Roscoe was going good (and if all the bears, coyotes, mountain lions and such, that he claimed to have bagged, were laid end to end, we'd still have our doubts), when one of the boys said:



"Maybe so . . . maybe so, but what would you do if one of those poor helpless critters grabbed a gun and took a shot at you?"

"Well . . ." Karns declared, "if I was out of season, I'd have him arrested!"

A STRING of decomposed garlic to some of the Master Minds who guide the destiny of this here movie business!

The other day, the head of the story department in one of our studios returned a cracking good scenario to its creator with the memo attached: "I have given this very carefully consideration and I'm sorry but I don't think I could arouse any interest in it here . . ."

Which is probably just as well, for another studio snapped the tale up at an even larger figure than the author had expected.

But it puts the rejector in a class with the new-rich daddy who carted home a fried egg sunset, done in oil, remarking: "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like!"

IN spite of the fact that he plays hard-boiled gangsters almost exclusively, Eddie Robinson isn't nearly so well versed in crime routine as you might believe.

He met his come-uppance the other day, when a role called for him to shoot a regulation machine gun, something Eddie had never done before.

The director called "Action!"; the cameras clicked; Eddie pulled back on the trigger, and . . . Bang! Bang!! . . . here come the British, with Eddie nearly thrown for a loss by the bucking, spitting machine gun!

He hung on though, wrestling with the thing, until fifty shells had been fired and the take was completed. But Eddie swears he'll never be the same again!



(Please turn to page 56)

reported by
NEMO



Brian-Powell to Wide World



At extreme left: Sally Eilers and Lee Tracy borrowed time from "Carnival" to go on the radio as a team. Left: The studio promises a real future for Agnes Anderson, a talented newcomer who does fine work in "Vanessa."

Actors Are Nobodies

It takes a great actor to say that—and that is what Henry Hull is, for all his modesty

By HAL HALL



Pinchot

Henry Hull once swore he could play a child's part in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—and did it! How completely he can lose himself in a characterization is shown by the large photograph at the right.

Have you seen "Great Expectations"? Would you ever know the snarling "Magwitch" was the handsome man above?



Freulich

ACTORS are nobodies. They do not exist. Only as the characters they portray do they count.

This vehement outburst, delivered with an accompaniment of a bony fist crashing down on a table in Universal's lunch room; spoken in a tone that rang with honesty and sincerity, while his flashing brown eyes fairly bored through the interviewer, best tells the story of Henry Hull, one of America's most outstanding character actors, a man who has Hollywood gasping because he is modest enough to reveal that he thinks he still has a lot to learn about acting.

But Hull is like that. He tells you frankly that he was born in 1890, and doesn't try to make you believe that he is in his early thirties, as is the usual Hollywood custom.

"Why not tell my age?" he asked. "An actor of forty-four should be a better actor than one of

thirty—that is, if he takes his work seriously and makes a study of his profession. Acting is no different from engineering and an engineer becomes more valuable as the years of experience roll by."

Hull, incidentally, knows something about engineering, for he was educated to follow that profession but gave it up to follow in the footsteps of his two illustrious brothers, Shelley, now dead, and Howard.

It was in Louisville, Kentucky, that Hull first saw the light of day. His father was a newspaperman on the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. He named Henry after his boss, Colonel Henry Watterston, the famous newspaper figure for half a century. Hull's father wanted his boys to be something. So he gave them the benefit of excellent educations. Henry attended the grammar schools of Louisville followed with four years at DeWitt Clinton and Commerce high schools in New York. Then studied in turn at the College of the City of New York, Cooper Union and Columbia University.

While his brothers went on the stage, he became an engineer, going into the Cobalt mines at Halisbury, New Liskeard and Ungava. He was doing well when he went to Chicago to attend the wedding of his brother, Shelley. There he conceived the idea of becoming an actor. He told his brother who promised to find him a chance. Three months later he left the Cobalt mines and signed on to do three small "bits" with Guy Bates Post's company in New York. This was in 1911. It was his start, and all that Henry Hull needs in anything is an opportunity.

"I realized that I needed experience," he said, "so when I finished with that company in June, 1912, I went to Syracuse where I joined a stock company. Raoul Walsh, now a director, was a member of the company. All that Summer I studied and watched the more experienced players, and in the Fall I was signed for Margaret Anglin's Greek repertory company and played with her for two and a half years. That was training, for I played every type of role from comedy to tragedy."

It was not until 1916 that Hull really began to arrive. It was then he created the role of Henry Parker in "The Man Who Came Back," one of his most famous characterizations. He played it for thirty months. In 1918 and 1919 he played the male lead in Rachel Crother's "39 East," and then created the leading role in "The Cat and the Canary," which ran at the National Theater for forty-two weeks. This was followed in turn by "Roger Bloomer," "In Love With Love" and "The Naked Man."

Then Henry Hull really stepped into the leading ranks of the character actors when he created the famous character of the negro barber in the Belasco production, "Lulu Belle." That role meant stardom for Hull, and when he finished the run of two years he was starred in A. A. Milne's "Ivory Door." He followed this with "The Grey Fox" and "Michael and Mary," which he says was his finest performance. Later he played Baron von Gaigen in Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel." Next came "Springtime for Henry."

His latest Broadway play was "Tobacco Road," a difficult play depicting the life of the uneducated backwoods settlers of Georgia. It was while playing in (Please turn to page 70)

Vedettes, garçons, snails and onion soup. New York has gone Parisian in a big way, says Herb. Every restaurant is a "Chez" Something-or-Other, Chez Marianne, Chez Dinty Moore. The old town is just a One-Horse Chez.



DRAWINGS BY D. B. HOLCOMB

ALL THE WORLD'S A SCREEN

And what isn't, looks like a movie set, says Herb Howe. Writing this month's column from New York, Herb forgets his English entirely and uses some of the worst French we've ever seen. *Sacre Bleu!*

Out of My Mind—Francis Lederer is one actor who can wear a costume without looking like a participant in a Marion Davies' homecoming. . . .

Gloria Swanson's clothes are smart but her comedy dated. (Sennet period.)

George Arliss affects me as a magician rather than an actor in that I'm always aware he is pulling tricks.

Gary Cooper, on the point of sewing up feminine fans when he suddenly decided to bag lionesses in Africa, is moving in on Gable—and gaining subtlety with each picture.

Barbara Stanwyck, superior as an actress to many a star, lacks the fillip of distinction that makes a star.

Nomination for Best Undressed Woman: Sally Rand, Wampas Baby, who after fanning the nation to a white heat is now dancing in a bubble behind a fire-screen (protection against visiting firemen with lighted cigarettes).

Once Bacon got the credit for Shakespeare's plays but now it's Max Reinhardt.

Wally Beery seems laboring at times to play both Min-and-Bill.

Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn would like to play Joan of Arc but my choice is Elisabeth Bergner; she has the mysticism. Close second, Hepburn.

Add to collection of marquee signs:

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA & MRS. WIGGS.

UP POPS THE DEVIL WITH CAROLE LOMBARD.

CALL IT LUCK—SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS.

Stars in the Sky—Leonardo da Vinci thought men would be as gods when they could fly but I

could name several Hollywood deities who are not up to it in bumpy weather. The Boulevardier freely admits he gets as air-sick as Lupe and her two chihuahuas. With the four of us howling in a plane even Will Rogers might lose enthusiasm for aviation.

My impulse for New York was a tip the Revolution would start here this season. Instead, everyone decided to get drunk. People have to do something to pass the time while waiting for Jean Harlow's book.

Street Sisters—Broadway may now boast of being the Hollywood Boulevard of the East. They are street sisters in the skin game. No one need go abroad any more to be gypped. All Paris has moved over. Vedettes, garçons, can-can dancers, snails and onion soup. Restaurants have all turned chez—Chez Marianne, Chez

Folies, Chez Dinty Moore. An American could guzzle around Paris without knowing French but he'd feel pretty *fou* trying it in New York these days. When Wally Beery as The Mighty Barnum mispronounced maitre d'hotel the Rivoli audiences rolled in the aisles. "Tres drole!" we screamed, nudging one another, "ne c'est pas?"

Miss Terry's Dilemma—At the Cow on the Roof (Boeuf sur le Toit, a vous) where you may sip Pernod under plane-trees as on the grand boulevards and gaze into sunlit Parisian vistas cunningly contrived through walls, I found Billy Arnold leading his orchestra. Billy took the first American jazz

band to Europe in 1920 and has just returned. He told me of singing a farewell gala at Juan les Pins with Alice Terry guest of honor. Prizes were offered patrons for the best impersonations of film stars. Alice acted as judge and awarded first trophy to a German version of Joan Crawford. Since that time I have had a letter from Elysian Terry. She was being shot at in Barcelona amidst a Spanish revolution. On the way to a night club she was compelled to flatten herself in a gutter. "But I had the satisfaction of knowing," she adds philosophically, "that it took a revolution to land me there."

Meet Lupe Harlow—I told Mr. Arnold he wouldn't have to offer prizes to induce American dolls to imitate the marionettes. Au contraire, I am thinking of offering a gold tooth pick for the discovery of one who doesn't. At the moment I'm in the toils of a cocktail partner who simulates Gloria Swanson so effectively she has me behaving like Bart Marshall, almost. A very genteel couple we make, no doubt, but hardly cozy. On the boat back from Europe I was hexed by another who made up like Harlow and acted like Lupe. It was a pretty rough passage, as I recall.

Grapefruit Putsch—Shakespeare thought art held the mirror up to nature. Wilde said nature ended by imitating art. Oscar was prophetic of screen art and female nature. Everyone of us has had near and dear ones who have passed into Garbos, Crawfords, Shearers, Harlows or Lombards. In view of the expense attending such transformations into star elegantes it is little wonder that impoverished males fanatically applaud the corpuscular Cagney and pray fervently on bended knee for the guts to push the pomelo.

(Please turn to page 40)



Sally Rand is the Best Undressed Woman, and Wally Beery is Min-and-Bill



What Gloria Swanson is to clothes, Francis Lederer is to tights.

By HERB HOWE, THE BOULEVARDIER



NO TITLE

(United Artists)

Charlie Chaplin's new picture is finished, so we're giving you this advance notice, but absolutely nothing is known of the picture itself. They say it's silent, and so is Charlie.



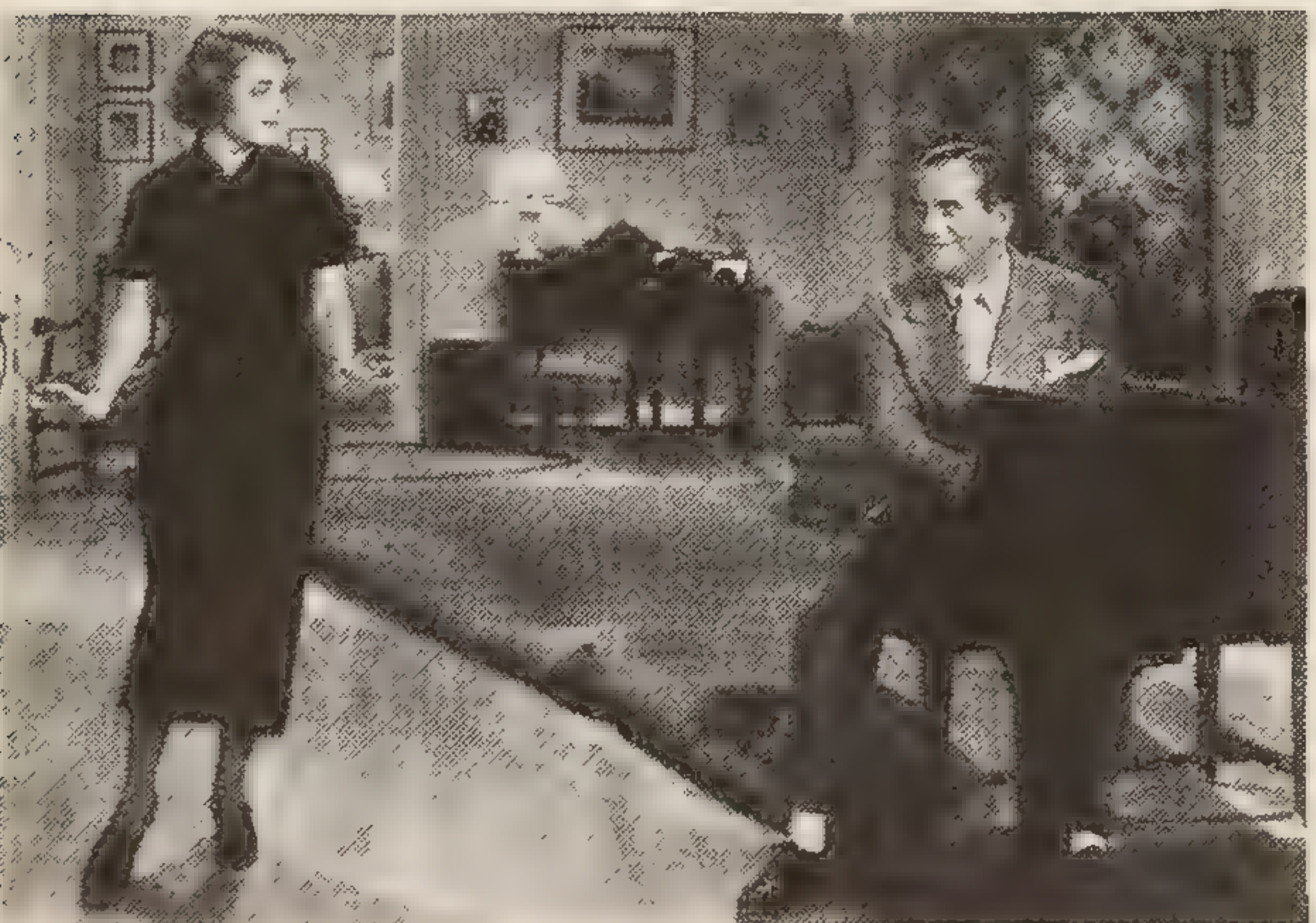
CALL OF THE WILD (Twentieth Century)

Jack London's thriller of the Gold Rush. Clark Gable and Loretta Young, with Jack Oakie thrown in for good measure. No subtleties. Just plain, out-door he-man adventure.



NAUGHTY MARIETTA (M-G-M)

For addicts of light opera. Victor Herbert's well-remembered, lilting music, as a background for the romancing of Jeanette MacDonald and her handsome new leading man, Nelson Eddy.



GO INTO YOUR DANCE (Warners')

Not only Ruby Keeler, but hubby Al Jolson as well, in one of the Warner musicals played before a back-drop of hard-bitten gangsters, murder, and footlight atmosphere.



FOLIES BERGERE DE PARIS

(Twentieth Century)

Maurice Chevalier looks like a famous Baron. The Baron, entangled in a business deal, coaxes him to take his place. Complications with the gorgeous Baroness, Merle Oberon.



LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY (Fox)

This is the picture they made out of a professor's book of health rules. Oddly enough, it's very funny with Sterling Holloway, Slim Summerville and Will Rogers cutting up in a sleepy village.

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

From studio showings and private previews we bring you news of the coming films. A glance at this page will help you get your money's worth—By BARBARA BARRY

SINCE Max Reinhardt knocked all Hollywood on its good ear with his Bowl presentation of this Shakespeare classic, there have been plenty of skinned knees among ambitious producers who would have liked to be first in putting the Puckish fantasy on the screen.

Warner Brothers won the scuffle, and, if Mickey Rooney (one of the up-and-comingest youngsters of all time) makes as good a job of the screen version as he did in the Bowl . . . well, it should be good.

Of course, you must know the tale of the little imp who goes around waving a sprig of asafetida, or something, and changing everyone he meets into something utterly silly and quite foreign to their natural selves?

That's about all there is to it, except for the hilarious action which you all will enjoy much more if you

get around to see it for yourselves.

The cast is something, with James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, Jean Muir, Frank McHugh, Ian Hunter, Hugh Herbert, Anita Louise, Victor Jory, Eugene Pallette, Verree Teasdale, Hobart Cavanaugh, Grant Mitchell, and others, adding to the amusing activity.

Jimmy Cagney is giving a grand premiere of his manly knees, and not liking it a little bit.

The minute we put foot on the set, Jimmy ducked behind a tree, his ears a flaming red!

"Come out!" we insisted. "Don't be that-a way . . . what are knees, anyway?"

"My gosh . . ." he wailed. "Can't a guy have any privacy?"

"So . . . they knock, eh?" we jibed.

"They do *not* knock!"

"Bow-legged, huh?"

"Oh, for crying out loud . . . NO!"

But, by that time, he'd edged out into the open, and, we're here to state that Cagney under-pinnings are as good as any you'll see on anybody's beach!

Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle handle the direction.

FOLIES BERGERE DE PARIS

20th CENTURY

CLEANED up considerably, this French delight, by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler, should still be some fun.

Maurice Chevalier plays a dual role; a popular impersonator in the "Folies Bergere," and an insolvent Baron, who is, naturally, one of Chevalier's more famous impersonations.

Maurice and his partner, Ann Sothorn, scrap continually, but you just know it's true love, not running smoothly, as usual.

Called away on a secret mission that may serve to recoup his over-drawn bank account, the Baron hires Chevalier to impersonate him, (*Please turn to page 65*)

BARBARA BARRY'S SELECTIONS

- 1—"Folies Bergere" with Chevalier.
- 2—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," with James Cagney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, and many others.
- 3—"Dante's Inferno," with Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, Henry Walthall.
- 4—"Life Begins at Forty," with Will Rogers.
- 5—"George White's Scandals," with Lyda Roberti, Jimmy Dunn, Stu Edwin.
- 6—"Naughty Marietta," with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Frank Morgan.
- 7—"The Wedding Night," with Anna Sten, Gary Cooper.
- 8—"Go Into Your Dance," with Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Helen Morgan.
- 9—"Captain Hurricane," with James Barton, Helen Westley, Helen Mack.
- 10—"Call of the Wild," with Clark Gable, Jack Oakie, Loretta Young.

*Among the many
distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:*

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE
Philadelphia

MISS MARY BYRD
Richmond

MRS. POWELL CABOT
Boston

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.
New York

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II
Boston

MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT
New York

MRS. HENRY FIELD
Chicago

MISS ANNE GOULD
New York

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
New York

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER
Chicago

MRS. LANGDON POST
New York

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE
New York



Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



With its full printed-crepe skirt and big flopping sleeves, Miss Paine's Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new "peasant" evening dresses

"Of course I smoke Camels ..." MISS DOROTHY PAINE

"They're the most popular cigarettes—every one is smoking them now," continued this alert young member of New York's inner circle. "Camels have such a grand smooth flavor. I suppose that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them. And they never make

my nerves jumpy. When I'm tired out and my nerves feel frazzled, then a Camel gives me a nice gentle 'lift' that restores my enthusiasm."

The reason you feel better after smoking a Camel is because it releases your latent energy, which overcomes fatigue.

Whether it's social activities, concentration, or exacting work that makes you feel tired at times, you can always get a pleasant, natural "lift" by enjoying a Camel. And you can smoke as often as you wish, for Camels never upset the nerves — which is nice to know.

Camels are Milder! MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

WHO'D EVER THINK YOU COULD USE THESE LOVELY DISHES IN THE OVEN

... but you can!

YES, you can actually bake in the oven with these hand-painted, ivory color table dishes. Bowls, platters, serving dishes . . . every single piece of OvenServe, even to the cups, saucers and plates, is built to stand full oven heat. That's something new in table dishes. There's never been anything like them before.

You can, for instance, bake a meat loaf on its serving platter, delight the family with a juicy fruit pie baked in the pie plate, or individual custards made in the custard cups, or any one of a hundred other things. And all of them come direct to the table from the oven. Think of the fussing around that saves in serving . . . and how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

You'll notice, too, the clever design and sizes of the various pieces . . . handy for parking left-overs in the refrigerator.

Expensive? Not a bit of it! A fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes are not kitchen ware but table dishes! Buy them by the piece. And fill in as you wish.

FISH FILLETS BAKED ON OVENSERVE FISH PLATTER

1 pound fish fillets (any kind)	$\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper
2 tbsps. flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup water
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup evaporated milk

Wash and dry fillets. Place fillets on well-greased OvenServe Fish Platter and dust with flour, salt and pepper. Combine water with milk and pour over fillets. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes, or until fish is tender. Then lift dish from oven to table.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.

FIVE AND TEN
CENT STORES



Shirley's Birthday Party

Here are special recipes, endorsed
by little Miss Temple's mother

By RITA CALHOUN

Creamed chicken on toast
Surprise potatoes
Cocoa Bread and butter sandwiches
Vanilla ice cream
Birthday cake with frosting

DON'T tell Shirley, but that, briefly, is the bill of fare for her birthday supper to be given when she reaches the age of six on April twenty-third. The menu has been approved by Shirley's mother, Mrs. George F. Temple, who at all times keeps a careful watch over the child star's diet. Because this year Shirley's birthday comes the Tuesday after Easter Sunday, bunnies and Easter eggs will be included in the table decorations.

Shirley's everyday fare is of the simplest and the dishes prepared for the birthday spread will be made from recipes suitable to youngsters of her age.

Creamed Chicken on Toast

2 cups diced cooked chicken
3 level tablespoons flour
3 level tablespoons butter
1½ cups milk
¼ teaspoon salt

The chicken should be simmered in a covered kettle until quite tender, with just enough water to



Fox Films' baby star, Shirley Temple, usually has simple puddings, stewed fruit or gelatine desserts. Ice cream and cake are reserved for special occasions.



The birthday table will be decorated with crepe paper cover, napkins, baskets, snappers and a Jack Horner Pie in the center, presided over by a large Easter bunny.

cover. When done, cool and drain off the stock and set in the refrigerator. On the following day remove the fat and serve as clear chicken broth. Remove the good meat from the chicken, both dark and white meat. Little girls of Shirley's age shouldn't have fussy ideas about eating only the white meat. Carefully remove any gristle and cut the meat into pieces about half an inch long.

Make a medium thick white sauce from the flour, butter and milk. The best way to do this for young children is as follows: Melt the butter in the top of a double-boiler, add flour and stir with a spoon until perfectly blended. Heat the milk in another pan, without boiling and add, a little at a time, stirring constantly. Let it continue cooking for ten minutes stirring once in a while, and then cover the double boiler top and let continue to cook

6 small carrots
¾ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter
½ cup hot milk
¾ teaspoon baking powder
Flour

Pare and boil the potatoes, scrape the carrots and boil until tender. Put the potatoes through a ricer. You will need about four cups measured after they have been riced. Add salt and butter to the potatoes, sprinkle in the baking powder and add just enough hot milk to hold together and mix well. Drain the carrots and chop in a chopping bowl. Now sprinkle a little flour on a pan or board, place a generous tablespoon of the potato mixture on the floured surface, flatten down with a spoon evenly, put a small spoonful of carrots in the center of the

for ten minutes more. Fifteen minutes before serving put the chicken in the double boiler with the white sauce, mix, cover and let heat through. This will make enough for eight servings.

Cut the crusts from eight pieces of white bread and toast, first on one side and then on the other. Place a slice of toast on a slightly warmed serving plate, cover the toast with the creamed chicken and serve at once, with the surprise potatoes:

Surprise Potatoes

8 medium size potatoes

potato, bring up the sides of the potato, shape to form an egg. Place these potato eggs in a slightly greased baking pan. Dip the end of a paper napkin in the remaining milk and brush the tops of the eggs and put in a moderate oven and let heat for ten or fifteen minutes, taking them out before they begin to brown.

The fact is that the one thing that little Shirley doesn't like to eat is carrots, but prepared in this way, who knows but she may decide to like them?

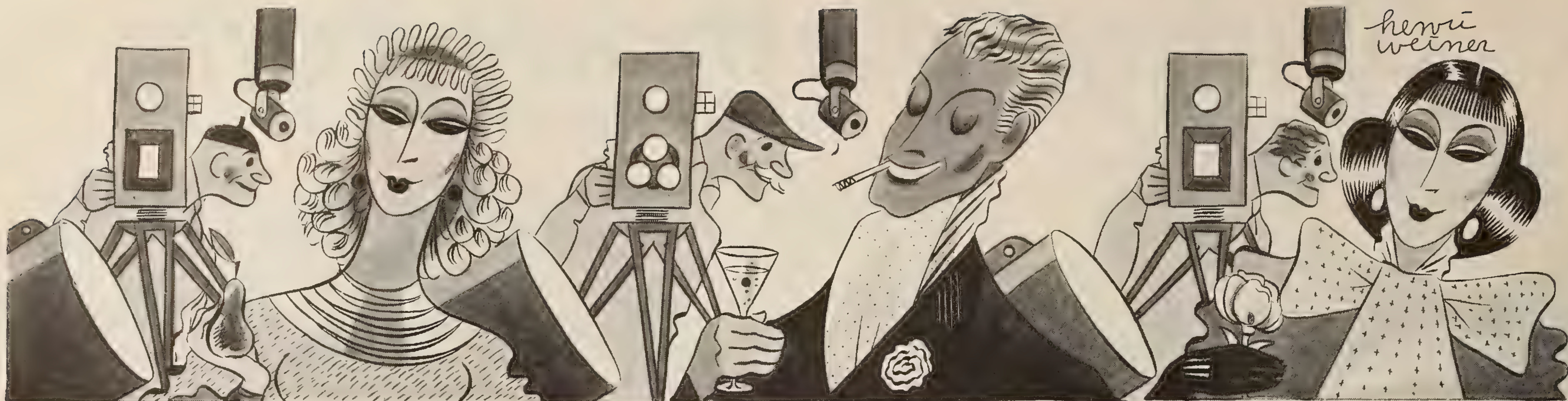
Sandwiches are made from thin slices of whole-wheat bread and butter and the cocoa from milk, slightly sweetened and served without whipped cream. The cake is a chocolate layer cake covered with white icing. Shirley herself, likes nothing better than ice cream with gravy, but for the party the gravy—known to adults as chocolate sauce, will be omitted, as a little too much of a good thing in view of the cocoa and the chocolate cake filling.

Here are some sound ideas on juvenile birthday parties from Shirley Temple's mother.

Arrange the party so the refreshments will take the place of a regular meal in order not to interrupt the wholesome routine of regular diet. Shirley's party will begin at half-past three with the refreshment-supper served shortly before six.

If there are younger children present, have ready hot cooked cereal and milk to serve instead of the creamed chicken and vegetables and cocoa.

Explain to the mothers of the invited youngsters before hand that the little hostess will not be receiving gifts. Instead have gifts for each of the guests. At Shirley's party these tokens will be hidden in Easter baskets, filled with bunnies.



It's all so glamorous when you get there, but there are many obstacles in the way.

A MILLION to ONE You'll Never Be a Star

IT'S a million to one you'll never be a star! You're going to hate me for telling this but it's much better for you to have your heartache at home than in New York or Hollywood. Somehow heartache on an empty stomach without a friendly shoulder to weep on is not the most pleasant way of passing time. If you've never tried it, don't experiment! Take my word for it that New York is tough and Hollywood is twice as tough. You can't crash the movies unless you're a combination of Garbo and One-Eyed Connolly and then you'll probably need an introduction from President Roosevelt with an okay from Will Hays.

You who have had legitimate stage experience will find it easier to get in the movies. The figures for 1934 show that one out of every 100 stage people given screen tests were signed to a movie contract. If you're harboring screen ambitions with the odds a million to one against you, the stage should be your first goal.

Until recently, fake movie schools were scattered all over the country. Racketeers in the role of school teachers traded in youthful ambition, luring unsuspecting girls from out of town on the pretense of making them stars and even procuring screen contracts at fabulous salaries. The youngsters came in large numbers, only to be robbed of their hopes and bankrolls.

Hollywood still has a few of these fake movie schools but a crusade by the newspapers and the district

Company	Number of Tests	Number Signed
Fox	485	0
20th Century	425	22
Columbia	96	17
RKO	12	0
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer	485 (in Hollywood) 67 (in New York) 43 (in London)	9

And don't forget, these were all experienced players!
Figures from Warner Brothers and Paramount were not available as we went to press.

**You may think it's easy
to crash into the movies
but don't let them fool
you. Read this frank
article and you will re-
alize that the road to
stardom is not the easy
path some folks would
have you believe**

By
JOHN T. CASEY

attorney in New York was too much for the screen-school gangsters. They folded up and disappeared but like all such rackets, are sure to pop up again!

If you want to be fooled by these specialists in the most glamorous form of embezzlement, don't take any notice of these figures given me by the movie companies. If you would like to avoid the traps offered by fake movie schools and fake agents, just memorize these figures of the major screen companies for the first months of 1935:

Fox . . . 485 tests . . . 0 signed; 20th Century . . . 425 tests . . . 22 signed; Columbia . . . 96 tests . . . 17 signed; RKO . . . 12 tests on Coast . . . 0 signed; M-G-M . . . 485 tests in Hollywood, 67 tests in New York, 43 tests in London, 9 signed.

These figures show just what chance the trained players have of reaching riches and stardom. These figures show just what chance comely Gertie Gloom, the Pride of Podunk, had when she gave up her job and came to New York to become a movie star under the (Please turn to page 42)



Illustrated by
Henri Weiner



Fight Tuberculosis

with modern methods



If there are hidden shadows of the disease, they are revealed by the penetrating eye of the X-ray.

THERE were fewer new cases of tuberculosis in 1934. The deathrate from this disease in this country was lower than ever before. But this good news from those who are resolutely fighting tuberculosis should not blind one to the fact that about 70,000 persons died last year from tuberculosis and that it is still the leading cause of death between the ages of fifteen and forty-five.

When the suspicious symptoms begin to appear—undue fatigue, chest pains, loss of weight, a cough that hangs on, blood spitting—no time should be lost in getting an expert diagnosis. The value of such early diagnosis, aided by laboratory tests, X-rays or fluoroscope, is reflected by the increase in the number of complete recoveries.

Since Dr. Trudeau blazed the trail fifty years ago and proved that “consumption” could be arrested,



untold thousands have been restored to health by following the treatment of fresh air, sunshine, nourishing food and REST.

Physicians, today, have at their command another ally—pneumothorax or lung-collapsing treatment which is proving of great value in many cases, though not suitable for all. The expert can, if he thinks wise, collapse an infected lung as long as is necessary and let the other lung do the breathing. The infected lung heals more quickly during its enforced rest. This treatment, under competent and continued medical care, is speeding a steadily increasing number of recoveries in sanatoria and homes.

Tuberculosis, recognized and treated in its early stages, can be arrested and controlled in most cases. Send for the Metropolitan booklet “Tuberculosis.” Address Booklet Department 435-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1935 M. L. I. CO.

Your Eyes... LIKE A PICTURE ... Need a Frame

TO BRING OUT THEIR FULL BEAUTY

Eyes are like a picture without a frame... dull and uninteresting... if lashes are pale and scanty... if lids are colorless or if brows are scraggly.



So... transform your eyelashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, instantly and harmlessly with the famous Maybelline mascara. Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows and lashes with the specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. Maybelline preparations are approved by leading authorities for absolute harmlessness. Their sixteen-year reputation for highest quality is your guarantee of complete satisfaction. Introductory sizes of all Maybelline eye beauty preparations can be had at any leading 10c store.

Maybelline

... EYE BEAUTY AIDS ...

All the World's a Screen

(Continued from page 31)

Saved From Ubangis:

The heroines of Hollywood carry an awful responsibility. They can change the face of the feminine world and its anatomy. For that reason I urge parishioners to offer thanks for Joan Crawford's labial reformation. At the rate mouths were expanding, in emulation, we soon would have been kissing Ubangis. As Miss Crawford goes, so goes a large proportion of wenchdom. Nor does it stop there; it's spreading to the males. At least one lad is reaping honors by impersonating Joan at Harry Richman's club. He says he is working his way through college. I asked what he was studying to be. He said, "Greta Garbo." I'm afraid he hasn't the voice. Once I listened with closed eyes to Miss Garbo from the screen and was reminded of the sepulchral tones of John the Baptist down the well in "Salome."

Leave Your Face Home:

Darryl Zanuck urges the screen aspirant to bring her own face to Hollywood. My advice is to leave it home. That is, if she wants to keep it. The body, too, for that matter. Mr. Zanuck is no doubt sincere in his cry for individuality. You have noted the squirmy walk of screen maidens, suggesting angleworms toddling on end. I'm told they acquire this by waddling about with pots on their heads in the manner of slaves and peasant serfs who are supposed to have the ideal carriage. My observation is the most graceful woman is the freest—the flamenco, so free she still wears shawls and full skirts, refusing to be sheathed by fashion and hobbled to high heels. Perhaps the thieving activities of these gypsies contribute to their nimbleness. My recommendation, then, is to put the little actresses in something loose and let them scamper about barefooted, picking pockets.

On with the New

Things are happening faster in Hollywood than a prophet can predict. New faces appear with every film and old ones are acquiring new expressions. My current shock is Joan Crawford. I never thought I'd be weaving a leis of gardenias, but here I am. Holding naturalness the requisite of an actress, I was not persuaded by the stylized, enameled, haughty extravagances of the gardenia lady. There were films in which she seemed to be impersonating an actress, with stress on affectation of manner, make-up and wardrobe. Self-conscious and Hollywood. Eventually I could no longer endure the agony of it all and yielded my place in the line that always forms for her features. I decided we would each have to go on our own way. Nothing personal. Just incompatibility. She was hell-bent for culture, whereas I am all for the collapse of civilization and amounting to nothing on a sunny beach. Came the Yuletide and "Forsaking All Others" to the Capitol on Broadway. Mellowed by a round at *Le Boeuf sur le Toit* and wreathed in Christmas sentiment, I trickled around to see if there was any chance of reconciliation and also to see how good old Gable was getting on. In less time than it took to trample over the toes of my neighbors, I was devastated by the screen apparition. What once had seemed a bold and brutal beauty, though sculpturally superb, now had the radiance of nobility. With humor and grace and intelligence Miss Crawford made credible an artificial role. Trifling though it was, it served to reveal a thinking actress. Fearing lest I be in a Martini transport I reserved judgment until next day, when I sought out "Chained" at a neigh-

borhood theater. Again sincerity, free of all rococo chichi. During my absence from her features she has become a charming mental actress. I abjectly hope it wasn't my presence that made her self-conscious, for I shall be there with a gardenia for her next.

Swami's Sins:

"Dear Swami," writes Miss Josephs of North Vassalboro, Maine, "in the January issue you picked out your thirteen best actors and actresses and those who are going up. Don't you think you omitted some? However, I happen to like all you listed, so no argument."

Plenty of argument. In fact, consider the Swami unfrocked for sins of omission. How did I come to neglect Margaret Sullivan? I swear she was on the list when it left this sanctum. Perhaps she flew off en route to editor; you know how flighty Peg is. Anna Sten is another contender.

The list of 13 Best Actors should somehow have embraced Frank Morgan, Roland Young, Spencer Tracy, Claude Rains, Lee Tracy, Conrad Veidt, Alan Hale. Evidently 13 is my unlucky number; it should have been 20 at least.

Margo was absent from the Going Up numbers because I was remiss in catching "Crime Without Passion." Most natural of the screen debutantes, Margo has the facial sensitiveness of Nazimova.

Loretta Young did not come to town with "The White Parade" until after I had come out of the trance. I predict she will be leading the star parade within a couple of years.

Others Going Up: Rosalind Russell, Merle Oberon, Tullio Carminati, Kitty Carlisle, Isabel Jewell, Helen Mack, Frances Drake, Katherine DeMille, Charles Boyer, Ross Alexander.

King Vidor, W. S. Van Dyke and Robert Flaherty are directors deserving belated boutonnieres.

Hollywood Histrionism:

I don't want to seem a dour old schoolmaster, but I should like to ask what all the giggling is about on the screen. Miss Shearer ends nearly every speech on a ripple and giggles when others are speaking. Miss Colbert chortles at everything that is said and even to herself, as if privy to a joke all her own. Even my new love, Miss Crawford, forces laughs at Mr. Montgomery's clowning, for which I suppose she may be pardoned—someone ought to laugh. Males, too, go about chuckling or smiling broadly. They seem afraid to be still. When compelled to listen they either grin or bat their eyes vigorously, or both. Hollywood's idea of a romantic scene is for two people to bat eyelashes and show each other their teeth. They're horribly gum-conscious. As one of the many admirers of Miss Bergner, may I suggest our scholars of Hollywood study her and master the art of doing nothing? Or should I say the art of thinking?

Bootleg Pictures:

The League Against Indecency seems to have stirred up a lot of young rebels. One child writes from a girls' school bearing a saint's name that she is not going to be made good in spite of herself. "I'll stay home with a book," she says. "They as yet have not boycotted the classics." Tut, tut. Ministers know best. Some suspect that their drive is for picture prohibition to replace the Eighteenth Amendment they gave us. It would be sort of fun at that... Psst! Come on over to Tony's—he's showing "Peck's Bad Boy" tonight.



Miss Maribelle Rodiger, one of the most charming of last season's debutantes, says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin free from blackheads and blemishes."

LINES, WRINKLES, signs of wasting of the underskin—loss of tone—impaired nutrition—lack of invigorating oils.

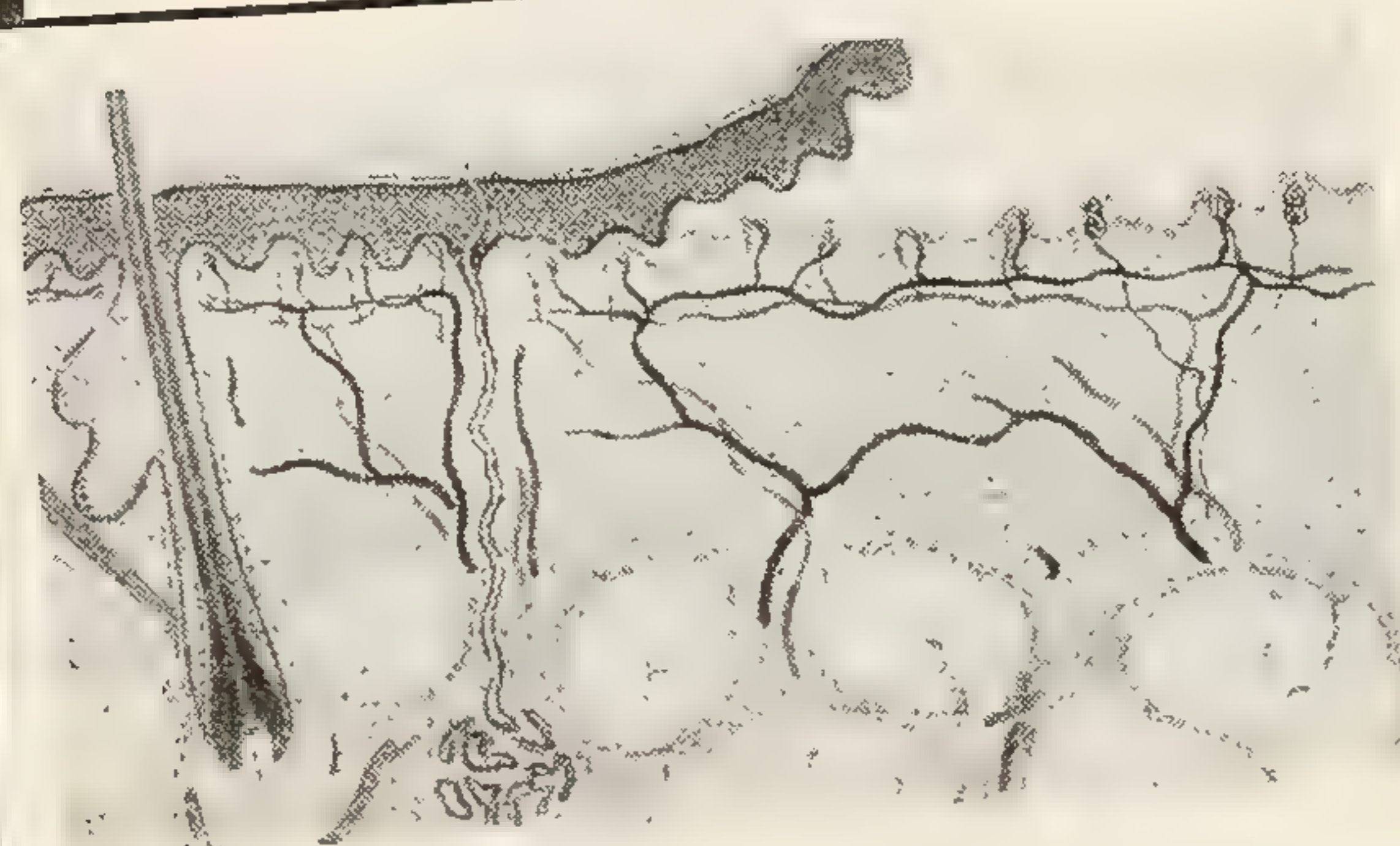
COARSENESS is made worse by clogged pores, neglect, improper cleansing.

BLACKHEADS come from pores clogged by thick secretions from overactive skin glands.

BLEMISHES. Many factors lead to blemishes—among them loss of tone, inactive circulation, improper cleansing.

DRYNESS is often attributable to poorly functioning underskin, inadequate oil supply.

SAGGING TISSUE, due to loss of nerve tone, impaired circulation, fatty degeneration of muscles. All occur in *underskin*.



Little known facts about Your Skin

Your skin has two parts—the outer skin, called *epidermis*, and the underskin, or *corium* . . . In this underskin are myriads of tiny blood vessels, nerves, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands . . . When these grow sluggish, expect blackheads, blemishes, coarseness, lines, wrinkles.

If You Could look Under Your Skin!

There's where Beauty lies... where
Lines Wrinkles Blemishes first develop
Skin Authorities say

ONE of America's leading dermatologists says: "The beauty of the outer skin depends on the underskin. You cannot be too emphatic about that."

Yet most women keep trying one thing and another for faults they see on the *outside* of their skin—never dreaming that what their skin really needs is help deep *underneath* where all the tiny nerves and glands are that make skin beautiful.

How skin faults develop

Here, expressed in simple everyday language, is the way dermatologists explain it:—

The underskin is the workshop where the outward beauty of the skin is constantly being created. Once the teens are past, the underskin begins to lose its vigor. Its circulation slows. Oil glands decrease their supply. Fibres lose their snap. All of this slowly but surely shows up in your outer skin in the form of disfiguring blackheads . . . aging lines . . . coarseness . . . blemishes . . . wrinkles!

How can you ward them off? *By invigorating your underskin!*

There is one cream that goes right in, stirs your underskin to vigorous action—Pond's Cold Cream.



H. R. H. MARGARET OF DENMARK
Princess René de Bourbon de Parme
"Skin remarkably smooth. Not a trace of lines or crepiness"—Dermatologist's Report. "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my contour firm." Her Royal Highness says.

Its specially processed oils sink deep. As you pat it on, your circulation is quickened. The fresh blood rushes up to nourish shrinking tissue. Failing oil glands are stimulated.

Never let a single night pass without cleansing your skin with this thorough, germ-free cream. Pat it in briskly, generously and you will feel your

skin roused. All the day's dust, grime and make-up will float right out of the pores. Your skin feels wonderfully refreshed, invigorated. It actually feels softer—looks smoother—and ever so much clearer!

Every morning—and during the day—every time you make up—cleanse with this cream first, and your powder and rouge will go on like a charm.

Send right off for a special tube of this cream. Use it daily. Soon you will see skin faults fade. Little aging lines soften. Blackheads and blemishes disappear. Day by day, your skin will look clearer—finer—smoother. Until it glows once more with that enchanting "bloom of youth."

Mail coupon today for 9-Treatment Supply

POND'S, Dept. D48, Clinton, Conn.
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for nine treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
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When a girl needs a girl friend



"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance the other night? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine! After the way we girls have all tried to ease it over to her! Can we help it if she's dumb?"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her what's the matter. It's such a pity when a jar of Mum would save her job for her."



(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)



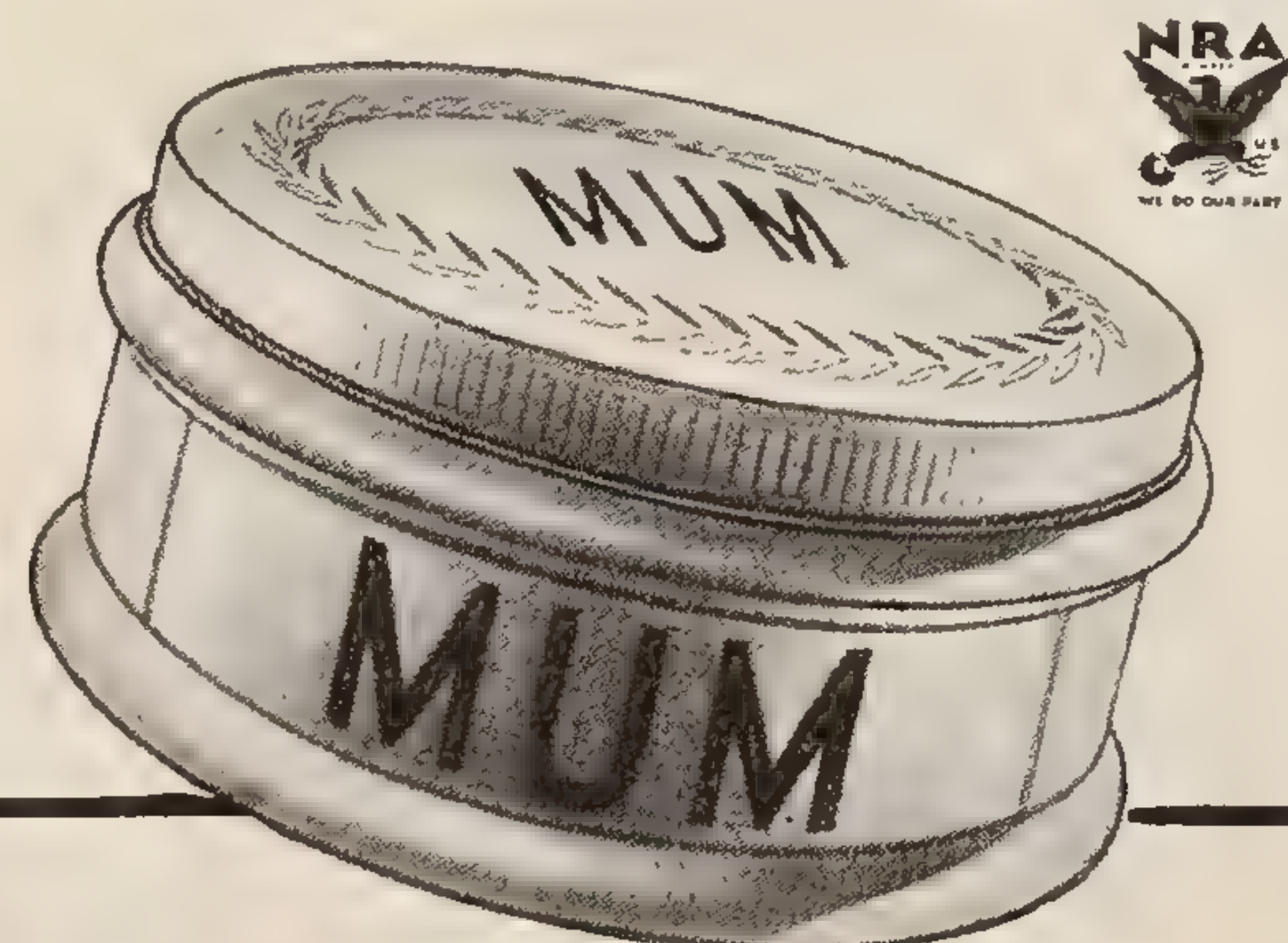
"Your references as to ability are very good, Miss Clark. But I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here. Sorry."

SHE'S bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum *at once*.

Another reason you'll like Mum—it prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Decide today to use Mum and be safe *every day*. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

YOU NEED MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Use Mum as a deodorant for sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

It's a Million to One You'll Never Be a Star

(Continued from page 38)

guidance of Starmaker School of the Screen, one of the average fakes. Gertie would, of course, bring her bank balance along and in almost no time, the canny agent would have relieved her of any such encumbrance as money.

One of the strange things about these schools was the sliding tuition scale. If Gertie had \$500, somehow that just paid for everything. If however, she had only \$200, that also was just the right amount. Shortly after the payment came graduation and Gertie was pronounced another Garbo and quite ready to play a lead opposite Leslie Howard or Charles Laughton. Then a fake talent scout would interview Gertie, maybe give her a fake screen test, and the next thing Gertie knew, she would be wiring home for return fare.

Fake schools are gone in New York and pretty well cleaned out in Hollywood but still thousands of girls from all over the country gamble everything they own on a trip to New York or Hollywood on the mere hope of being seen and signed on the spot by a talent scout. If you are contemplating any such trip, don't do it, because that is not the way talent scouts work. You can't crash their gate and even if you did, it wouldn't mean a thing, because they don't sign people on looks any more—it's on how they can act.

Billy Grady, head of the talent scouting for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the East saw over 3500 players in 300 legitimate shows during the first ten months of last year. He travelled 7500 miles and viewed summer theaters, little theaters, amateur theatricals, school plays, and of course stock and Broadway productions. From the 3500 players he found 15 who warranted screen tests and of that group, only six were signed to movie contracts. Those signed were George Walcott, Gladys George, Gene Lockhart, Mady Christians, Richard Waring, and Lee Sullivan.

While watching a college show at Yale, Billy saw a student in the audience who interested him enough to interview and eventually test. The student, William Deering, made the grade and was signed, along with Frank Shields, famous Davis Cup tennis star, and the only other non-legitimate experienced person to receive a contract from Grady in the whole year.

Warner Brothers or Universal or any of the other big companies all have the same story. They look for their new talent on the legitimate stage. They want people grounded in the fundamentals and naturally they look in places like the Hedgerow little theater in Philadelphia where Ann Harding and several other screen names received their early training. If you live in Atlanta or Spokane, the Hedgerow is a little bit far for commuting but your local amateur

theater groups will give you just as much training and prestige. You can take the most important step to stardom right in your own home town!

Talent scouts all agree that the naturalness of a Katharine Hepburn or the personality of a Claudette Colbert are the most important assets in making a success on the screen. Reputations made in sports or business are just about as unimportant as is beauty. Red Grange and a host of other All-American football stars have been given screen chances and missed. Hundreds of beauty contest winners have been tried and found wanting. Without experience on the legitimate stage, the only chance Miss Unknown has is to win with personality and naturalness. And she has to have plenty of each and be willing to work mighty hard.

If you are selected for a screen test today, it costs the movie company upwards of \$1,000 and takes about three weeks of preparation, including rehearsals, interviews, and sometimes the writing of special dialogue in order to get the best possible results from your work. The same care is taken with the actual shooting, as with a feature.

The almost complete unimportance and insignificance of so-called screen tests given as contest prizes is proved by the expense and care to which the movie companies go when really giving an actual screen test. The mere contest stunt of standing in front of a couple of Kleig lights while somebody grinds a few feet of movie film is far from a screen test. If you will stop to think of how few Carole Lombards and Robert Montgomerys have come out of such stunts, you'll realize that most screen contests are just good commercial promotions.

You don't make big salaries in the movies! It's a fact. Most of the people in Hollywood live on just about the same kind of budget you do. Of course, a few big names make big money but then so do a few big names in your home town. Beginners in the movies are placed under contract and usually have to pay the agent who "placed" them. The beginner's contract is usually from \$43 to \$75 a week. That lasts for six months and then it may be raised or the person may be dropped. And of course many more are dropped than raised.

It may be disheartening for you to realize that only seventy-three people were signed by the major movie companies in nearly a year. It may be even more disheartening when you realize that few of the people signed were without legitimate experience. You'll probably think I'm an old meanie but I'm sure those million-to-one odds are wrong. I'm sure that it is three or maybe even five million to one you'll never be a star!

ENJOY NEW MOVIE EVERY MONTH

You won't miss any of the fascinating stories, the beautiful pictures in New Movie if you have a year's subscription. Use the coupon below. A year's subscription in the United States is \$1.00. In Canada \$1.60. Foreign, \$2.00.

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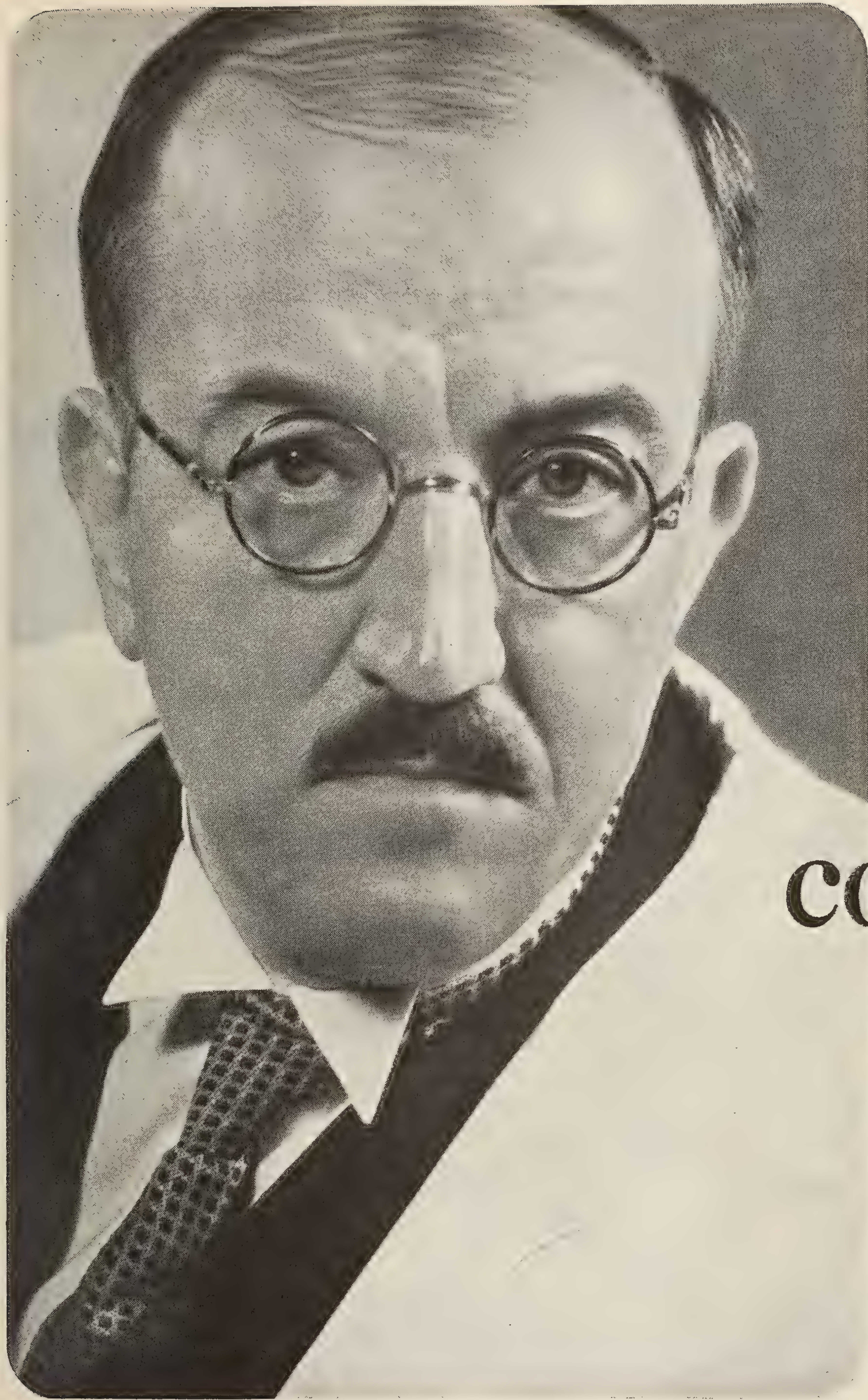
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XR Yeast is “definitely beneficial in most cases of constipation”

*SAY WORLD—
FAMOUS MEDICAL MEN
WHO TESTED IT!*

DR. HENRI GAEHLINGER (left), specialist in the treatment of constipation, co-author of the important medical volume, “Constipation.” His tests on the new yeast reveal: “It is astonishingly stronger. Best remedy for constipation I have encountered!”

“Also acts far faster than the former yeast on Indigestion, Skin Troubles, Lack of Energy, Headaches,” noted intestinal specialist explains . . .

TODAY the usual treatment of constipation has been revolutionized!

For a new discovery has been made . . . called by doctors “a really great advance against the ills of constipation!”

It is an entirely different *kind* of yeast developed by a great American medical scientist!

As Dr. Gaehlinger says: “It is astonishingly stronger . . . works with extra speed!”

This new XR Yeast stimulates digestive juices and muscles! Unlike harsh cathartics

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Incorporated

which act only on your bowels, it first acts in your *stomach* where most constipation *starts!*

Thus your food is digested better . . . kept softer . . . so it moves easily through your body.

Soon you become “regular,” and can stop taking those harmful laxatives. Soon you don’t feel that terrible distress after meals.

As poisons are cleared from your system, you have more energy, more cheerful spirits.

Your skin is quickly freed of those horrid pimples. It takes on new color. Also, you don’t have those headaches day after day!

You have fewer colds, too, because of the new Vitamin A now in Fleischmann’s XR Yeast. It supplies *four* vitamins we all need—A, B, D and G—plus healthful minerals!

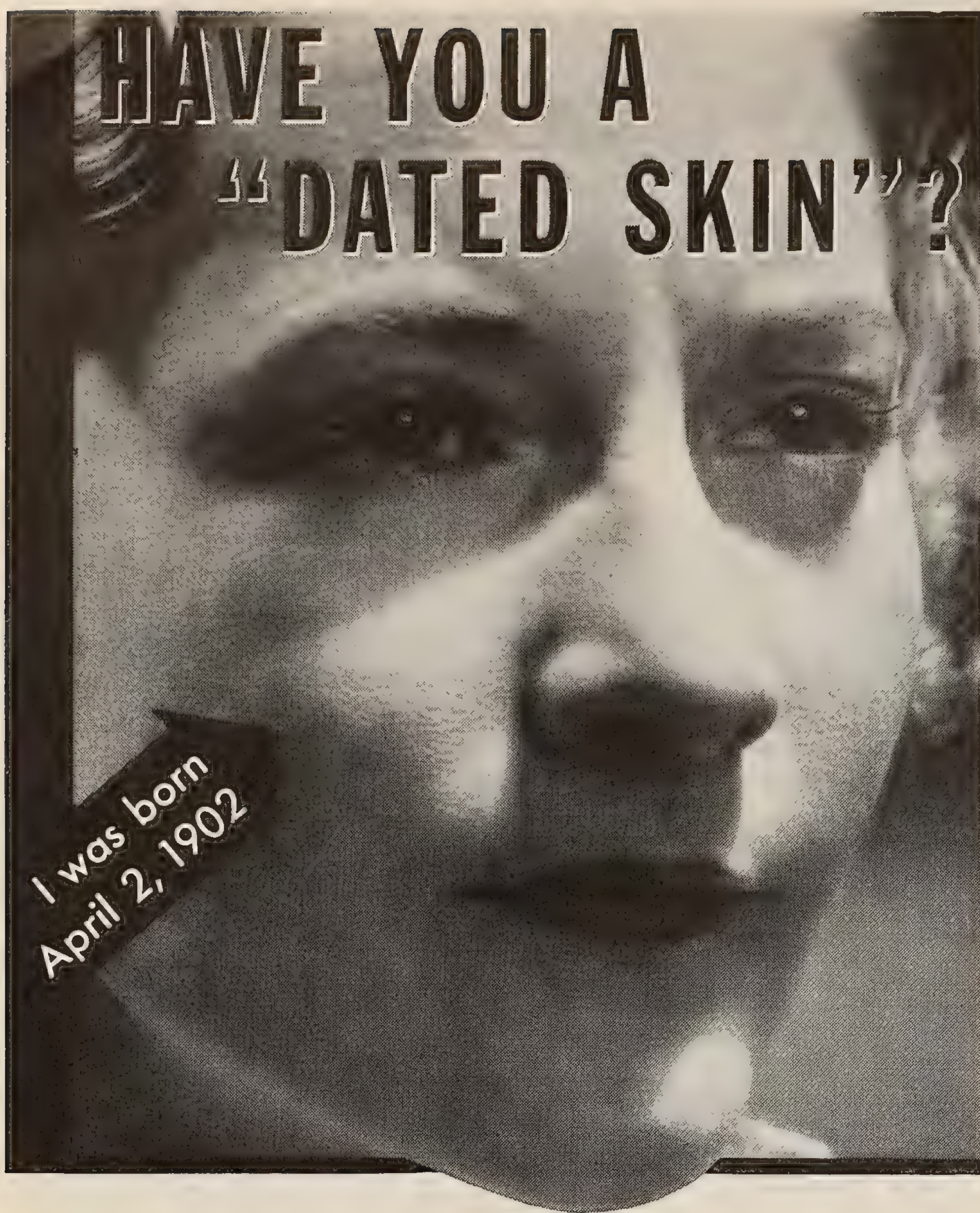
Order some Fleischmann’s XR Yeast *now* from a grocer, restaurant or soda fountain.

Just eat 3 cakes a day for at least 30 days—plain, or dissolved in $\frac{1}{3}$ glass of water—preferably a half-hour before every meal! But eat it *regularly!*

(As good as ever for baking, too!)

*Over 3 millions now
eating Fleischmann’s
new XR Yeast*





THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER WILL GIVE YOUR AGE AWAY EVERY TIME!

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

Why Advertise Your Age?

Color creates the effect of either age or youth. Any artist, any make-up expert, will tell you this. Even a slight difference in shade will make a big difference in years so far as appearance is concerned.

The wrong shade of face powder will not only make you look your age, but crueller still, years older than you really are!

If you want to find out whether your shade of face powder is playing you fair or false, make this unflinching test: Send

for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free, and try each on your face before your mirror.

Don't try to select your shade in advance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

The Shade for You Is One of These 5

The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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They're the Tops

(Continued from page 4)

the way she says 'em." The lines in her pictures, whether they're routine wise-cracks turned out by Hollywood gag men or her famous catch-phrases, are really no funnier than the jokes in any other picture. It's what Mae herself puts into them. And what she puts into them is—vitality.

There were Mae Wests in ancient Greece. There were Mae Wests living in sod huts on the Kansas prairies a hundred years ago. There were Mae Wests in the days when men lived like wild animals in caves. Hearty wenches, broad in the waist and deep in the chest, who fought beside their men in war, were excellent mothers to incredible batches of kids; who lived, loved and died passionately. They had just what our Mae has today—sheer animal strength. The irresistibility of healthy, pagan, dynamic human fleshiness.

Wiser than Janet Gaynor in the ways of the world, Mae knows what she has and turns it loose to run wild. She doesn't fight herself, she lets herself go. To the nth degree, she is herself. That this self happens to be one that is attractive and interesting is just plain good luck.

JOAN CRAWFORD, on the other hand, is caught in much the same trap that grips Janet in such a vicious pressure. No one who knows her, questions Joan's sincerity. She longs passionately to be a great actress, to take whatever roles may come her way and lose herself utterly in them. It is her staggering value as a star name, in terms of sheer dollars and cents, which keeps her from doing it. The business office and her fans, together, force her cruelly to go on playing parts which, after the manner of Horatio Alger heroes, let her rise from rags to riches.

When she tries another pattern box-office receipts and fan letters fall off.

It isn't the money. Joan, despite her new contract, is rich enough now to do whatever she pleases. It is her loyalty that stops her. Loyalty to the studio that took her out of the ranks. Loyalty to her fans.

But others have loyalty. The thing which Joan alone does, which makes her one of the Big Five, is symbolize Youth. In the jazz age she was a dancing daughter. Today, the jazz age gone, she still typifies the modern girl's hopes and dreams. She is the little nobody who becomes a grand lady. Granted that she has verve, beauty, chic, all the rest of it. Others have them, too. But Joan, and only Joan stands for the spirit of our ever-changing younger generation. It is a symbol which will never lose its glamour. Yet—and what bitterness!—she is chained to it!

EXPLANATIONS of Norma Shearer's prominence have been crueller than those suffered by any other star. People react to Norma in no uncertain terms. Either they adore her or they loathe her. There seems to be no middle ground.

Proof, in itself, of an exceptionally powerful personality!

But—"She's a success because she's Irving Thalberg's wife." "She gets people to go see her pictures by playing in polite bedroom comedies flirting with the theme of adultery." An ugly word, adultery. And ugly accusations.

Irving Thalberg is a powerful man in Hollywood. True. If he so wishes, he can give his wife the best stories, the best technicians, an elaborate and costly production. But nothing that Thalberg can do in this world—nothing

—can make people pay their good money at the box office unless they want to see Shearer. As for the other accusation, if all Norma has to offer are bedroom farces, then why were "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and "Smiling Through" so successful?

No, Norma's appeal lies within herself. It is not the fact that she is beautiful in face and figure. But she is beautiful inside. You sense it. An ordinary Canadian girl, she has lifted herself to social position, financial security, joy in her husband and her child. Given only her own bravery and she has won out in life's battle. The words "ordinary girl" crept into this paragraph, you'll notice. They tell the whole story. Norma—wise, serene, lovely, mature—is Everywoman. Everywoman, that is, plus Everywoman's hopes, aspirations and ideals. Janet Gaynor cannot change her parts. Mae West is too shrewd to think of it. But Norma Shearer could play a Janet Gaynor part one day, and a Mae West part the next, and not lose any of her popularity. She can be any woman because she is—every woman!

WHERE the fifth actress on the list is concerned, prophecies are dangerous. Katharine Hepburn's personality is not yet completely formed. In comparison to the others she is still a newcomer. The others have lasted. Whether Katharine will last it is still too soon to say.

But our concern is to analyze her vogue. Why has she shot up to stardom like the proverbial skyrocket?

First of all, because she is completely unique—an actress who looks different, behaves differently, talks differently.

The clue is in her appearance. Any observant person has seen that same taut, twitching nervous skin in nervous little girls. Little girls, usually, with high foreheads, spectacles, freckles and skinned-back hair. School teachers often call them "problem children." Their brains are years and years ahead of their immature bodies. They are too sensitive. They shrink from rough games, from the antics of their schoolmaster. Quite often they are hysterical, so highly strung are their nerves. Katharine, both on the screen and off, is the problem child grown up. Erratic, unconventional, rude, egotistical, living so thoroughly in an unreal world of her own that she can tell reporters "I have never been married" and really believe it, though everybody knows it isn't true. No wonder she's called wild. Whoever cast her for the part of a half savage, mountain girl, as "Trigger," knew what he was doing!

Katharine Hepburn is one of the Big Five because she is a bad case of nerves.

Thousands of others fail. These five have risen to glory. Notice this—

Each of the five is completely and absolutely different from the others.

Janet Gaynor is sweet . . . Mae West has terrific physical vitality and stark appeal to the senses . . . Joan Crawford typifies youth and romance . . . Norma Shearer is the mature woman of the world . . . Katharine Hepburn, sometimes boyish, sometimes hoydenish, is a steel spring so tightly wound up you think she'll break at any second.

There is their secret. They are the Big Five because, unlike mediocre, unsuccessful people who are "afraid of what the neighbors will think" if they're the least bit different, they stress, accentuate and even exaggerate their differences! They are individuals.

If you want to take a leaf from their book—find your true personality, dare to be different, and give it all you've got!

For beauty of lips
and neck-line enjoy
Double-Mint Gum.
Every day! wherever
and whenever convenient.
It's a natural
beauty exercise.



F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5^{AND} 10 CENT STORES

Lorraine

Hair Nets • Water Wave Nets • Combs • Switches



Lorraine Hair Nets come in single and double mesh, cap and fringe shapes, regular and bob sizes. Made of fine human hair, strong and long wearing. All shades including, grey and white.



Lorraine Water Wave Sleeping Caps fit snugly and are made of heavy silk thread, with wide band and tie strap. In all natural hair shades; also pastels: pink, orchid, blue, rose, tangerine, green, jade.



SAVE THAT WAVE! Lorraine Water Wave Nets hold your wave firmly in place while you sleep. Strong meshes assure long wear, and the elastic chin strap, illustrated at left, keeps the net from shifting. Also a valuable aid when you set your hair after a shampoo.



Lorraine Triangle Veil Nets serve many purposes in keeping your wave lovely. Easy to put on after a finger wave. Excellent protection in motoring and sports. In all hair shades. Illustrated at right.



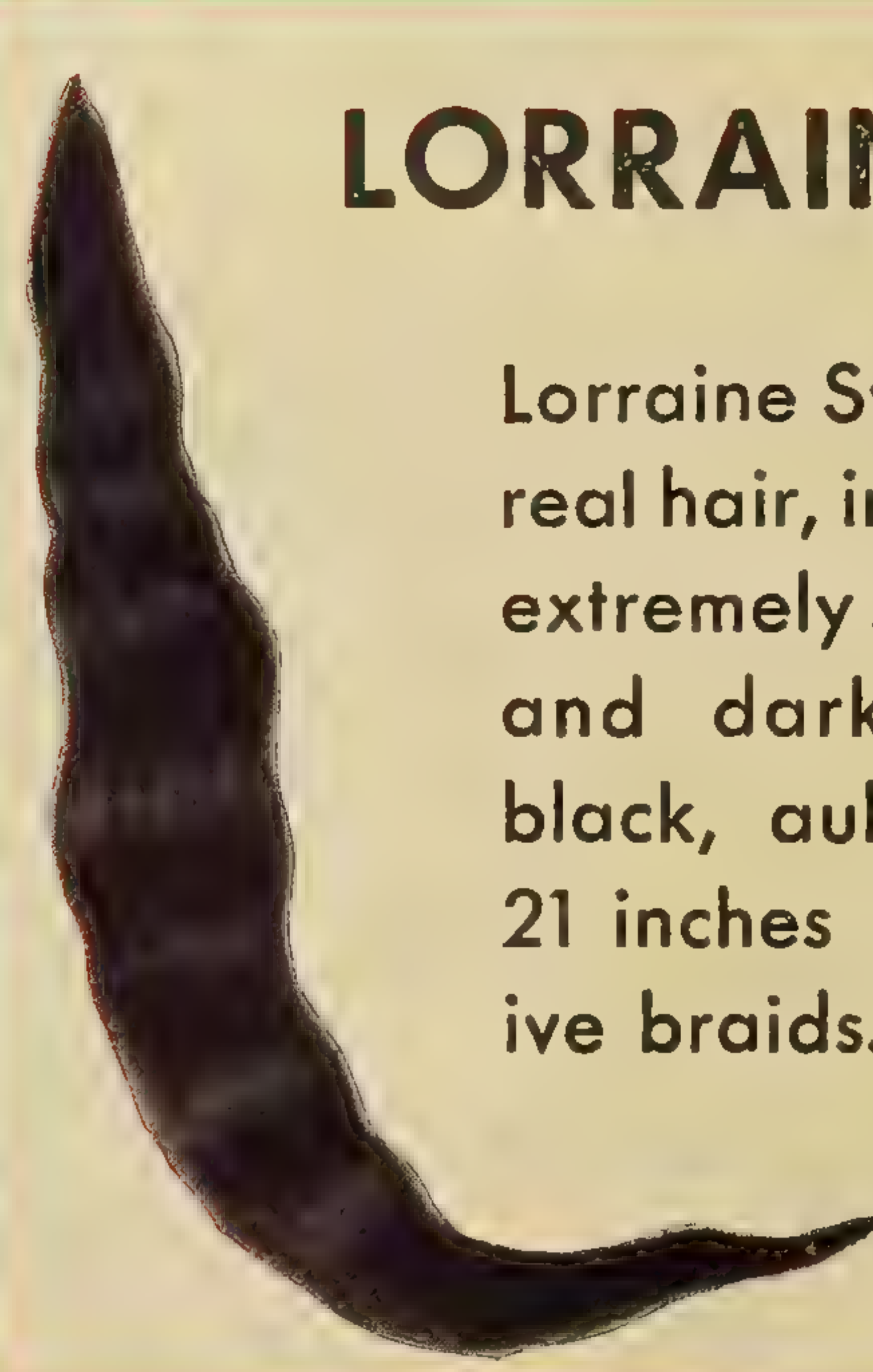
LORRAINE COMBS



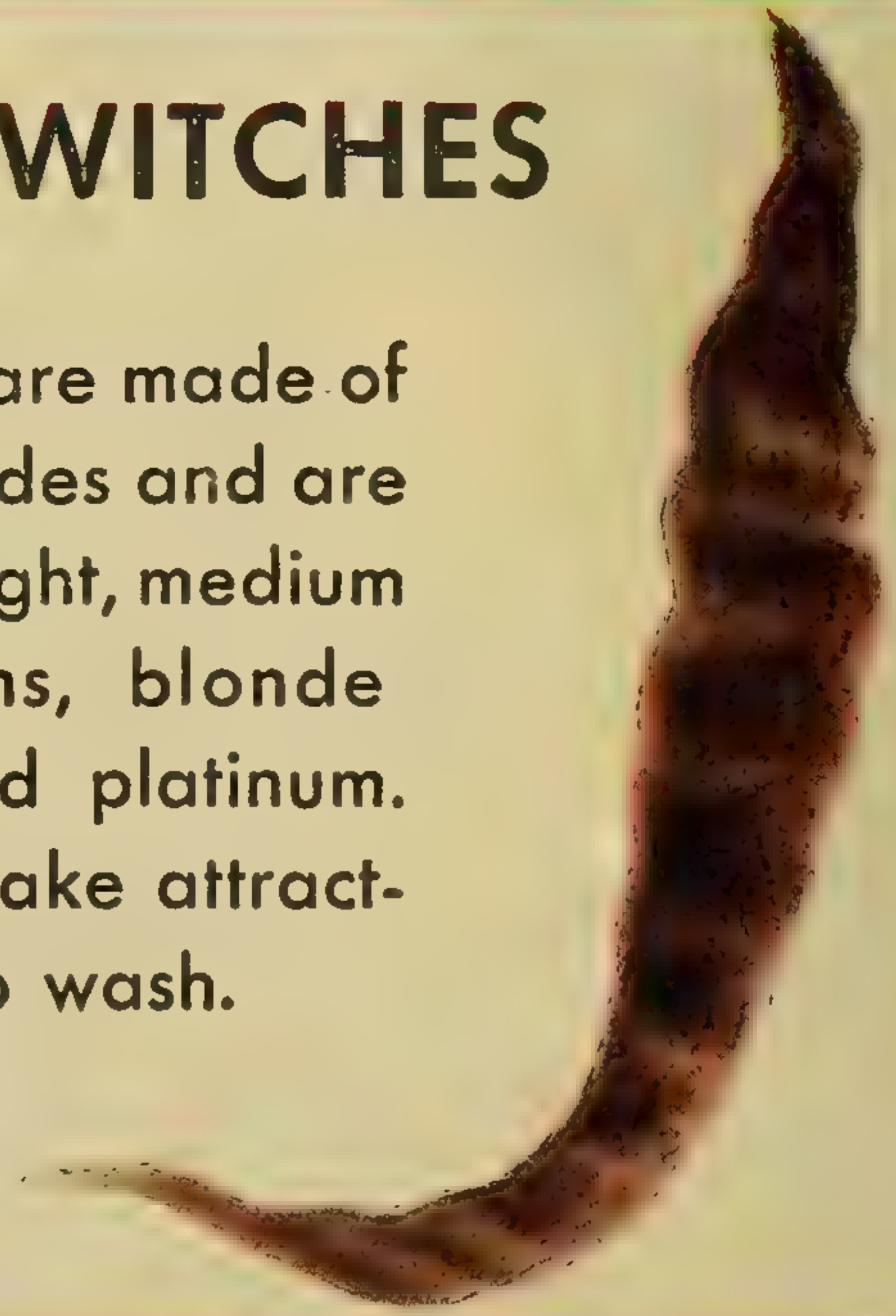
Strong combs of fine quality hard rubber: Bobby, pocket and dressing combs. Black and mahogany. Also combs of acetate in ivory, coral, green, blue, pink, red, maize, orchid. Solid color or pearl effect.



LORRAINE SWITCHES



Lorraine Switches are made of real hair, in all shades and are extremely smart. Light, medium and dark browns, blonde black, auburn and platinum. 21 inches long. Make attractive braids. Easy to wash.



SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 CENT STORES

Hollywood Goes A-partying

(Continued from page 8)

and what they did with "Sweet Adeline" and "Little Annie Rooney" was just nobody's business.

Charles Evans was the famous minstrel, you know, and the day chanced also to be the anniversary of Evans' first public appearance. He was thirteen and he sang in a saloon in New York. They paid him in sherry, and he never did quite make his bed, but fell asleep on his front porch.

There was lively impromptu entertainment, with Queenie Cawthorne reviving memories of Broadway and the days when she was Queenie Vassar by singing and dancing delightfully; and a real feature of the proceedings was the sight of Mrs. Leon Errol dancing the Merry Widow Waltz with Edmund Breese, and doing it better than we've seen it done in many a day.

Robert Young and his wife represented the younger Hollywood set.

THE old woman who lived in a shoe was just a lonely soul on a desert isle compared to Fred Keating, on the occasion of his house-warming, when he could have easily paraphrased Mother Goose by saying "he had so many guests he didn't know what to do." Guests packed the living-room, overflowed the dining-room, and one fell over them even in the kitchen. There wasn't a thought of anybody sitting down, even on the floor. There was no room.

"Gala Premiere of 'The Captain Hates the Sea' tomorrow night, by courtesy of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital!" was the way a sign on the wall read. It meant that four of the picture's cast, Victor McLaglen, John Gilbert, Florence Rice and Keating, had all been sent to the hospital while the film was being made.

The bird which Fred uses in his magic act was another feature of the party. The canary's name is Tallulah, in honor of Tallulah Bankhead, when Fred was her leading man back in New York.

"So you see Fred doesn't kill a canary every time he does his magic bird act!" Irene declared. "Tallulah has been on the job a long time."

Fred of course was gallant to all the ladies, but we hear that his attentions have lately been divided between Patricia Ellis and Barbara Blair.

Nancy Carrol arrived with Howard Hughes, the producer, who, by the way, still looks as though he were twenty-one years old, despite all his picture worries. Howard on his part has been faithful to Nancy through at least four Hollywood social functions.

Alison Skipworth, against her rule not to go to parties, was there, and Harry Houdini's widow, too, who also eschews parties for the most part.

In fact a lot of recluses were present, including Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, and Tala Birell, just back from New York, who seldom goes out.

OPEN house on Sunday afternoons and holidays for baby! That's the new Hollywood idea with Sally Eilers, Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) and June Collyer (Mrs. Stuart Erwin) sponsoring it. Clara Bow, we hear, intends adopting the idea, too.

We found Sally, who is Mrs. Harry Joe Brown in private life, all rumpled up the other Sunday. She didn't care. Her small son had done the rumpling, and it was all right with her. She tells us that she and Harry Joe are going to buy a home to put the Baby Bunting in, especially as Baby Bunting has a penchant for falling off places, and their penthouse outdoor breakfast room fur-

nishes a long fall either for man or boy.

As for the small Harry Joe, he is always demurely polite to visitors even when awakened out of a sound sleep, which he often is, so proud are papa and mamma of him.

A large apartment in the mansion all to himself is what little Wesley Ruggles, Jr., boasts, at the Ruggles home. He even has his own cedar closets, kitchenette and bathroom.

Helen Twelvetees and her husband, Frank Woody, together with their small son, Jackie, were there, and June Collyer and Stuart Erwin. Marian Nixon and William Seiter admired the Twelvetees and Ruggles youngsters, and Marian declared with a blush that she'd "love to have a baby if she were sure of having one as nice as little Wesley." We believe her, for you know, she adopted one when she was married to Eddie Hillman, but regretfully returned it, because the law made her do so; when she was divorced. However, she saw to it that the little one was re-adopted by a fine family.

Helen and Arline have been chums for years. Both tell the story about Arline, and how, when she telephoned Helen from the hospital two hours after her baby was born, Helen's butler took the message and Helen fired him as a liar. "What woman could talk over the phone two hours after having a baby?" she demanded scornfully.

Little Jackie Woody and small Wesley are pals, too; but Jackie had slapped Wesley on a Wednesday, and Wesley had barely forgiven him the Sunday we were there.

AN ORIGINAL feature of the new Ruggles home is a "complaint box," such as is installed in certain hotels for guests. The idea is that if you don't like the way the Ruggles family entertains, you can drop your written complaint into the box, which hangs on the living-room wall.

Another feature of the house is the breakfast room right off Arline's and Wesley's bedrooms. Isn't that just too cosy?

Russian Parties

Spanish parties, Hawaiian parties, German pancake parties—all are in the discard now-a-days for Russian parties.

And if you could have just seen Anna Sten and husband Dr. Eugene Frenke and their guests eating their borscht from wooden spoons such as Russian peasants use; and the feminine guests sniffing at their corsages of Continental field flowers, not to mention all sipping their vodka, you would have loved it. Flaming swords of *shashlick* were brought in for the diners, and if a good time wasn't had by all it was no fault of the hosts.

Entertainment, too, was Russian, Anna appearing in a Russian playlet, and bringing in Russian street singers.

Cawthornes Entertain

"John's big game hunting—hunting everything!" smiled Dolores Costello Barrymore as we chatted at the party which the Joe Cawthornes were giving. "And he writes to us every day."

Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli had driven up in their cute little English Alvis, which they had shipped from Europe, and from which they get twenty-two miles a gallon!

"We had no automobile accidents, though we drove all over Europe," reported Virginia.

(Please turn to page 48)

"Careless little bride!"

SAID TATTLE-TALE GRAY

It had been the first big party in her own new home—she had been so thrilled—but suddenly she saw a guest eyeing her tablecloth—and that critical glance ruined her evening.

Why did her clothes have that *tattle-tale gray* look? She always worked hard over her washes—but why must she seem so careless?

Then next day, she found the answer...



The thing that robs your clothes of their nice fresh whiteness, a friend told the bride, is left-over dirt—and there's one sure way to get out ALL the dirt.



That way is to use Fels-Naptha—for it's made of *golden soap* that's richer—and there's *lots of dirt-loosening naptha* right in it. You can smell the naptha.



Another nice thing this bride learned about Fels-Naptha—it's *perfectly safe* for daintiest things. And kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Now Alice is married a year—her linens still look as fresh and snowy as new—and there's never a hint of tattle-tale gray to make people think she's careless!

Just try it! Give Fels-Naptha Soap a chance at your own wash. You'll get the sweetest, sunniest clothes that ever bobbed on a line.

Whitest, too—because they're clean clear through! "Trick" soaps and cheap

soaps skim over dirt—they leave specks behind. But Fels-Naptha gets ALL THE DIRT—even the grimeiest, ground-in kind.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years. Get a few bars at your grocer's today.



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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

To me, Faoen
(FAY-ON)
is the essence of romance



says *Anne C. Parke*

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. NORMAN H. PARKE
of New York and a descendant of DUNCAN PHYFE.

AMONG the gay young moderns who set the pace for what's correct, Miss Anne Parke plays an important part. What's new in clothes, places to dine, things to see, perfumes to use—she knows what's "being done." It is not surprising therefore, to learn of her preference for FAOEN.

"To me," she says, "perfume must express romance. FAOEN suggests it so subtly and yet so definitely that I really prefer it to more costly scents."

Miss Parke is right—FAOEN's bewitching fragrance makes every occasion rife with romantic possibilities. There's sheer magic in the way it transforms comeliness into irresistible glamour. Let FAOEN show you the way to enchantment!

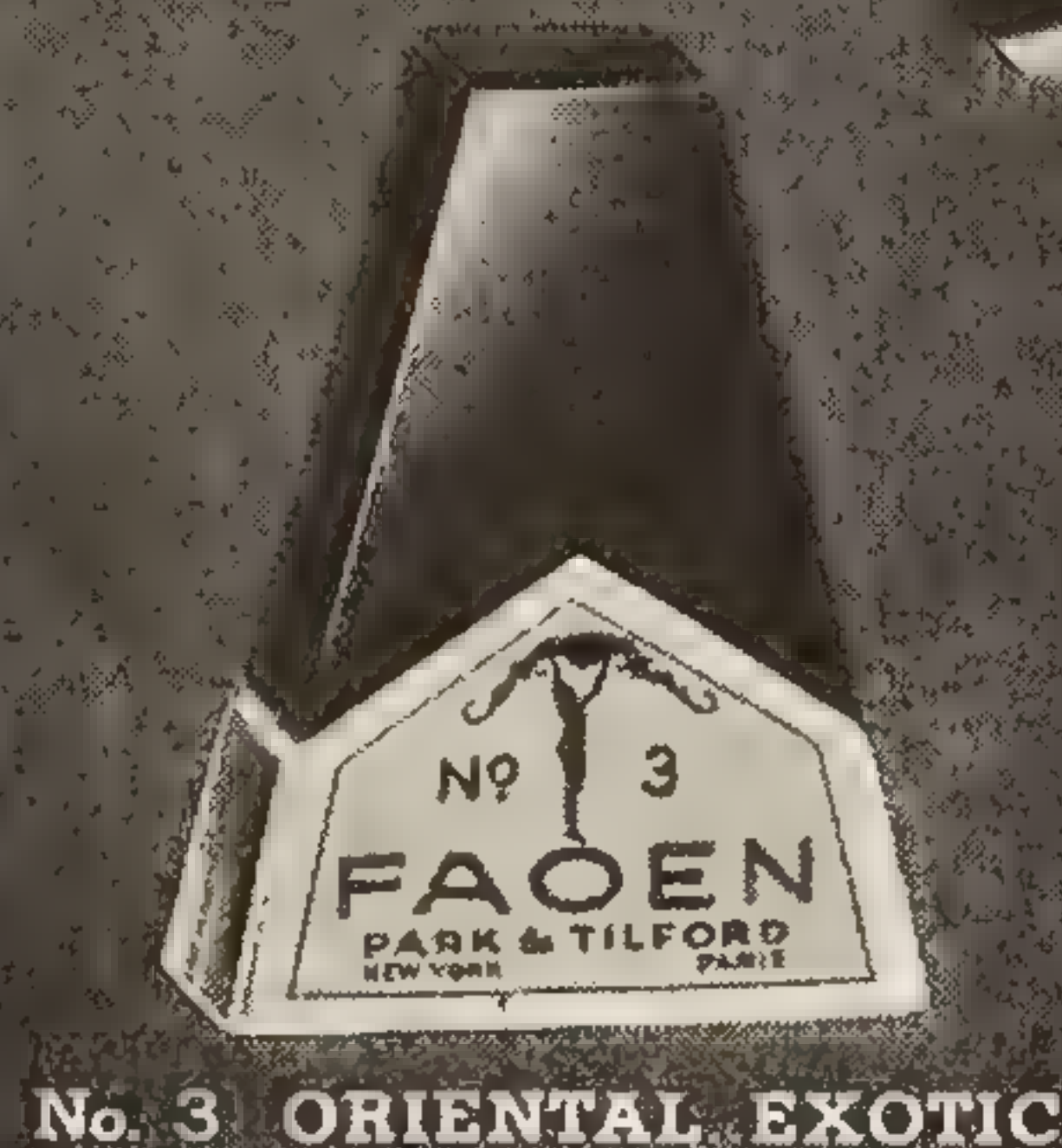
In a ten cent (10c) tuckaway size as
illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN
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Beauty Aids

FACE POWDER • LIPSTICK • COLD CREAM
CLEANSING CREAM • ROUGES • PERFUMES



No. 3 ORIENTAL EXOTIC



No. 12 FLORAL DELICATE



No. 19 FRESH ELUSIVE



No. 44 WARM VIBRANT

Hollywood Goes A-partying

(Continued from page 47)

Merle Oberon's Skid

Hollywood folk at the last Mayfair dance are having a little smile. All about Merle Oberon. Merle didn't take a single drink—she believes Hollywood is a bit too convivial. And she thinks we all sit up too late.

Merle started home early, but in walking across the dance floor, which was empty at the moment, she took a lively little skid and tumble.

WHETHER Doris Kenyon intends to wed again, nobody knows. She is keeping her own counsel.

But a little bird tells us—and not one of those unreliable Hollywood birds, either—that she may marry that charming young professional man Dr. Howard Mulvey.

We met him at Doris's musical and tea where he was a quiet figure, sipping his tea in a corner, and talking football rather than music with all comers. But he watched in huge admiration our hostess, as, a graceful figure in her black taffeta afternoon gown, she flitted about among her guests.

Joe E. Brown, Spencer Tracy and Alan Hale seemed to be imbibing a bit of musical culture, but after the concert made up for the strain by getting off in a corner and telling stories.

That affair between Mary Carlisle and James Blakely begins to look serious, although you never can tell with Mary.

At any rate, James has named his pet turtle after her. Only the name Mary, which the turtle really has borne for sometime, used to mean a certain Mary whom James knew in Germany.

When Miss Carlisle found that out, she insisted that James carve the name, Mary II., on the turtle's back. And he did it, by heck!

Dick May Adopt a Baby

Whether Dick Powell and Mary Brian decide to get married or not, the fact remains, according to the word of intimate friends of Dick, that he means to adopt a child.

"Father and Mother are here now, I have a new home, and I want to adopt a child," said Dick.

Lyle Talbot's Doings

Echoes of Lyle Talbot's old stock days were heard in the Woolworth party which he gave. All the presents, as the name implies, were from the five-and-ten.

But laugh as they might over the gifts, it was discovered at the end, when J. E. Henderson, Lyle's dad, tried to collect them to give away to some charity or other, that nobody wanted to give up his present!

Maybe it was only for sentimental reasons that Peggy Watters, Lyle's girlfriend of these days, refused to give up the tambourine she had received, and with which she was supposed to accompany herself in her dancing; but the fact remains. And Lyle wouldn't part with the little airplane and automobile which Peggy gave him.

Lyle gave Joe E. Brown a baseball inscribed with the names of a number of comedians, including Wheeler and Woolsey, Joe Penner and others.

Picture Parties

Picture parties are another new social wrinkle in Hollywood. You give them in the whoopee room or the bar, and the walls of the room are covered with pictures of the guests.

Ralph Bellamy and his wife gave one of the nicest of these picture parties in their new bar. Some of the pictures were cartoons, others caricatures, and still others merely old stills. Mae West and Johnny Mack Brown provided a still that was a wow.

Helen Blushes

Helen Morgan is telling a good one on herself.

"I had never met W. S. Van Dyke, the director, when I was taken to one of his parties," said Helen. "You know what crushes they are. Photographers came around for the newsreels before I had a chance to meet my host. I found myself being photographed with a strange man."

"I don't see why we have to have our pictures taken at parties," I said to the man. "Neither do I," he answered. Then I was introduced. He was Mr. Van Dyke, my host!"

Arline Judge thinks it is good luck to let her feminine friends wear any article of jewelry she owns which she prizes herself. Naturally the friends think that is grand.

At a recent party Arline insisted on Marian Nixon, June Collyer, Helen Twelvetrees and Sally Eilers wearing the gorgeous star-sapphire ring which her husband, Wesley Ruggles, had given her for Christmas.

Here and There

Alice Faye and Jack Donahue were together at the Club Continental, so interested in each other they hardly spoke to the rest of the party, which included Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, Mervyn and Doris LeRoy, Jimmy Dunn and Patsy Lee. Glen Boles and Louise Siddell are valentining; Gracie Allen and George Burns declare their five-months-old adopted baby sings "The Object of My Affections"; the Marquis de Polignac outstayed his intended visit in Los Angeles in order to meet Greta Garbo—but never did; John Lodge is wondering why some actors are worried about not having their names in the Blue Book. "I'd rather be in the Standard Casting Directory," he said. But maybe that's because he rather takes the Blue Book as a matter-of-course, since he belongs there without question. Carl Brisson's Danish dinners are famous. The rice pudding ceremony was a feature at one of these affairs. The pudding is served in a bowl, brought to the table red hot. One almond is in the pudding, and whichever guest finds it in his dish is given a prize.

Can We Make New Movie Better?

We want you to like us. We want to please you. To do this, we must give you the stories you want, and never print the stories you DON'T want. To help us serve you better, will you fill out the blank on page 34 and mail it to us? Please do! We will be very grateful to you. Notice, especially, questions in small type at foot of blank. Our address is NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"Women welcome frankness when talking about these Kotex advantages"

CAN'T CHAFE • CAN'T FAIL • CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

Your druggist can't tell you these things without embarrassment. But as one woman to another I want to tell you of these remarkable improvements in sanitary protection.



To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides only are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.



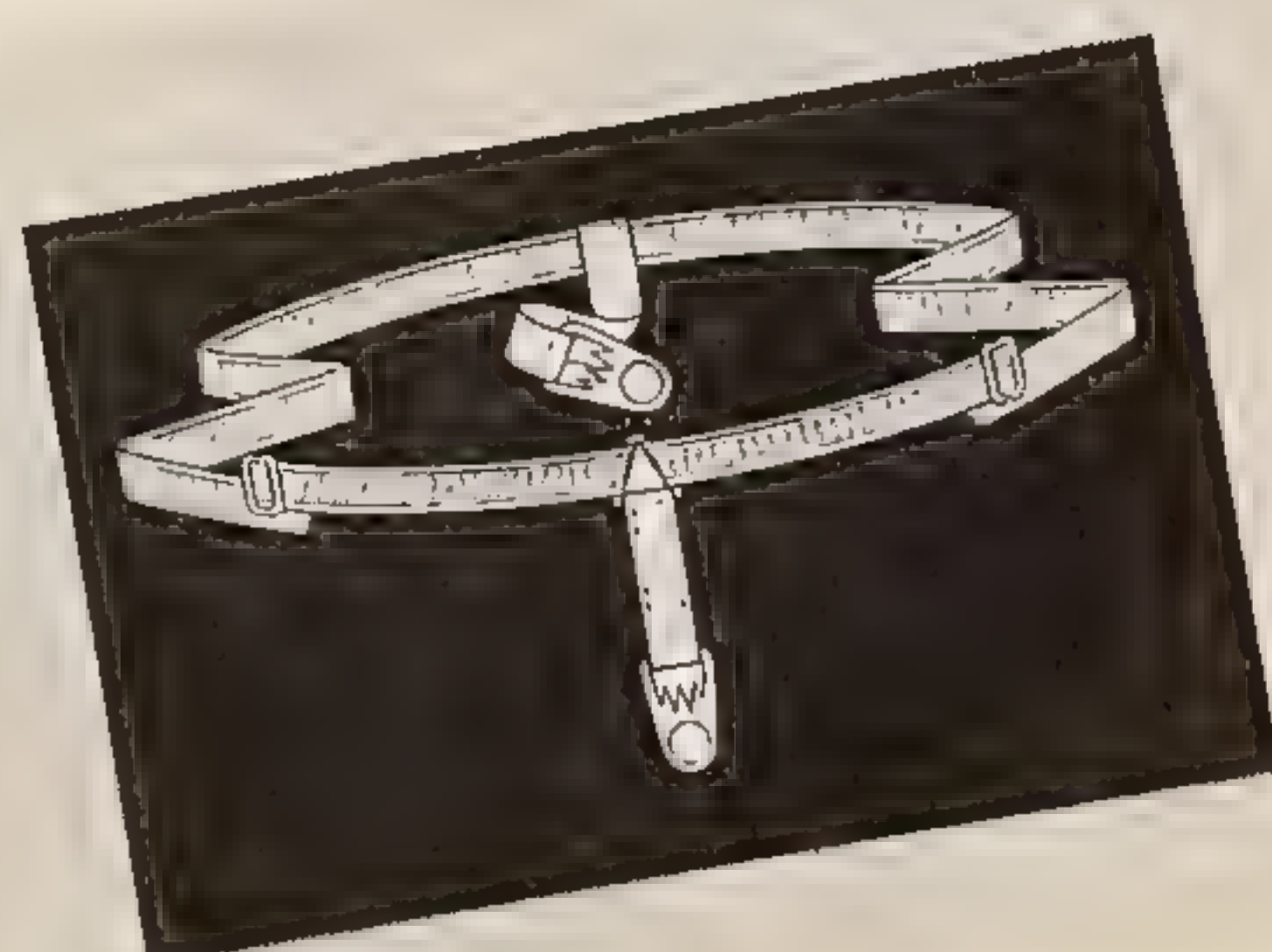
There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

New Adjustable Belt Requires No Pins!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



FRANKLY, I believe that I know what women really want in sanitary protection. For I have talked to thousands of women of all ages, and from all walks of life, about their personal problems. In intimate chats I've heard the faults they find with ordinary pads. And I know you'll be grateful to hear about the remarkable new Kotex.

Here are the facts that will interest you most.

Kotex is much softer because of its downy, cotton sides. 8 women in 10 say it prevents chafing entirely.

Kotex gives a freedom of mind for hours longer because the "equalizer" distributes moisture evenly—avoids accidents.

The tapered ends permit you to wear clinging gowns without the fear of lines that show.

Kotex eliminates pulling and twisting. *The reason for all this is contained in the pad itself and in the new pinless belt.*

These are exclusive Kotex features of which no other napkin can boast.

5 times as absorbent

Did you know this? The Kotex absorbent cellucotton (not cotton) is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals. In fact, hospitals alone last year used 18 million Kotex pads.

Just let me mention that women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal for their needs. It costs no more than the regular. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

Read this Glorious News about Gray Hair!



1 Now, with this new method, it's simplicity itself to bring color to gray streaks. Just empty a little powder into a water glass.

2 Pour a little of Mary T. Goldman's water-white liquid over the powder—mix the two—and behold, you are all ready.

3 Just comb it through the gray and you are through. When the hair is dry, the gray is gone. So simple. So easy.



A Startling New Development now makes coloring gray hair no more trouble than a manicure! No more costly than a jar of good face cream! Yet transforms gray hair with youthful lustre... We invite you to **TEST IT FREE** in 10 short minutes on a single lock from your hair... Read this unusual news. Then mail the coupon and find real freedom from gray.

Now, in an unheard of short space of time, you can transform the gray in your hair into youthful lustre and loveliness. You can start this morning and before evening the gray in your hair will be gone. You can do it easily, quickly, yourself at home. No experience needed. No "skin-test" required. Medical authorities pronounce it **SAFE**—harmless to hair and scalp.

Just the three simple steps above are necessary. No delay or waiting except for the hair to dry.

No matter what the natural color of your hair, (black, brown, auburn, reddish, or blonde) Mary T. Goldman's new method blends with natural shade so evenly that detection need never be feared. It will not wash out, fade, nor rub off on clothing and linens. You can wave or curl your hair just as always.

This new method was developed by a leading scientist after special research. His results place gray hair coloration on an entirely new plane. You are not asked to take our word for it, nor to believe a single statement in this advertisement without a fair, free trial.

Send us the coupon below. We will supply you **FREE** with a sufficient quantity in an unmarked package to test on a small lock snipped from your hair. You can judge the results for yourself.

If you prefer, your druggist or department store can supply you with the full-sized bottle for complete treatment. Money-back guarantee.

Mail the coupon now. The day you receive your **FREE** Single Lock Test Package, you will realize that your gray hair problem is ended for good.

Mary T. Goldman
COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR

FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN • 993 Goldman Bldg. • St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your **FREE** Single Lock Test Package as checked below.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓ ✓
☐ BLACK ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ AUBURN AND REDDISH
☐ DARK BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ BLONDE



The Man in the Mirror

(Continued from page 18)

stock companies, then more years in plays which were tried out in dog towns, but never got to New York. We'd rehearse, then flop. But finally my luck turned at Maxine Elliott's Theater. In 'Spanish Love' I died of love and a stab-wound, a magnificent death—the actor's delight. That brought movie offers, and I had my first picture experience a year later in 'Sherlock Holmes' with John Barrymore."

"When did you become an actor?"

"I believe," he thoughtfully considered, "it was at the ripe age of one, possibly two years. It seems I stood up in my high-hair and delivered a stirring declamation, perhaps inspired by a pin in my nervous center. Then and there it was decided I was to be not an actor but a lawyer. The question was, what is Willie going to be? Not why is Willie going to be it? High school found me going in strongly for public speaking and knowing as much about law as I did about pearl fishing in the South Seas. Then in a school play, 'The Rivals,' I had the part of Captain Absolute. That settled it. I was seized by a burning, even seething, desire to be an actor. But my ambition needed financing, so I went to work as a clerk in the Kansas City telephone office. There, sitting with my back to the chief auditor, I developed marked ability as a left-handed eater. My boss could see what my right hand was doing—writing—but I didn't let him know what my left hand was up to. It was, from time to time, up to my mouth from a partly opened drawer with bits of a sandwich and streamline delicatessen. In short, I managed to eat my lunch in office hours so that I would have the whole noon hour in which to go to a movie.

"I'd planned," he explained, "to earn enough to pay my way through the Sargent dramatic school, but I had a devil of a time getting the necessary money to take me to New York. After working from September to December for fifty dollars a month I owed my father thirty-five dollars. Something more productive had to be done, so I wrote my great-aunt that unless she sent me seven hundred dollars she would be depriving the world of a great dramatic genius. The money arrived and with it my great moment. I did what every man-Jack of us probably has wanted to do at one time or another—walked up to my boss and proudly announced, 'I'm quitting!' My aunt, bless her—but wait a minute," he broke off, jumping up, "I've something upstairs that may amuse you."

Back with a scrapbook, Mr. Powell read me a vaguely familiar "notice" of the opening New York performance of "Spanish Love" which gave him first place among the actors and thoroughly approved of his dramatic behavior.

"I sent that review to my aunt," he added, then handed me the book with a whimsical smile and the suggestion, "The writer's name may interest you."

"Then it pays to be an actor—that is, a good actor?"

"Well," he granted, "it pays to be a successful actor—I don't know that the two are synonymous. There's no question about motion picture acting being a highly paid profession, but it's not so highly paid as the public is led to believe. For example, Constance Bennett is said to get thirty thousand dollars a week. People reading that report jump to the conclusion that if she stayed on the screen for twenty years she would make over thirty millions. Of course, that's ridiculous. The ac-

tual fact is that Miss Bennett had a contract to do two pictures of five weeks each at thirty thousand a week. But sixty, anyway forty, per cent of that goes to the government. Then there are her personal expenses. That's the way it is with all of us. By the time a year rolls around those huge salaries you hear about aren't nearly so big as they seem. For one thing, there's the upkeep of the star's position. Now I could live in a hall bedroom. I could live as a miser, but if I did it wouldn't help me. People would say I was stingy, and that would hurt me professionally. If you don't live like a success and look like a success the whispering public soon has word going round that you're the kind of tight-fisted star who'd choke a nickel to death. All the world comes to Hollywood, it comes to our door, and so it is necessary to have a place to receive that world. I'm compelled to have a decent sort of house where I can decently receive people. This isn't swank, it's business. I have to keep up a front because of various things connected with my business. What's more, a picture star has to live up to the figure he becomes in the public eye."

In my mind's eye I saw one of the very few American screen figures that can look at home in a top-hat and at the same time keep under it a lot of good, sound common sense.

"You know," gravely reflected Mr. Powell, "an actor's life is no sinecure. In fact, it's rather pitiful. This is particularly true of the stage actor, continually facing uncertainty and realizing that only the rare few can become financially independent stars. I often used to think about it when I was sitting around the Lambs Club. Once I got over being stage-struck there were other things more important to me—comforts and the ability to take care of myself. I saw what happened to actors and began casting about for something that would give me more security, to wit, motion pictures. And inasmuch as they've been pretty kind to me I feel kindly toward them."

Out of them he had just built a fine house in the higher and more spacious reaches of Beverly Hills. Somehow, I imagined it to be a bride-trap.

"No," he smiled, "just another investment, and this time, I hope, a good one. And I'm looking for returns. If there's any place in the world to which retired wealth will come—granting there's any retired wealth left—it's Hollywood. But if I don't sell it, I'll live in the house myself."

"Alone?"

"Well," he admitted, "I've no violent objection to beautiful women. If one should happen along I won't, of course, hang out the 'forbidden' sign."

We drank to her, the unknown beauty, and let the real estate go dry.

"Meanwhile," he added, "I'm going to keep on working as hard as I can."

"Going to do another 'Thin Man'?"

"They're writing one now. Of course, we're sticking our chins out. You never can tell about a sequel. But the first was delightful and easy to do—it just rolled out in forty days. The second may not be so easy, and the only thing I can be sure about is that it is an individual vehicle."

"Carrying personality?"

"Let's hope so," begged Mr. Powell. "As I said, I don't know what personality is, but I do know what it does—it makes all the difference between a feature player and a star."

As definitions go, that's telling it!

Smooth Hands light the flame of LOVE!



1
Accident



2
Discovery



3
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4
Rapture!

Are your hands a thrill? They should be! It's not the chapped rough little hands of this world that men want to hold!

So many girls say that Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does more for their hands. This is why: Hinds is richer. It is a luscious cream in liquid form. Hinds is penetrating—as you smooth it in, it soaks the skin with soothing healing balms. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream works deeply—that's why dry, rough or chapped hands quickly become smooth!

Every time your hands feel dry and drawn, rub in a little Hinds. It supplies the skin with beautifying oils to replace skin-oils stolen by soap suds, March winds, housework. And always Hinds at night—to keep your hands thrillingly smooth. Economical! Big 25¢ and 50¢ sizes in drug stores, 10¢ size at dime store.

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Hinds
Honey and
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FREE The most complete book ever written on *how to powder* properly. Mail coupon today. Note generous offer of two weeks' package.



SHE LOOKED EIGHTEEN

Ten Feet Away

But close up! . . . what a disappointment

THE easiest way to age the face is to use the wrong powder. What a mistake! How men shy away from the over-powdered, artificial girl. To carelessly add years is a risk to happiness . . . a harsh look is always a handicap.

And it's all so needless. Thanks to a new discovery, there's one face powder that actually subtracts years, giving the complexion a youthful, fresh glow that is adorable—natural. It is superior because of an exclusive process—it's *stratified* (rolled into tiny, clinging wafers). Hence no grit. Its delicate texture blends softly into the skin, lasts infinitely longer—conceals pores, but cannot enlarge them.

The name of this sensational new powder that is being welcomed all

over the country is **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**, so flattering and youthifying.

It meets the latest French vogue of *powdering to look un-powdered*, now widely advocated by American beauty experts. At all the smart places in New York, Newport, Palm Beach, you see the chic effect of **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**. It stands the severest "close-up" inspection — flat and shineless — as your mirror will agree.

The new **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo** is presented in five flattering shades, caressingly perfumed. 50c and \$1. Buy a box today. See how quickly this super-powder makes you look younger, more natural.

NOTE: To obtain the new **SOFT-TONE Mello-glo**, you must ask for the gold box with the blue edge, which distinguishes it from our *Facial-tone Mello-glo (Heavy)* in a gold box with white edge.

**new SOFT-TONE
MELLO-GLO**

*the close-up powder that
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AT ALL **10¢** COUNTERS

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For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you wish:

☐ Ivory ☐ Flesh ☐ Pink ☐ Natural ☐ Rachel ☐ Brunette.



Lovely Madge Evans, M-G-M star, believes that beauty of face should be set off by graceful handling of neck and arms.

Watch Your Neck and Arms

Says MADGE EVANS

**They should receive just as
careful attention as the
hands, face and hair**



MADGE EVANS is one of those radiant blondes to whom beauty and loveliness seem to have come with the least possible effort. If she had lived before the benefit of present day beauty experts, she would have been almost, if not quite as lovely as she is. And that is something that can be said of very few women in Hollywood or anywhere else. And yet, starting in her career as an actress at the age of six, she has much good advice to give on the subject of looking one's best, and in her opinion most girls give too little thought to their necks and arms. They use creams and lotions on their hands and wrists—and forget that their arms need the same treatment. They are never so painstaking about keeping their nails well manicured and forget that in any dress not possessing long sleeves, elbows are just as obvious. And they do dozens of things to their faces and forget that their necks may be just as greatly in need of cosmetics.

Special neck exercises to keep the neck and arms well-rounded and supple have always interested Miss Evans. Maybe sometime she will have time to carry them out, but in her own busy life she finds swimming much more satisfactory. The fact is that swimming, unless done to excess, is a form of exercise that develops arm and neck muscles beautifully without making them too muscular.

Much, too, she believes, can be done by any girl to make the neck and arms lovely by getting into the habit of graceful posture. Whatever your occupation may be you can take pains to handle your neck and hands in a graceful way. And at the end of the day when your

head just naturally feels like drooping you can hold up your chin and keep away the sagging lines that are so detrimental to youth and beauty.

To keep her arms and neck smooth and soft, Miss Evans advises the plentiful use of creams—special creams if you like—or just the creams you find beneficial to hands and face. Few women, Miss Evans finds, give enough attention to their elbows. To keep them from becoming darker than the rest of the arms she advises rubbing them with a lemon, and after that with cream.

In New York and other northern cities Miss Evans approves the use of special neck and arm cosmetics for evening dress. Liquid powder of the sort that clings to the skin and does not rub off is a great help to many women whose arm and neck skin is not perfectly smooth and even in tone. It adds greatly to the glamour of one's appearance in a low cut evening gown, but for Hollywood residents who can swim almost all the year round, Miss Evans prefers the plan of keeping a nice even coat of tan. Being a blonde with fair skin that might burn easily and severely she believes in making use of the various powders and creams and oils designed to counteract excessive sunburn.

This has an added advantage, to those of you whose swimming comes only with the Summer. After the lovely, long days of basking in the sun and being continually in the water, your skin is likely to be leathery and dried up when Winter comes. But if you will take a few minutes each day to pat these lotions and creams into your skin you will welcome Spring with a lovely, soft, smooth complexion.



Use TINTEX to
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Negligees • Underthings • Dresses
Sweaters • Scarfs • Stockings • Slips
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35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from
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Tintex quality never varies! Perfect results
every time. That's why millions of women

INSIST ON TINTEX

Tintex

The World's Largest Selling
TINTS and DYES

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The Years HAVE PROVED THIS TRUTH



*a Laxative for women
must be gentle as
well as thorough*

HER hair is a silver frame for her lovely face. She's happy, she's healthy—and she looks it. Years ago when she was very young she learned a health lesson she's never forgotten.

Part of the lesson was "keep regular". The rest...and equally vital part of the lesson...was *how* to keep regular.

She never would dream of taking a harsh, violent laxative. The delicate feminine system need not be subjected to such a shock.

For 28 years her laxative has been Ex-Lax.

*Why women, especially, find
Ex-Lax their ideal laxative*

Harsh, violent laxatives are bad for anyone. But for women they are particularly undesirable. They upset you, they give you stomach pains, they leave you feeling weak. They are liable to be habit-forming, forcing you to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And they're so nasty to take that your feminine instinct rebels at the very thought of them.

Now Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you could take. But...it's gentle. *So gentle!* No stomach pains, no upset feeling, no after-weakness. Except for the results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative. Ex-Lax won't form a habit...the same dose accomplishes the purpose each time.

And Ex-Lax is such a pleasure to take...like eating a piece of delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

COLD WAVE HERE... and we mean *colds*. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. Guard against them this way: Get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and **KEEP REGULAR...** with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
B45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name.....
Address.....

YOU TELL US

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment that they like or dislike. These opinions are their own and do not represent NEW MOVIE'S point of view.

Through Blinding Tears?

After Mrs. Joe Miller who, in the February issue of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, so grandly eulogized the achievement of Norma Shearer as Elizabeth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," may I too strew flowers at the feet of this magnificent actress?

A finer picture was never filmed, and the characterization of Elizabeth Barrett by Norma Shearer marks an epoch in drama.

Expressing herself in the language of Beethoven's Symphonies Norma Shearer conveyed ecstatic and poetic things about the communion of man and woman, and her adoring public beholding through blinding tears were carried above all things carnal.—Mrs. William L. Stanaway, 126 E. Case Street, Negaunee, Michigan. *There is little question of Miss Shearer's artistry, Mrs. Stanaway.*

More for Norma

Let's have more of Norma Shearer, the actress who really and truly knows how to act. Her performance as "Eliza-



Give Otto Kruger a good role as a lover, asks Mrs. Andrews; Ann Harding hurt us, reports Mrs. Carson; Congratulations Anne Shirley, says Gran'dad Hamilton.



NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

beth Barrett" in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was superb. It was lovely, she was the living heroine of long ago. She is just as sweet and dear off the screen, I know, because she's sent me three entirely different photographs in the past year. Miss Shearer is beautiful, dresses stunningly and is a wonderful mother to her baby son. She is very well liked on the Metro lot.

Norma holds her public at all times. Let's see more of her.—Mrs. Chas.

Roehm, 27 S. Ann St., Lancaster, Pa. *You are indeed fortunate Mrs. Roehm—and she is a grand person—too.*

Seventy-Six Years Young

I am a hard boiled seventy-six-year-old movie fan who saw the first moving pictures that came out. I am mighty hard to please nowadays. The only real comedian who would instantly give me the smile that would not come off was John Bunny and I may hope again to see his smile in the next world, and that would be heaven itself.

My wife loved the face of Francis X. Bushman, Sr. I never got mad about it, as he deserved it; I would watch for that

beautiful smile of Mary Pickford. Well I'm sick of looking at most of the pictures they put out lately. Anyhow this old bird took his grandchildren to see "Anne of Green Gables" and they were so delighted and pleased over the play that this old gran'daddy in their behalf and for the first time in his life is sending a magazine a praise for the girl who played the part and who is called Anne Shirley. She is certainly a real artistic treat for (Please turn to page 75)

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1935 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will

count when we make the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE

7. BEST ROMANCE

2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)

8. BEST COMEDY

3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)

9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE

4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE

10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE

5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE

11. BEST DIRECTION

6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE

12. BEST STORY

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person

to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Which story do you like best in this month's New Movie? (Title).....

Which story do you dislike in this month's New Movie? (Title).....

Name..... Address.....

APRIL

SURPASSING ON THE SCREEN ITS GLITTERING STAGE SUCCESS!

The Queen of musical comedies . . . with **JEROME KERN'S** wonderful music and **THREE NEW** melody hits by the same composer!!



PARIS BEAUTY

Heart-breaking beauties in gasping gowns! Scenes of ravishing splendor. It's lovetime in Paris

IRENE DUNNE

The Golden Girl with the Silver Song

FRED ASTAIRE • GINGER ROGERS

America's Favorite Dancing Stars in

"ROBERTA"

So Beautiful you can't Believe It!...with

RANDOLPH SCOTT • HELEN WESTLEY

VICTOR VARCONI • CLAIRE DODD

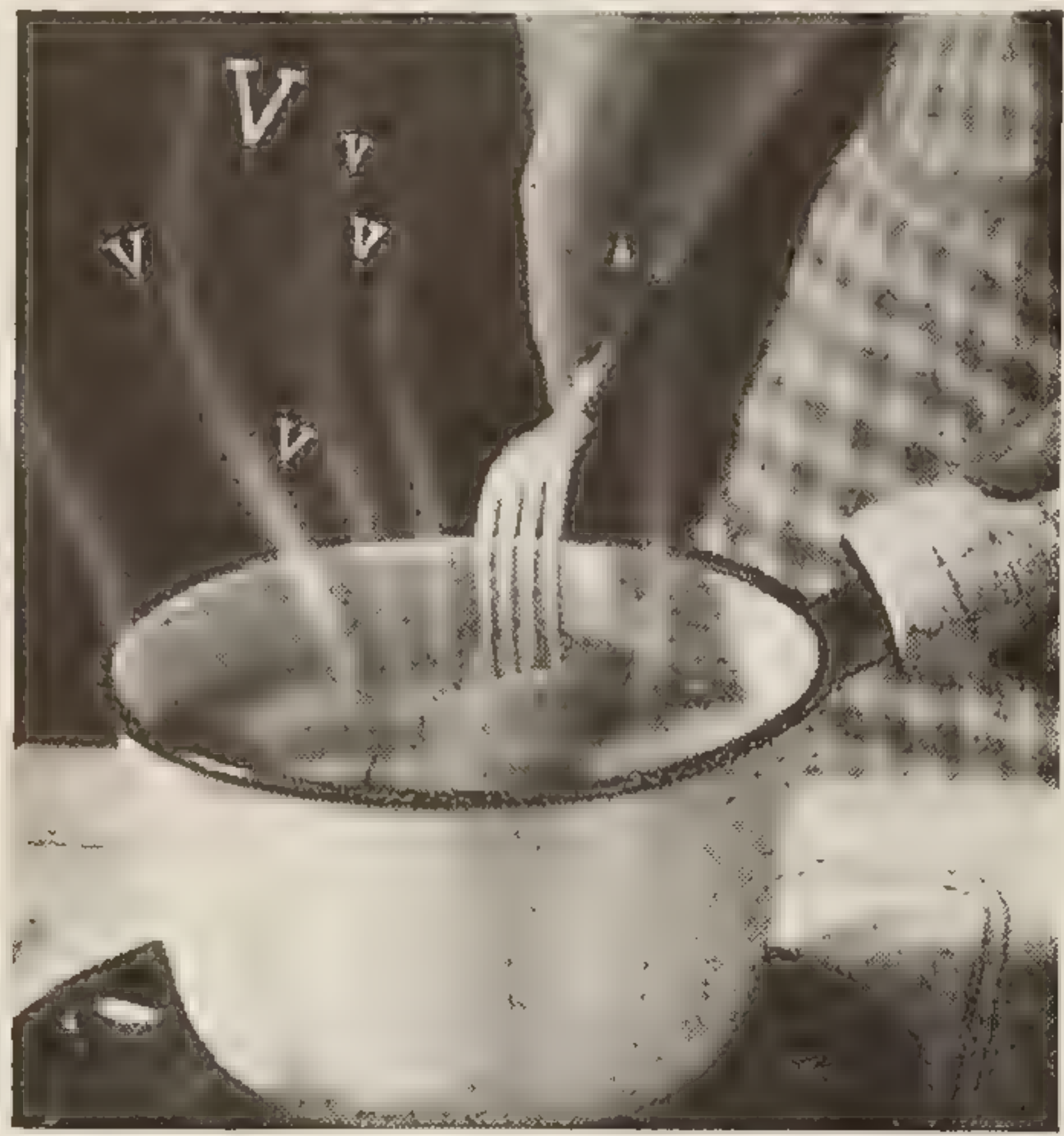
An RKO-RADIO Picture

Directed by Wm. Seiter • Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach

A Pandro S. Berman Production

SONGS

YOUR BABY NEEDS THESE VITAMINS!



But infants fed vegetables cooked and strained by ordinary home methods receive a lower vitamin content than do those fed Heinz Strained Foods

SO-CALLED fresh market vegetables, cooked and strained at home for baby's diet, are not always so fully vitamin-laden as you think.

Actually far higher vitamin and mineral retention than those of most home-prepared vegetables is now assured in Heinz Strained Foods.

Heinz cooks them for you, strains them finer, vacuum-packs them into enamel-lined tins—all without exposure to vitamin-destroying air. Prize vegetables, harvested at the minute of perfection, go into the steam cookers a few hours from the garden. Thus, in many ways the precious nutrients are retained.

Try three tins of Heinz Strained Foods. And know that your baby is receiving an abundant, even quota of vitamins and minerals. Ask your grocer.

NEW BOOK—The latest facts of vitamins and minerals in baby's diet are revealed, clearly and simply, in this new 60-page book, "Modern Guardians of your Baby's Health". Merely send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods and 10 cents to H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. TG 204, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Heinz Strained Foods include 8 varieties—Strained Vegetable Soup, Peas, Green Beans, Spinach, Tomatoes, Carrots, Beets and Prunes.

HEINZ

STRAINED FOODS

A Group of the 57 Varieties

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 29)

WANNA buy a chicken?

Wallace Ford has up and bought himself a nice little chicken ranch and has gone into the business of raising broilers, fryers, roasters and what'll-you-have?

Hearing several of his friends complain about getting stuck with tough chickens on more occasions than one, Wally conceived the idea of playing Good Samaritan to his chicken-eating pals, and, at the same time having lots of fun doing it.

Instead of buying sight-unseen, the folks can drive out to the Ford ranch, pick out a chicken on the hoof, and be assured that the one they picked will be the one they'll have on their Sunday dinner table . . . and that tender!

COLLECTING material for a scribe pal of ours, we approached Charles Laughton and demanded to know the nature of his pet hate. Leaning toward us confidentially, he hissed one: "Supervisors!" and walked away!

"Wait a minute!" we argued, following along behind the deliberate gentleman. "We can't print that! And, besides, you're fooling. What is your pet hate now?"

Turning slowly, he favored us with a baleful glance, and said "Supervisors!"

And that's all we could get out of him, even though we knew good and well that at least three of his closest friends are of the ilk he pretends to dislike.

AT COLUMBIA, the props, grips, electricians, etc., held a popularity contest to determine what male star, who had worked on that particular lot, was the most popular.

Now, if the boys on the crew like you, you are indeed blessed, because working with the high and mighty all day, every day, those lads are pretty hard to please.

So . . . who do you think came out ahead? None other than Clark Gable and Tullio Carminati!

Take a bow, boys. You surely deserve it.

RIGHT in the middle of a picture, Bob Armstrong decided to see if he couldn't fix the new hot water heater in his home.

Innocent of such things, Bob tinkered with this gadget and that, until . . . BAM! . . . and the pesky thing went to town, blowing most of the skin off his hand!

With all due consideration to production schedule and such things, the studio scrambled around and re-wrote the script so that a bandaged hand would not be incongruous, and Bob went right along with the business, regardless of pain and discomfort.

TAIN'T beholden, it ain't . . . the way the Bing Crosbys carry on about them thar twins!

The missus named the firstborn twin "Phillip Lang," and Bing monickered the other mite "Denis Michael," so the crooner refers to "Dinny" as "my boy" while Dixie calls Phillip "her boy."

That leaves Dinny with no mother to speak of, and Phillip with practically no father!

BECAUSE of insomnia, W. C. Fields always took a midnight stroll around his Encino ranch, sniffing the fragrant breezes and preparing his battered soul for rest. But . . . no more! And has he got reasons?

Last week, while taking one of his

FOR BLONDE OR BRUNETTE



Nestle

COLORINSE

GLORIFIES THE HAIR

• Would you give your hair natural color lustre and that soft "Sheen of Youth" every woman cherishes above all else? No matter what your "type", you can select one of the ten ColoRinse shades, use it in the shampoo wash, and never worry again about dull, faded, lifeless hair. ColoRinse neither dyes nor bleaches, for it's just harmless vegetable compound. Try it? . . . of course you will!

Also ask for Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops
... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

midnight consensuals, Fields stopped to chat with the ranch watchman. From the too-near-for-comfort distance came the wailing howl of a wild animal.

"Drat them coyotes!" W. C. growled.

"Coyotes?" grunted the watchman.

"Them's mountain lions!"

Fields has gone in for midnight solitaire.

MARLENE DIETRICH was so fascinated with the colorful fiesta scene from her latest picture, "Caprice Espagnole," that, even after her part was finished, she haunted the Von Sternberg set daily sitting quietly on the side lines or standing close in to help the prop boys throw confetti and serpentine over the ensemble.

THERE'S been a lot of grief in our town these last few weeks, what with Claudette Colbert and Gracie Allen laid low with the flu, and Kay Francis out of the picture for a while on account of make-up infection.

THAT deep hole they were digging in Dolores Del Rio's back yard was not for old razor blades, as we first suspected.

Instead, it has turned out to be a six-foot pit with steps leading down to a bed of fine, imported sand, upon which Miss Del Rio takes her daily sun bath!

The sand, imported twice a year from a particular Monterey beach is said to contain a certain crystal element which sustains great heat value, making for an even, healthy and more permanent tan.

IS JIMMY CAGNEY chagrined? Warners have him all dressed up in bare knees and a Tarzan haircut for his role of "Bottom," in the screen version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Jimmy swears it gives him the same feeling as he gets when one of those well known nightmares finds him in the middle of the Boulevard, sans pants!

GARBO is hibernating again. But with the racing season in full swing, the photographers are laying traps all around the track in hopes of snaring the horse-loving but elusive Swede, who just might take in the show with the attentive Mister Brent.

BECAUSE she didn't want to miss any of the London highlights, Fay Wray rented a car and drove all over town, determined to see all there was to see and take her own sweet time about it.

Engrossed in the charming surroundings, Fay suddenly woke to a realization that everyone but herself was driving on the wrong side of the street! A London "bobby" made the same observation and started to open up an "h" less reprimand when he recognized Miss Wray as an American movie queen.

Gallantly the "bobby" offered to escort her safely home, and so entranced was he that, half an hour later, the two of them landed in another "bobby's" arms . . . for driving on the wrong side of the street!

MAYBE it's professional jealousy . . . or maybe it's just because . . . but you rarely find a movie star picking his bosom friends from the rank and file of his own profession.

Clark Gable's off-stage pal is a Culver City policeman. They're both crazy about guns and hunting and, when they aren't spending week-ends taking potshots at ducks and drakes, you'll find them doing their stuff at the studio revolver range.

Otto Kruger's constant companion is a young man whose father was a checker champion. When it comes to a wild game of checkers, the fellow, a champion (Please turn to page 58)

Life was leaving this girl BEHIND

A TRUE STORY OF A MODERN CINDERELLA

YESTERDAY...

dull and drab

Yes, it's the same girl!

Photographer's Affidavit: I, Frederick Bradley, do hereby affirm that I have taken both these pictures, that they have not been retouched, and that they represent the actual change in the appearance of Miss N. B. before and after her use of Marvelous Beauty Aids, as outlined in the FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide.

Frederick Bradley.

TODAY...

glamorous and desirable



Copyright, 1935, by R. H.

SHE was one of the girls that men passed by—unnoticed, unremembered. But that was yesterday.

Today she is alluring, magnetic. And her secret is simple. "Do what I did," she'd tell you.

"First you must discover your type. Pick out a girl you admire, perhaps a movie star, a girl whose hair and coloring are like yours. That's a good way to begin. Study her good points—how she makes the most of them; her weak points—how she subdues them. That's what you have to do."

Perhaps you too, need a new curl to your hair, a new lift to your head? Or new make-up to bring sparkle to your eyes, vivid aliveness to your skin, glowing appeal to your lips?

Then give Marvelous Beauty Aids a chance to transform you—make you over in a day.

Marvelous is more than just another line of cosmetics—it's a scientific skin treatment, prescribed by trained skin specialists in the Richard Hudnut laboratories. That name, Richard Hudnut, is your assurance of purity and high quality, as it has been for more than 50 years.

FREE BOOKLET TELLS HOW: And the Marvelous Make-up Guide tells you just what to do—how to make your skin look years younger with Marvelous Liquefying Cleansing Cream, how to soften its contours with Marvelous Tissue Cream, how to bring it to a youthful, glowing aliveness with Marvelous Freshener.

Tells you other secrets, too—how to keep your complexion *mirror-fresh* with Marvelous Face Powder—soft, lovely, of a gardenia petal smoothness; how to select the rouge, lipstick and powder your coloring deserves, how to accent the magic in your eyes.

The Marvelous Make-up Guide is FREE—free to every girl who wants to hurry up and be the girl she's dreamed of being. Just mail the coupon.

**MARVELOUS
BEAUTY AIDS**

by Richard Hudnut

55¢



*Mail
this!*

This coupon brings you FREE Marvelous Make-up Guide to help you find your type. Mail it today.

RICHARD HUDNUT, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
Yes, you may send me—

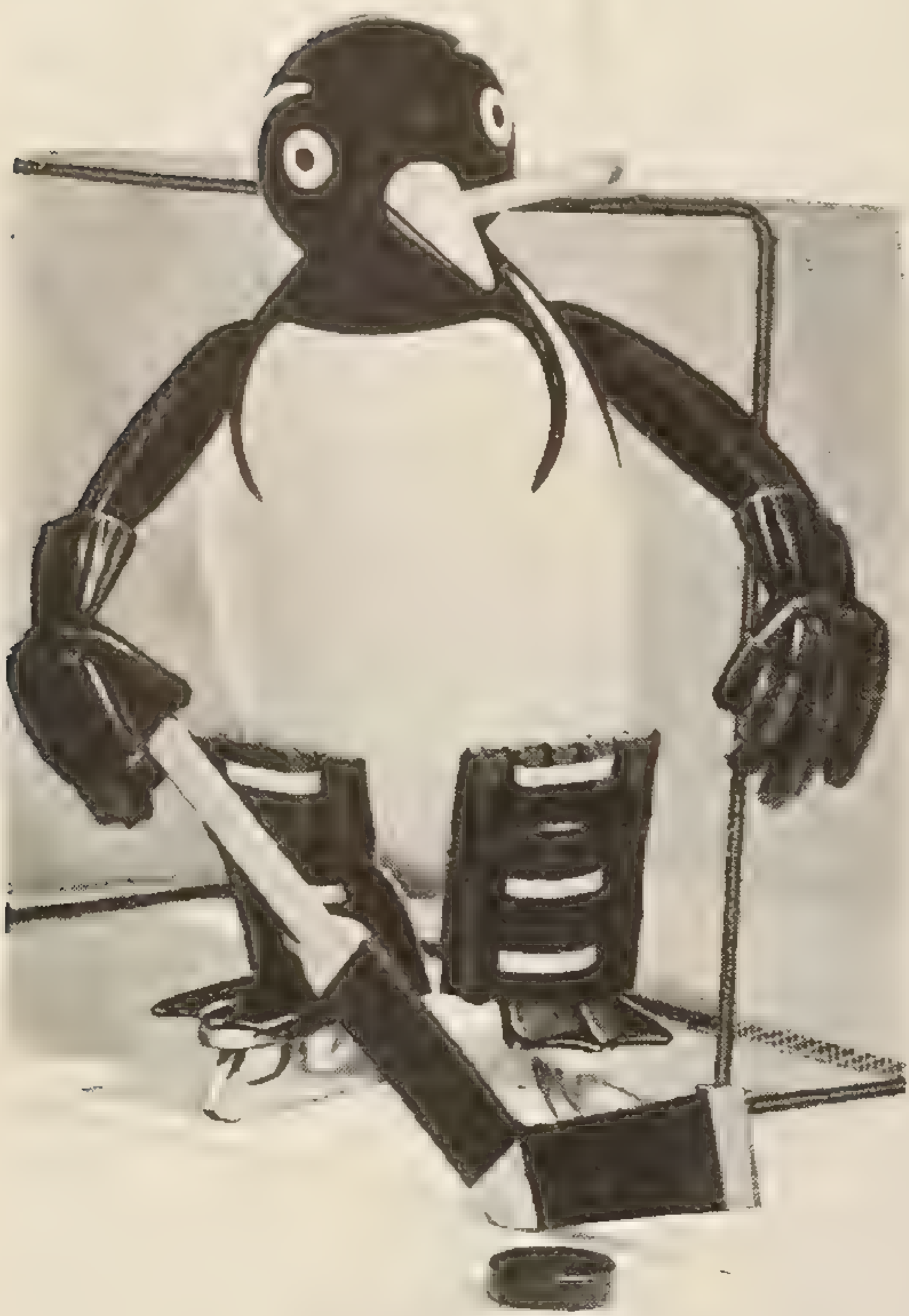
- ☐ FREE Marvelous Make-Up Guide
☐ In addition I would like four purse-size boxes of Marvelous Face Powder in the four most popular shades. I enclose 6 cents in stamps for packing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THE BEST THROAT GUARD...



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED

Cigarettes

CORK-TIPPED

A cool smoke is always better for you. A KOOL smoke is still better! Light one; draw deep. Refreshing—eh? They're mildly mentholated so that your tongue enjoys the full Turkish-Domestic blend while your throat stays cool and relaxed. Cork-tipped; each pack carries a coupon good for handsome merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for FREE illustrated premium booklet and switch to throat-protecting KOOLS!



15¢ for TWENTY 25¢ in CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 56)

himself, gives the wily Kruger real competition. And when the game goes stale, he entertains Otto with a nifty demonstration of high class legerdemain.

William Powell pals around with Jackie Fields, one-time boxing champion; Bob Montgomery enjoys a beautiful friendship with Red Berger, a former big league baseball player, who retired when his arm went bad.

The Marx Brothers had a pal in the janitor who was official sweeper-upper at the M-G-M studios. I say HAD, because one night the lads left about fifty gags, written on scraps of paper, in their dressing room. Next morning they were gone... swept out by their over-zealous pal, the janitor!

CAROLE LOMBARD'S pooch passed on to its Great Reward, and to assuage the grief of our favorite blonde, Paramount chipped in and presented the lady with a snooty looking Pekingese.

Barging into the Lombard modernistic dressing room, we got a bang out of finding the high class canine, all wrapped up in a baby blue blanket, occupying the swellest chair in the place!

THERE must be something about Palm Springs, outside of colossal cover charges and general expense that runs into what looks like telephone numbers. Or the war debt.

After every picture, Connie Bennett grabs a toothbrush and takes off for the fancy watering place (spa, to the gang!) there to rest, or do any old thing she pleases, until the studio calls her back to the eternal grind.

And while waiting to keep her date with Old Man Stork, Norma Shearer finds Palm Springs one of the nicest places in the world in which to rest.

STANDING in the wings of the mammoth Shrine Auditorium here, awaiting his turn to appear before the huge benefit audience, Fred Keating eyed the long distance from where he stood to the center of the stage.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Get me a bicycle!... If I walk it, my gags will have whiskers by the time I get out there!"

INCIDENTALLY, Fred threw a colossal cocktail party not so long ago, and it's our guess that everybody in town was there, with the possible exception of Peter the Hermit!

"This started out to be a house-warming," said Irene Franklin, who acted as hostess, "but the way things are going it looks more like the burning of Rome!"

Curious to know the duties of a hostess, we sort of suggested how's about it, and stuff.

"Don't ask me!" the irrepressible Irene declared. "All I've been doing is standing in the middle of the floor and letting folks walk up my back and down the other side! I think it's something like mountain climbing, only without the yodels!"

BABIES... bless 'em!... are cute to see on the screen, but the very heck to work with. Martyred directors have been figuring ways and means to curb infantile temperament for, lo, these many moons, but Pete Smith, who turns out those delightful short subjects, gets the non-skid bath mat for the most original of schemes.



GERBER Announces a new process

SHAKER-COOKING... its greatest improvement in Strained Vegetables FOR BABY



Stirring distributes heat evenly.

All Gerber Strained Vegetables are now vigorously stirred as they steam-cook in their cans... a revolutionary new process that shortens cooking time 40% to 50%... gives fresher, finer flavor and brighter color... cooks every particle more uniformly... and insures thorough sterilization without overcooking.

This costly process, for which Gerber has applied for patents, has never before been attempted in canning. We adopted it, just as we did the glass-lined retorts, the air-excluding equipment, the moisture-reduction in vacuum, the monel screens, because this extra care gives your baby finer, more nourishing foods than you could get in any other way.

Every Product Specially Prepared for Baby

Gerber's Strained Vegetables are especially grown for Baby, from selected seed, in selected gardens. Our own field supervisors name the very day and hour for picking. We rush the vegetables crispy-fresh to the cannery. That preserves vitamins.

To conserve still more vitamins, we put them through every process with air excluded... pre-cooking in glass-lined containers... moisture regulating to save the minerals... straining through monel metal screens, five times as fine as your kitchen sieve, to make them safe for Baby's digestive system... sealing in steam-washed cans... cooking in the cans by steam.

Forgetting the time and work they save you, don't you think Gerber's Strained Vegetables are more scientifically prepared—the minerals and vitamins better conserved—than is possible with home equipment? And better than just ordinary cans of seasoned vegetables which have been opened, strained and resealed in baby-size cans? Ask your doctor. See what he thinks.

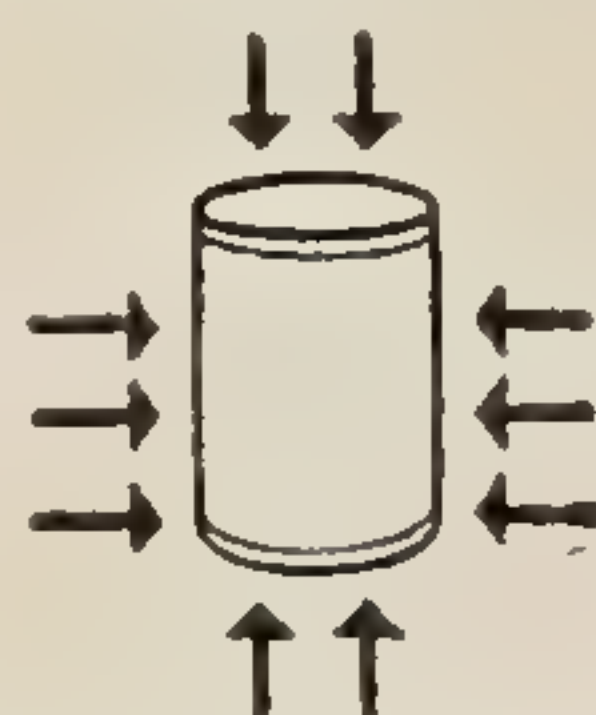
Gerber's Strained Products are unseasoned, so that you may serve them as they are, or slightly seasoned as taste or your doctor directs.

Your Store's Baby Department

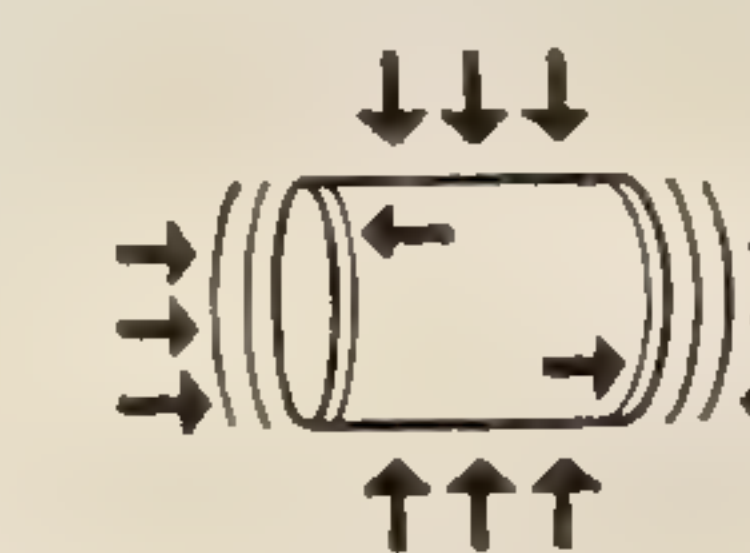
When you go shopping look for the Gerber complete line. It means "Baby Headquarters."

Strained Tomatoes... Green Beans... Beets... Vegetable Soup... Carrots... Prunes... Peas... Spinach... 4 1/4-oz. cans. Strained Cereal... 10 1/4-oz. cans. Ask Your Doctor

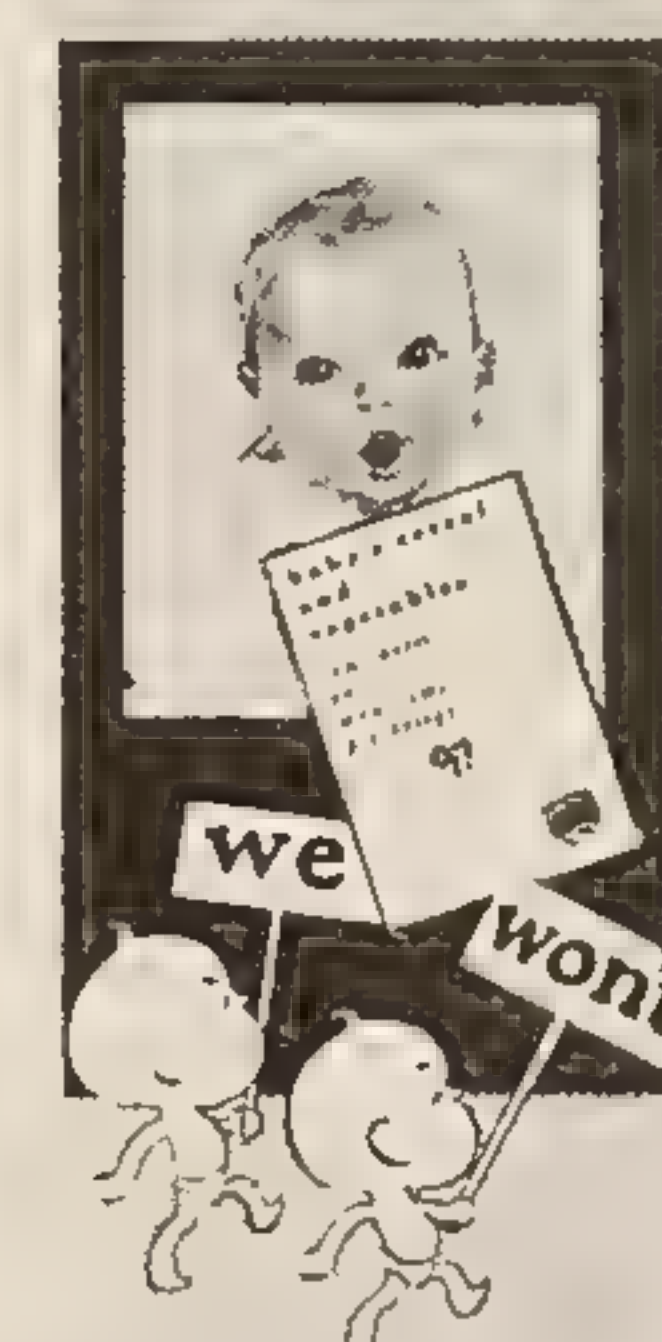
Gerber's 9 Strained Foods for Baby TM-4a



In ordinary canning, food nearest the heat is cooked more completely than that in the center of the can.



Gerber Shaker-Cookers shake the can 140 times a minute, so that every particle comes in close contact with the heat.



Mothers! Here is help for you, if "Baby won't eat." Scientific information... practical suggestions... telling how to establish wholesome, normal eating habits. FREE booklet. Send for it.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY FREMONT, MICHIGAN (In Canada: Grown and Packed by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.)

Please send me free copy of "Meal-time Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if you would like a picture of the Gerber Baby ready for framing.)

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____

Working with twelve babies, in his subject "Care of the Baby," Pete proved himself more than equal to the nerve-racking task.

"Whenever they'd cry," he told us, "I'd gaze up at the ceiling and start bawling at the top of my voice. Either they couldn't stand competition, or I looked pretty funny, because they'd all stop crying and start laughing! After a week of it though, my tonsils were worn down to nothing and I couldn't speak above a whisper!"

MAYBE it's old stuff to you, but the Freddie Marches got such a yen for a taste of real winter that they parked the babies and went to Arrowhead.

Freddie dunked himself in the deepest snow bank he could find, tossed a few snowballs at his protesting Missus, and declared it was the most fun he'd had in years!

TOOK our current gal friend to the horse races (Hollywood's favorite sport at the moment) and dropped a ten spot on Head Play to win. In view of the fact that he'd won last year's Preakness, it seemed the logical, sure money thing to do.

Well, Head Play went into a tail spin and our ten bucks went the way of all the others we've ever invested in races. But the girl friend, who'd bet two dollars on a funny looking filly, just because she like the colors the jockey was wearing, collected \$69.50 when her "hunch" slid in first and at plenty of nice odds, too!

Life... my life... seems to be full of those things...

MAYBE it was plain ordinary horse chagrin, but Head Play was so put out over not even "showing" that he was in the mood to chew nails. Anybody's nails.

Crazy about horses, Marian Marsh enthusiastically raised her hand to pet the last year's favorite, and... crunch... Mister Head Play, who is no lady, set his teeth into the Marsh arm and nipped off about two square inches of feminine epidermis!

Marian is now classing horses in the category of animals that are to be avoided!

JOAN CRAWFORD made the mistake of going shopping in the Ambassador on the very day that about a thousand girls of the Catholic schools were attending a meeting there.

Joan was tripping across the lobby just as the meeting let out, when one of the girls recognized her and... the rush was on! But good scout that she is, Joan sat right down in the middle of the gang and autographed everything they handed her!

Beau geste, lady!

CHESTER MORRIS brought his young son a swell electric train for Christmas. But by the time Chet and Bob Montgomery finished playing with it themselves, it was a complete wreck and Chet was obliged to invest in another one, or duck around corners when Sonny came home from school!

THEY'LL be transferring us to the cooking page if we don't watch our step, but that midnight snack, served by Ann Sothern, was so doggone tasty that we'd like to pass it along to any of you hostesses who might be stumped when unexpected company arrives.

Just make a sandwich of cheese and sliced dill pickle, shut it up in a hot waffle iron and let Nature and the electric company take its course.

It's a Fake!

(Continued from page 21)

Masters. He is my ideal. I love him truly."

Pete Johnson saw she meant what she said and left the house very mad thinking black thoughts of Bob Masters his rival. They went on a fishing trip next morning (Captain Powers boat was a fishing boat). Mary Jane came down to the dock to see them off and bring some cake for Bob Masters. From behind something Pete saw them and swore fowly. When Mary Jane waved good by little did she know shed never see her boy friend again for many years.

That night the boat passed near a little island but Pete did not know this so he sneaked up behind Bob who wasnt looking and pushed him over and went away smiling. When Captain Powers heard the crys he hurried on deck and said 'What was that' Oh that? Some birds kawing I guess said Pete grinning to himself.

The next day when they could not find Bob Captain Powers said a prayer for him as he was gentle at heart and guessed Bob had fallen overboard.

When they came home Mary Jane was greef stricken at her lovers demize even when her father the Captain tried to cheer her up. Next month she said shed marry Pete who was being nice like a sheep in wolfs clothing so he could get the boat when Captain Powers died who was very old now. She sais what did her body mena now that Bob had Passed Away and she would if her father wanted her to.

Meanwhile Bob Masters was a very good swimmer and he swum to the island I told you about which was a desert one. He was very tired but the long swim made him hongry so he looked for something to eat. Mary Janes cake being allwet with salt water. While he was looking he saw something bright in the sand and saw that it was a gold ring. He was surprised because this was a desert island. He kepp it for good omen and looked for more. In the sand he found a big chest of pirat gold and said O, if I could only get home now Captain Powers would want me to marry Mary Jane insted of discouraging me!"

Next month a boat chanced on the island and took Bob and his chest home. He told them it was just his clothes. He got home just in time because Mary Jane and smerking Pete were just getting married because she thought he was dead in a wattery grave.

He busted in an said 'Stop. You can not marry him. He is a viper he tried to drown me but Im a pretty good swimmer and I got away safe and sound'. Mary said O Bob Im so glad your home I thought you were in the spirit world!

In the confusion Pete slipped away to a bitter fate shuhnned by men everywhere but Bob made the minister stary and said 'Here Captain Powers is some money for your boat. You are old and I will be Captain and Mary Jane and I will take care of you in your declineing years.'

Mary Jane smiled through her tears of joy and put her head on his chest and murmured 'MY HERO' over and over again. Next year they had a baby boy to bless their home and Captain Powers made a funny, rough granpaw but they were all happy together.

* * * * *

Now, that's the story I wrote and sent to the "agent."

Smell a rat? I should say not. Apparently they are used to receiving just this type of stuff from many of their "clients." Here is a typical, stereotyped

acceptance received by those "lucky" enough to get representation.

"We thank you for the opportunity of reviewing your scenario and are pleased to inform you that your story is acceptable to us for representation by our Sales Department. The basic idea, plot treatment and characters in your story have been worked out with judgement, the climax is well developed and the interest sustained thruout. Incidents and situations appear logical and the continuity properly balanced. In our opinion, you have a story sufficiently well developed that it should attract the attention of Talking Picture Producers.

"Before it can be submitted to the studios, however, United States Government Copyright is essential. This can only be obtained through publication, for which purpose a brief synopsis covering the basic plot of the story will be published by us. A sufficiently comprehensive synopsis will be prepared by our experts in 750 words.

"As explained in our booklet, the only cost to you is two cents a word for the number of words in the published synopsis. This constitutes your total and only expense, and covers the cost of preparing, publishing, copyrighting and distributing your synopsis simultaneously to all Hollywood Studios. Furthermore, it automatically places your detailed script in our Sales Service Department from where it is submitted personally by our Studio Representative to those Producers whose current production demands call for this particular type of story. Then if a sale is effected, we deduct the standard commission of 10% from the price at which it is sold.

"We are enclosing herewith our regular application and agreement blank and would suggest that you return it promptly with your remittance. We will then prepare the synopsis and forward it for your inspection and approval. As soon as returned to us it will be sent directly to the print shop for publication in the forthcoming issue, and your original story will be listed in the active files of our sales department.

"We are quite certain the value of this service will appeal to your good judgment and prompt you to take immediate advantage of this splendid opportunity, in order that your story may be ready for submission to the markets.

"Anticipating your immediate reply, we are,

"Very truly yours,
"Etc."

NOTICE that in the first paragraph they cunningly absolve themselves from all comebacks by the first phrase in the last sentence, "In our opinion, etc., etc." In other words, they just think—and you can't stop a man from thinking . . .

Do YOU honestly believe that the characters in this story of mine were "worked out with judgement, the climax well developed and interest sustained throughout"? Do the "incidents and situations appear logical and the continuity properly balanced" to you? A grammar school child would condemn that story as utterly without merit! Written in a barely legible scrawl, a note accompanied the manuscript hinting that I had saved a little money. They're still after me, at the moment of writing, to get my precious yarn!

A strange thing about this cancerous growth on the industry is that it has been exposed time and time again. Many of the practitioners have been run out of business, only to reappear again un-

(Please turn to page 60)

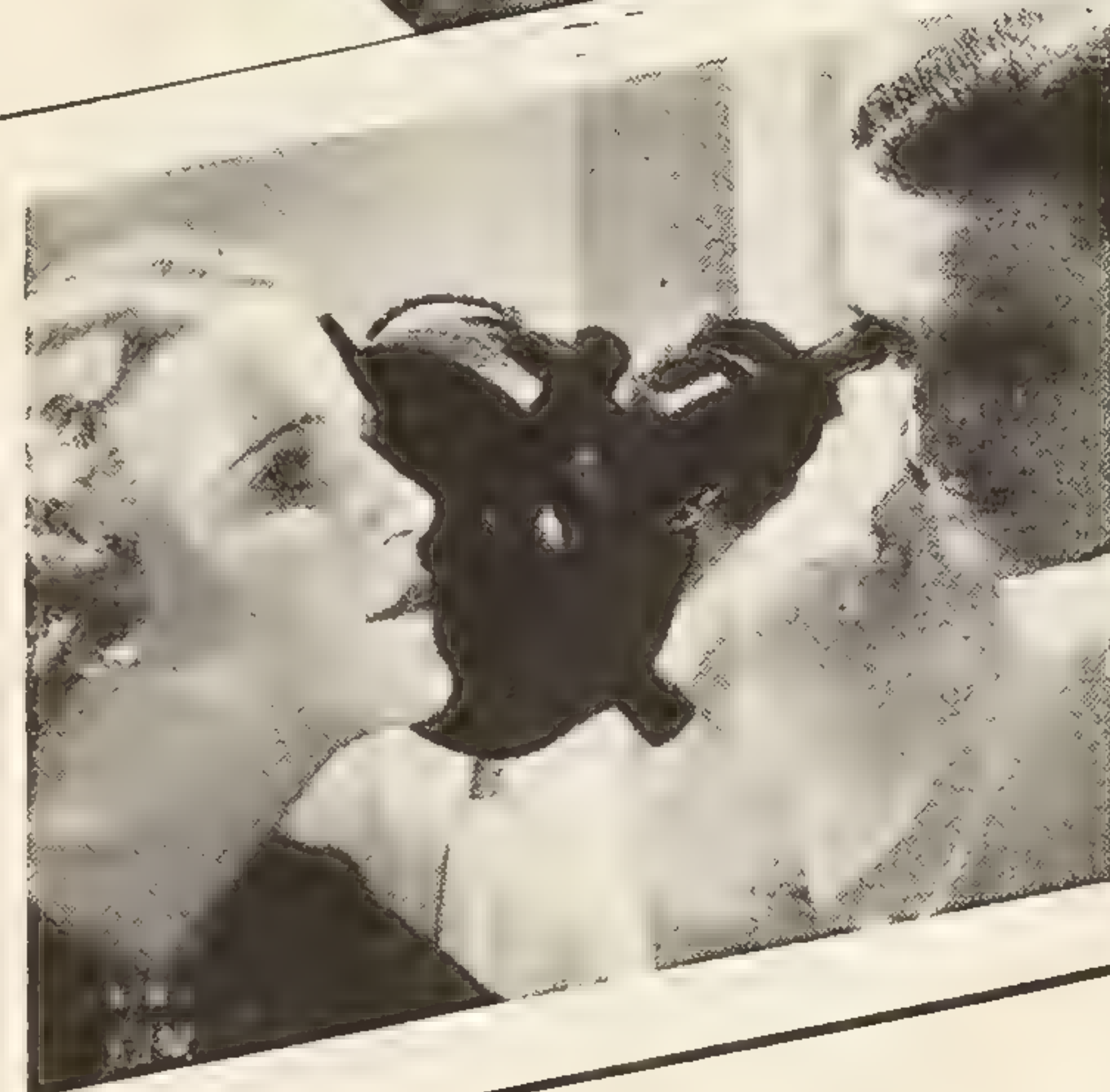
New Powder Makes Blonde Skin *Dazzling*....gives Brunette Skin *a Glow*

Hidden tints in new shades
bring out real beauty
of Every Type



Over 200 Girls' Skin "Color-Analyzed"

When an optical machine which reads the skin "color-analyzed" over 200 girls' skin, it showed that blonde skin has a note of bright blue—brunette skin has a tone of brilliant green! These same tints Pond's blends invisibly in their new powder. It flatters the dull skin to a glowing perfection!



MRS. ALLEN WHITNEY, exquisitely fair
MISS MARY WELD, vivacious brunette

THAT faded, dingy tone which skin so often acquires is really caused by lack of certain color notes in it.

What these lacking color notes are has now been found out, and scientifically recorded! Now these magic tints are blended in entirely new and different powder shades by Pond's.

That is why this new powder brings life to your skin—instantly! Blonde skin is immediately brightened until it appears positively radiant. Brunette skin gains at once a new sparkle—a vibrant glow. Every skin texture looks suave, velvety.

And this scientifically blended powder clings so closely, spreads so evenly, it never shows up, it never cakes, or blotches. Your skin actually looks enchantingly fresh, with

that naturally bright, young look.

We want you to try this new powder, to discover for yourself, at our expense, just how glamorous it really is. Rush this coupon off today. Try the different shades till you find the one that glorifies you! You'll see your own skin become smoother—finer—more thrilling than you ever dared hope it might be.

FREE! 5 Different Shades

SEND FOR YOURS TODAY

(This offer expires June 1, 1935)

POND'S, Dept. D92, Clinton, Conn.

Please send me free samples of five different shades of Pond's new Powder, enough of each shade for a full five-day test.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company



Lonely Girl...



Now "The Only Girl"

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

Are you as lonely as I used to be? Sitting home alone night after night?

Then try this easy way to become popular, alluring and to find the man who'll call you his "only girl"... let Blue Waltz Perfume bring you happiness, as it did me.

Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment... and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve *your* beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious... there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true... as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Brilliantine, Cream Rouge, Talcum Powder, Toilet Water. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

It's a Fake!

(Continued from page 59)

der another pseudonym and start raking in the gullibles' shekels.

I TALKED at some length to the veteran, in the Veterans' Hospital in Sawtelle. While on active duty in the Philippines he contracted a disease that resulted in his being disabled and sent to the pulmonary ward of the Government Hospital. There he had labored and brought forth the story of the courtship of his wife. It meant a lot to him—a whale of a lot, as he sat there by the window in the ward. It brought a measure of life's heat and throb back to him. He knew he was no great shakes as a writer, and he wanted this job polished up by a sympathetic professional. Painstakingly he saved out of his meagre pension a matter of \$150—the amount the representative required to revise and type a manuscript... Well, that revision was a joke. There were actually more mistakes in the typed copy than there had been in the original.

Complaints against this man have been numerous and he, too, is under Postal Department investigation. You ask why something can't be done about these men? The answer is that the letter of the law, if not its intent, befriends them. They are careful to make no *actual* representations of selling your stories, either in print or before witnesses. They trade on your imagination and the carefully indicated assumptions they lead you to make for yourself. Run into a corner, their answer is pat and straight from their lawyer's office, "Oh, no! We didn't say that! That's what you thought we said. How stupid of you!" And there you are.

TO another promising lad we sent a similar and completely illiterate letter. He answered that "the wording of the letter makes me believe that you are a good story writer and I would be happy to examine any material you may care to submit." Further, he clearly states that he can guarantee to sell my material, if suitable, *and if I'm willing to ante up for the publicity*. Also, to show good faith on my part, he would appreciate a matter of ten dollars in advance—assuring me, however, that if the story is *not* suitable the ten will be returned. Anybody want to make any bets on *that* case?

In one sense it seems a bit unfair to leave unmentioned the veritable horde who are consistently mulcting the public of hard-earned dollars. If we started to publish a list of these phony outfits, it would wear out half a dozen typewriters.

One thing that must be remembered by the uninitiate is that they haven't the chance of a snow-ball in the well-known hot-house of ever getting their money back, once they are stuck by any of these easy-living gentry. They live up to the letter of their promises. That's right where they get you. The promises are like the old shell game. Just where and what are they when you stop to analyze them? In the first place, it would take a trained legal mind to see the holes, and in the second place, though they lead you to believe there's a good chance of selling your stuff, all they actually say they'll do is to revise and copyright... a worthless service, as we will demonstrate for you later.

One company advertised the sale of a manuscript to a publication. It was an early job of writing and was sent to them for revision and sale. Fifty dollars was charged for the revision. It must have been worth something, because they actually did sell it—to a juvenile religious magazine for the stagger-

I felt sick half the time

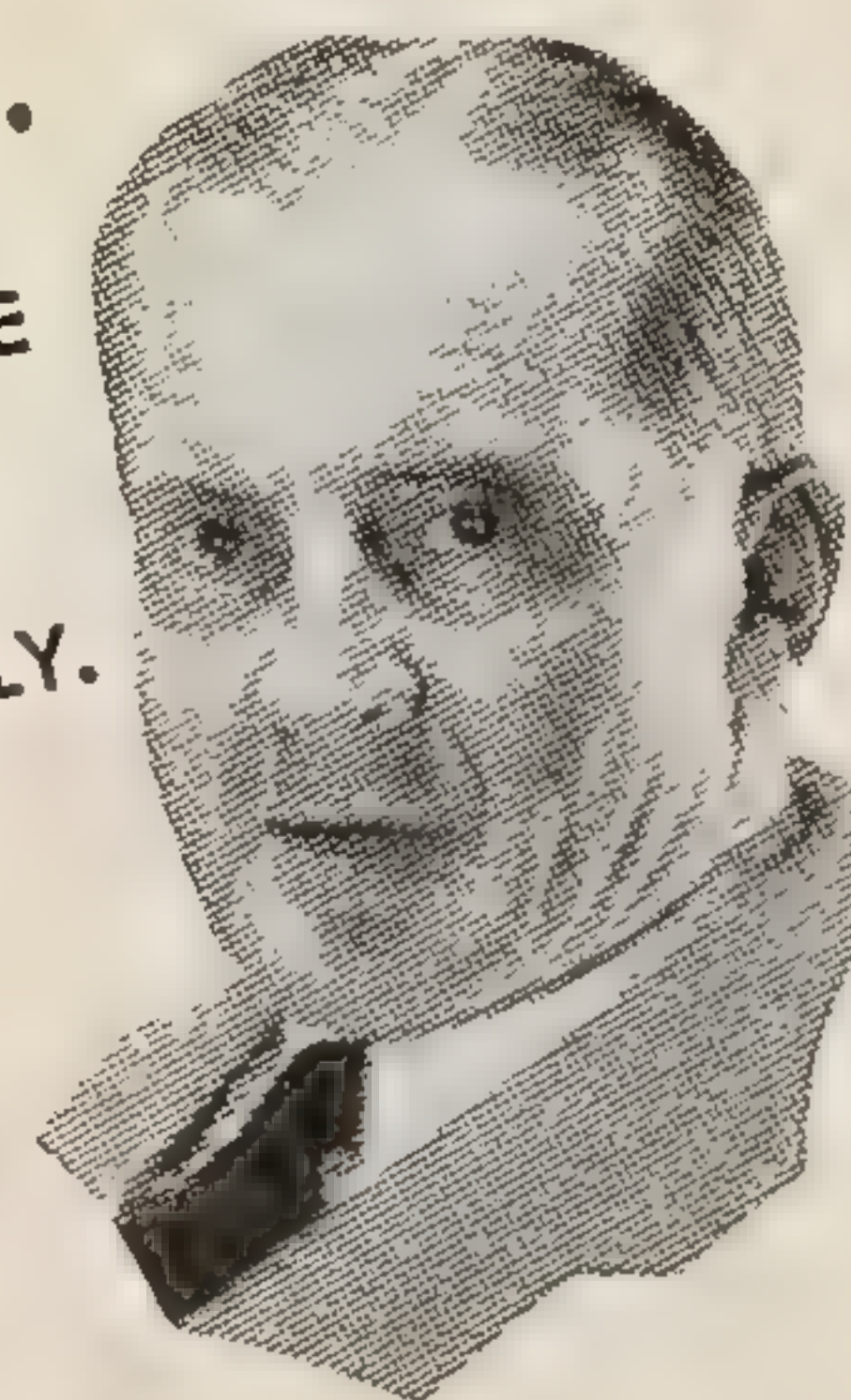


● I just had to drag myself to work most of the time because I had such trouble with constipation. It made me feel heavy and my stomach got upset all the time. Everything I took for it seemed to exhaust me or give me cramps. Then my sister-in-law suggested I try FEEN-A-MINT. It certainly has made a difference in the way I feel. Nothing ever gave me such a good clearing out, with no bad after-effects. And it's so wonderfully pleasant and easy to take.

Chewing gives greater relief

We have hundreds of letters telling of the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given people. It works more thoroughly and more comfortably because you must chew it and that spreads the laxative more evenly through the system, giving a more complete cleansing. People who object to violent laxatives that cause cramps and binding find FEEN-A-MINT an ideal solution of their problem. Over 15,000,000 men and women can testify to the satisfaction FEEN-A-MINT gives. And it's so easy to take, with its refreshing flavor. Try it yourself. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE...
BY CHEWING, THE LAXATIVE IS SPREAD MORE EVENLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM SO THAT IT WORKS MORE COMPLETELY. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE COMPLETE AND PLEASANT RELIEF.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR EASIER RELIEF

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

ing sum of \$20. That represents a net loss of \$32 to the author for the privilege of seeing his effort barely published. You see, the agent's commission for sale is 10 per cent in addition to the revision fee. They netted \$52 on the transaction, the author lost \$32. Is that a system, or should I go back to the ribbon counter and begin life anew?

It's a bad idea to be totally destructive. In conclusion let's point out a few simple rules to the amateur—far simpler than throwing cash away.

First—If you want to write for pictures, don't do it. There are seven hundred experienced screen writers here right now—and half of them starving. For every picture produced in a year there are two men on the spot to write it. If, in spite of this, you feel that you can't sleep nights till M-G-M has snapped you up, start writing—at the beginning. The beginning is usually space-rate news stories for the papers and so on. Five years of this and the average amateur is about ready to think of turning out some sort of stuff salable to pictures after it has been published or produced elsewhere. That sounds tough, but, remember, writing is just as tough as the cynics paint it, only a little bit worse.

Second—No really good agent is advertising for inexperienced writers. Granted that there are honest and sincere ones in the business, but most of them are just after your cash. You usually can't weed the good ones by yourself, so abide by the caution of the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau, "Investigate Before You Invest." Merely write to them, asking about the reputation of the concern you have in mind, and they will answer honestly and without charge. They are supported by the business men of the community for just that service to the public.

Third—Material does *not* have to be copyrighted for submission to publications or studios. To make that point clear, let us say that you should protect yourself against theft, but you *don't* need a copyright. To do this, simply make a carbon copy of your story, wrap and seal it and then send it registered mail to yourself for a nominal charge. Then *do not open the package*. In case of a law-suit, the unopened, registered and dated package will suffice to establish your priority. If you are not satisfied with this, send the carbon copy to the Authors' League of America, New York City, with one dollar and request registration of the manuscript.

The only protection copyrighting gives you is to prove priority of authorship. The above methods do that. Except in the case of a play, the Government does not issue copyrights to *unpublished* material. Publication does give you a copyright, but why pay exorbitant fees for a totally unnecessary protection that can be had just as well through less expensive and certainly more reputable channels?

Finally—remember this. No studio ever buys any stories from outside writers who are unknown to them. If only to keep from being sued for plagiarization, most of them return unsolicited manuscripts in unopened envelopes. There is *only one way* to get stories accepted for the screen, and that is to get them printed first in a reputable magazine or in a book issued by one of the big publishing houses in New York City. Why should a studio buy a story from an unknown when it can buy better ones—and they are better, as the would-be authors would admit if they weren't so pitifully egotistical—from authors who have been writing for twenty years and can really write?

If you think you can write for the screen, if you are tempted to answer one of those wonderful ads that promise to help you—DON'T. It's a fake!

The Make-Up Box

ALL FOR BEAUTY AND BEAUTY FOR ALL

THAT LUMINOUS LOOK: Even the most exotic Hollywood movie stars are now striving for a more natural effect in make-up. Gone for the most part are the washboard-ridged "permanent," the butterfly-antennae plucked brows, the painted cupid's bow. The vogue of a thick mask of make-up has disappeared and not only movie stars but chic women everywhere seem to prefer an almost "shiny" look... a dewy radiant freshness. You can't achieve



of my favorite skin invigorators is a clear, cool green liquid with a spicy pungent odor. Saturate a small pad of cotton and start at the throat with a brisk gentle patting movement working upward to the chin, the wings at the nostrils, the frown lines at the forehead. Its exhilarating tonic effect closes the pores and tones the skin. And, by the way, men have been quietly using this skin invigorator as an after-shaving lotion. It wasn't really meant for them, but you know how men are... the minute they discover something that's soothing to their oh-so-sensitive shaven faces, they cling to it. Your spouse will probably be unwilling to release his bottle, so buy one for your own use.

NAIL-GNAWERS' NOTE: When your little daughter persists in biting her fingernails or appears at the dining table with grubby hands and nails and all your motherly threats are of no avail, take a tip from the child psychologists... appeal to her femininity. Few little girls could resist a manicure set all their own. Two diminutive doll-shaped bottles, one containing palest pink polish and the other the remover come in this set for a little girl. No doubt she has already experimented with



your cosmetics, daubing her chubby face with powder or coating her nails with your most vivid nail lacquer. Here's your chance to gratify your young hope's childish instincts for beauty. Present her with this set and note the immediate improvement. She'll stop biting her nails and will probably use her little orangewood stick every day without much maternal prodding.

NEAT TRICKS: A bit of cold cream smoothed over mascara for a starry gaze... Elbows scrubbed with a stiff brush, rubbed with lemon peel and softened with lotion is a thought now before donning short-sleeved dresses this spring... A light application of the new complexion balm gives a porcelain overtone to neck, arms, shoulders and back, just the thing for fragile loveliness with your new black evening gown. More exciting details in this month's beauty circular written by your

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

that faintly luminous skin tone unless you thoroughly cleanse your face each and every time you renew your make-up. One of the newest products for frequent cleansings is a fragrant rose-colored cleansing oil. Pour a few drops on a bit of cotton and pass lightly over the face. Dust, dirt, and make-up are instantly transferred to the bit of cotton. Remove surplus oil with a fresh bit of cotton and follow with a dash of cold water. Your skin is soft and lubricated and ready once again for a brand new make-up. Mind you, I don't suggest you substitute this for your usual soap-and-water and cold cream cleansings, but a bottle of this cleansing oil is just the thing to keep in your desk drawer or medicine chest for frequent and hurried cleansings during the day.



NEW FACES UNDER NEW HATS: How is your face going to look under your new Easter bonnet? Clear, fresh, bright and sparkling, or dull, sluggish and marred by coarse pores and blackheads? Better get busy and give your face a thorough going over before buying your spring clothes. Whip up your lazy circulation and rid yourself of the telling effects of steam heat, and March winds. There are three important beauty steps to bear in mind... cleanse, lubricate, and stimulate. You know all about cleansing your face with soap-and-water and a good cleansing cream, about lubricating it with more cream, but what about facial stimulation? One

I'M REALLY ASHAMED
OF THE WAY I'M ACTING

Are married women afraid to face facts?



DISPLAYS of nervousness and nervous irritability may lead the unthinking to believe that women are wanting in courage and stamina. Don't be quick to say that women as a class are not brave. Most of them are realists. They are strong when they meet dangers they see and recognize. Can you blame anyone who falters before the unknown?

To married women, the matter of feminine hygiene is a special problem. They want to know the real facts about this matter. They will not be afraid when they know the facts. And here they will learn these facts—also why their friends are so vague and confused about this subject—and why their mothers talk the way they do.

Confusion due to an old situation

Even not long ago, feminine hygiene was a cause of grave discussions between doctors and their patients. The women insisted upon surgical cleanliness. But their doctors objected to the use of the caustic and poisonous antiseptics which, at the time, were the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose.

That was before the days of Zonite. There was no disagreement after Zonite was available in drug stores. Zonite has never hurt any woman. The old idea of possible harm should have died with the coming of Zonite. For this marvelous antiseptic-germicide is as safe as pure water. It is also far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid, for example, that can be safely applied to the human body.

Zonite combines strength with safety

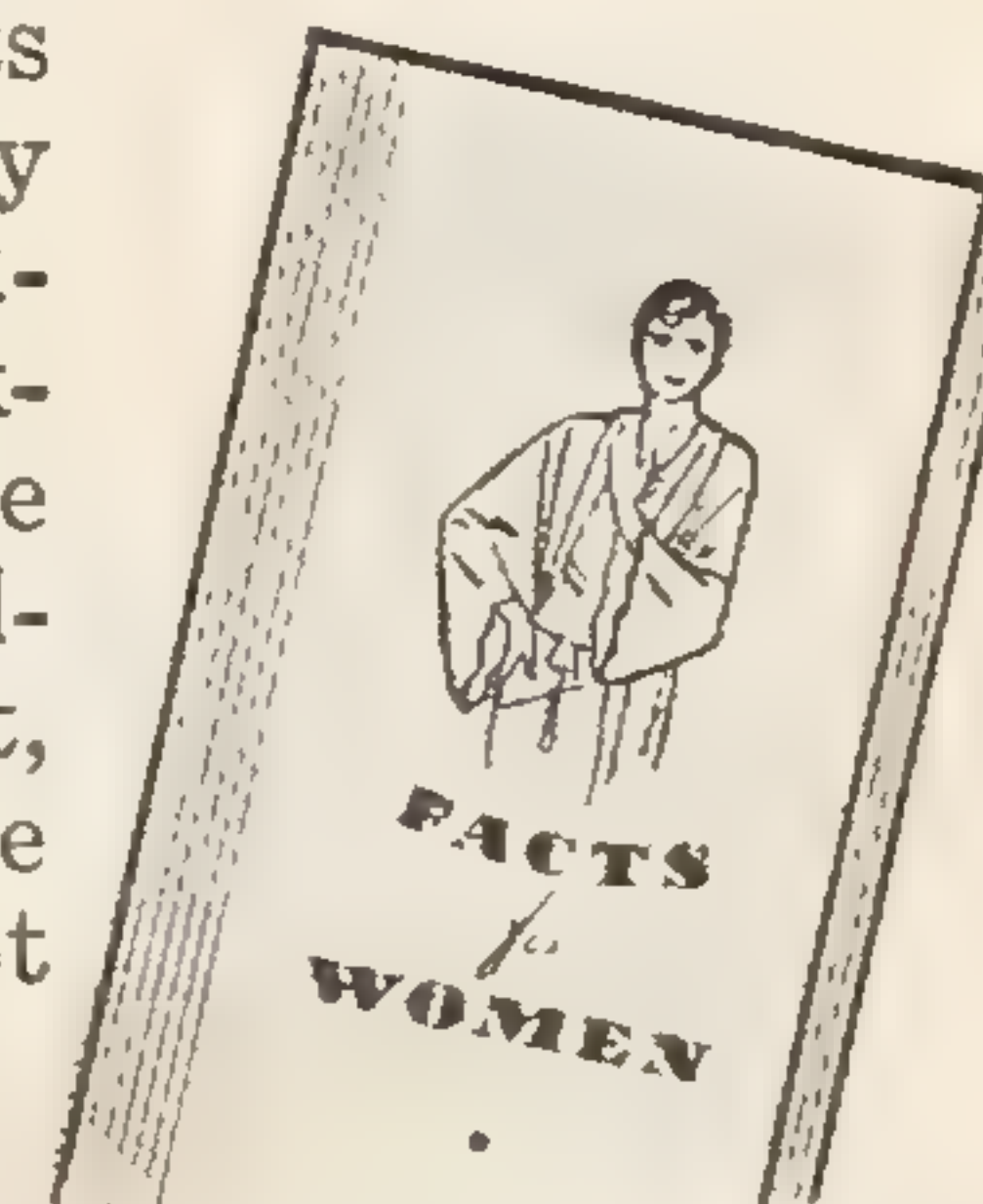
The pity is that all women do not know this modern antiseptic which combines great strength with safety. Zonite cannot harm delicate tissues. It cannot desensitize them. Or cause areas of scar-tissue. Zonite cannot harm when used for feminine hygiene because, despite its power, it is gentle in its action. Remember these facts about Zonite and tell

them to other women. Zonite is *not* poisonous. Zonite is *not* caustic. Zonite is the most powerful *safe* antiseptic made. You will find Zonite at your own drug store. In bottles, at 30¢, 60¢ and \$1.00.

You can also get Zonite Suppositories

Zonite also comes in a semi-solid suppository form. Some women prefer the Suppositories; others use both forms. Zonite Suppositories are dainty, white and greaseless. Sealed in glass vials, twelve in a box, at \$1.00.

Any woman who wants further information about feminine hygiene can get it in the pages of a booklet called "Facts for Women," merely by mailing the coupon below. This booklet is well worth the slight trouble in sending for it. At least, many women have found it so. Why not do it now?



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The Three Sides of Jimmy

(Continued from page 6)

to read, propounded questions which left me befuddled, and drew conclusions so shrewd that I was soon adrift and hopelessly floundering.

Surprise number three—and since then they have come in such rapid-fire succession that I've lost all count!

He uses the pronoun, I, less often than any actor I have ever known. Unquestionably, he dislikes to talk about himself—and that dislike, alone, is sufficient to make him an oddity in this maelstrom of egotism called Hollywood. And neither will he be a party to the scandal-mongering small talk that usually dominates any Hollywood conversation. By way of experiment, I have tried, on several occasions, to draw him into conversation of that kind—only to have him deftly turn the subject.

And yet he is an ardent—and, incidentally, a very brilliant—conversationalist. I have spent some of the happiest days of my life aboard his boat, lazing around Santa Catalina Island, just talking—talking about everything under the sun—except Hollywood trivialities and James Cagney.

YOU have probably noticed that most self-educated men are inclined toward decided, despotic opinions. Having read only one side of a question, they see only that side and will not tolerate their convictions being challenged. Cagney is not like that. On the contrary, he is the most open-minded student I have ever encountered. He is almost humble in his intense desire for additional knowledge on any subject which interests him.

And this screen "mug" from the East Side is a student, an insatiable glutton in his appetite for knowledge. Your average man studies—if at all—for one of two reasons; either to enable him to make more money, or to acquire better social equipment. Cagney, on the contrary, wants knowledge for the love of the knowledge, itself. He wants to know for the sake of knowing. He is an eternal question mark, never satisfied until he has dug down to the very roots of every subject that intrigues him.

He is particularly interested in sociology, political science, human relationships. Hollywood, smug, money-mad and, I think, instinctively afraid of any social change, calls him a "Red," a "Radical," a "Bolshevist." As a matter of fact, he is neither; nor is he a socialist, in the ordinary sense of the word. In the term's grander and truer meaning, yes, most decidedly, he is a socialist.

He believes, passionately, that there is fundamental injustice in the fact that millions of willing workers are poverty-stricken and hungry in the midst of plenty. He bitterly resents the fact that children of equal abilities and equal desires must face the world with unequal opportunities. He is a socialist because he sees need and extravagance rubbing elbows in a super-productive civilization where only comfort should exist, and because he concludes that greed and selfishness are responsible for the conditions which he sees.

Cagney, at heart, is a crusader. His nature demands that he always must be fighting for some cause, and, characteristically, he invariably sides with the "under-dog."

Having been born in the poverty-stricken slums of New York, having seen—and experienced—the misery which flourishes there, it is not surprising that Jimmy, the constant crusader,

Herbert Marshall
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LOVELIEST LIPS
IN UNUSUAL TEST



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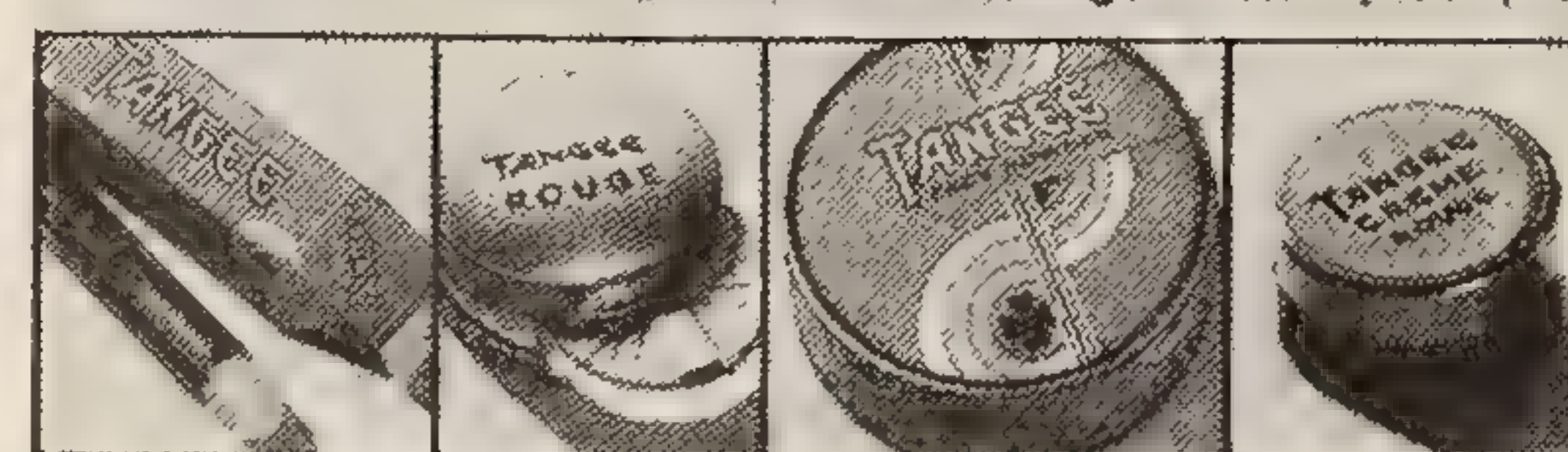
**Movie Star
tells why
Tangee Lips
are most
appealing**

● Herbert Marshall, whose quiet, effective manner has made him one of the screen's most compelling actors, talked frankly about his ideals of feminine beauty. "Only in naturalness is there real beauty—to me, at least," he said. "Especially do I abhor this barbaric custom of painting a woman's lips to a gash of red."

Herbert Marshall isn't alone in that opinion. It's probably shared by 99 per cent of the men the world around. And that's where Tangee comes in. For Tangee isn't paint. It makes your lips soft and rosy and natural looking, merely by intensifying the color already in them.

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sympathizes with the under-dogs in our own scheme of things.

He cares little for money, for money's own sake. He wants financial security, but he is not at all interested in possessing great wealth. He was not dissatisfied with his salary—as long as he received a "fair break." If he couldn't have a fair break, he'd quit the screen before submitting! It's always the principle of the thing that counts most with Cagney.

I HAVE never known anyone so instinctively kind, who, at the same time, possessed such qualities as a fighter. And there is, in that contradictory statement, no paradox, for Jimmy will fight only in self-defense, only when the principle of the thing is threatened, only when he feels an injustice is being done.

We are unusually close friends and we talk with the familiarity of friends, yet I have never heard him say an unkind thing about anyone! Invariably, before speaking about anyone, he pauses and asks himself these three questions: 1. "Is it true?" 2. "Is it kind?" 3. "Is it necessary?" And, unless he can answer each of the three with an unhesitating "yes," he keeps silent.

One of his revealing characteristics is the horror with which he regards the infliction of unnecessary suffering on animals. Killing, in the name of sport, is to his way of thinking, plain, unvarnished murder. And that reminds me of one of our rare disagreements.

I happen to be an avid hunter and fisherman, and, at the time of this incident, I had never heard Jimmy express himself on any favorite sports. Consequently, one day when we were cruising near Catalina Island on Jimmy's boat, and I noticed that the flying fish were running in almost unbelievable numbers, I took advantage of a few moments ashore to buy a fish spear. Jimmy saw it when I came aboard.

"What are you going to do with that thing?" he demanded.

"I'm going to spear some flying fish!"

"Not on this boat," he answered emphatically—and of course, I put the spear away—but not without an illuminating argument.

"But you're no vegetarian," I urged. "Be reasonable—you eat meat and fish..."

"Perfectly true," he interrupted. "I eat meat and fish because I need the food ingredients—but killing for food and killing for the mere sport of killing are two entirely different things. We don't want to eat these flying fish, consequently, it's wrong to kill them."

Again, you see, the principle of the thing!

I have never known anyone more generous than Jimmy Cagney—in fact, he is generous to a fault, generous to the point of being frequently victimized by moochers. If he hears of someone in distress, his first impulse is to go to that someone's aid. Remonstrate with him, and he shrugs:

"Maybe I am being played for a sap," he answers, "but maybe—just maybe—the poor devil needs it. He hasn't had the breaks that have come my way."

But no one ever makes a sap of Jimmy twice. Once convinced that his generosity is misplaced and he becomes adamant. He has progressed far from his beginnings, but he still has the East Sider's contempt for, and aversion to being, a sucker.

He is a remarkably fine artist. His pen sketches, his etchings and his oils would do credit to a professional of high rank. His work has been offered for sale in many exhibits—and I distinctly remember the time, in San Francisco, when I bid for one of his drawings and had to pay considerably more than

I could afford before I took it home. He is an accomplished musician—a fine pianist and a better than average baritone. His tastes run to semi-classical music, and he has little patience with jazz. Visit his home and the chances are that you will find him dreaming over the keyboard of his piano.

He is one of the best tap and rhythm dancers living—but you probably surmised that accomplishment if you saw "Footlight Parade."

One of his incidental accomplishments provided Hollywood with a hearty laugh. It seems that, during a rather heated conference with certain studio executives, they suddenly started arguing among themselves in Yiddish. And were properly astonished and embarrassed when Jimmy suddenly interrupted in better Yiddish than their own. A quick-minded youngster becomes multi-lingual on the crowded East Side.

He cares nothing for Hollywood's social life. His idea of a truly enjoyable evening is to gather a group of

his friends, in his home or in one of theirs, and talk—talk intelligently about intelligent subjects. It is a rare event when he appears in one of Hollywood's night spots. And, fortunately, Mrs. Cagney shares his tastes.

Theirs is one of the most perfect marriages imaginable. They are such good friends that even their closest associates, when with them, cannot help but feel just a bit like outsiders. In every glance that passes between them, there is perfect understanding. They have gone through some pretty trying times together and every hardship seems to have drawn them just that much closer.

If I have painted Jimmy as a dreamer, I have not succeeded in giving a true picture of the man. If I have pictured him as a logician . . . or as a "go-getter" type . . . I have missed my mark by just as wide a margin. He is a combination of the three!

And what more can you ask of any man than that he should dream a dream, think out the means to make it real, and translate his thoughts into action?

The Garbo You Never Knew

(Continued from page 17)

books once asked him to write him a thesis on art schools. "I will, but you won't print it," said Flagg. They didn't. He gave them a kick in the pants with such ideas as "art schools exist only for teachers and to keep students out of the rain. Nobody can teach a man to be an artist. All good artists should be subsidized; all bad artists shot." . . . And so on until the publisher, the Flagg script too hot to hold in his hand, dropped it and fled.

It must have been a circus when the NBC asked him to broadcast, along with John La Gatta and a model, his views on types of beauty. The Nice Nellies at the station carefully looked over his script and found this:

"I like a woman with full breasts, wide shoulders and long legs." . . . And promptly cut it out. Then Flagg goes home.

You should hear his cathedral-like studio in the Parc Vendome, an un-Bohemian sanctuary, meet almost for a Bishop's study, echo with his gibing guffaws. (Garbo should have had a recording of that.)

"Why can't a woman's body be discussed over the air?" he snorted. "What is it that's so lewd, so disgusting, so obscene about a woman's body?"

Flagg had a taste of Hollywood in the silent days. It must have been a riot. He made twenty-six two-reel comedies for Edison and Famous Players.

"Comedies they made me call them. They were really satires, and so I labeled them. But the executives were a little puzzled by the word. They thought 'satire' was an evil person, half man, half horned-goat, and made me change the title to 'comedy.'"

He had a taste of Hollywood, when he saw Garbo, and later when he went back there not long ago, when he didn't see Garbo. "They are out there," he said, "just charming children. Most of them stem from humble beginnings. Then they make a lot of dough and go crazy."

This, then, is the brief expose of Mr. Flagg. Catch on? It might well be Garbo, suddenly voluble, citing her own views in a similar vein. What a story she must have.

But would the Swedish sphinx talk? A recluse of the films, the Unapproach-

able One it seems can be had for publicity. For if her wild ride to Kingman, Ariz., with Director Rouben Mamoulian last Summer—on the eve of the release of "Queen Christina"—wasn't a stunt, then Hollywood is a quaint little university town viewing the world from the cloister of its vine-clad towers.

Even her farewells have been as frequent—and as phony—as Patti's. Always she tank she go home; and always she tank she come back. She could easily quell the conflicting reports about her—reports she is said to hoot at, yet never takes the trouble to set right. Less than two years ago a swindler was sentenced to prison in New York for obtaining money from persons on the promise of getting their biographies printed in British publications. Garbo was on his list. Truly, Greta, the mysterious.

She wasn't always the hermit hiding from the vulgar gaze, but honest in her public appeal. In her early days, when Stiller insisted Louis B. Mayer take her over with him at \$400 a week, she posed for publicity photos—in running pants with the University of Southern California track team, with a lion cub, etc.—the usual hooley.

But there can be little question of her art. A cold, Nordic type, she has the utmost in repression on the screen, getting over a subtlety as terrific in its power as it is understandable to even the most moronic mind. Her appeal has something of the saintly in it: indeed, something of the religious. I suspect that it is this faith, a sort of "follow me" faith, that claws at her public's vitals.

For she has, as Mr. Flagg says, the astonishing quality of renunciation carried almost to biblical poignancy. There is no scorn like hers; no bravery to match that of her art. Hers is the acme of assurance. It is a pity that almost every one of her vehicles is virtually the same character. She has enough pathos to play light comedy.

Yet no one knows, because of her casting, that she hasn't the versatility of Helen Hayes. What a blessing, an enlightenment, if her employers would take her just once out of studio drama and set her up on location in the sunlight. Until this is done, to me she will be, in the words of a Hollywood producer, "only a little colossal."

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about JOHN ROY REID

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How Fatherhood Softened E. G. Robinson

(Continued from page 15)

how, it completes your existence. It gives a different meaning to everything. You see life unfolding right before your eyes, in that tiny little body. Why, in a single year, what was a squalling, pink bundle in a blanket has developed into a person—a personality! You see yourself, born again as a child and growing toward maturity. Development goes on at such a terrific pace during those first two years! 'Maybe I was that cute, when I was his age,' you say to yourself."

DO you know Eddie's love story? It's unusual. By tradition, in his family, the sons stay at home until they marry. Well after the age when most boys leave home, Eddie lived on with his father and mother. He was trying to make a name for himself on the stage in New York. He was well into his thirties when, feeling that it was unfair to his parents to be away for months at a time and then drop in on them like a traveling salesman, he finally took a small bachelor apartment for himself.

"A bachelor apartment! They're dangerous things to have, these bachelor apartments," warned his friends smiling. "The first thing you know, Eddie, you're going to find yourself married."

Instead of getting himself a wife, though, Eddie got himself a piano and began to study music. That would take care of that risk—or so he thought. But no sooner had he gotten expert enough, in his musical accomplishment, to finger his way through a piece called "Grandma's Minuet," than in walked his future wife!

It was evening. He had asked a few of his friends in. They came, and with them a girl wearing what Eddie still calls "a heavenly white evening gown." The gown had flowers painted on it, and the girl was Gladys Lloyd, an actress. It was love at first sight; he knew that. "I knew I was interested in her above every other person in the world," he says. As the evening progressed, he tried to tell himself that he just liked her because she was so gay, so wholesome, so fresh. But he knew. He was in love. He couldn't work up his courage to the point of telephoning her for four days. Then he called her.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I was just picking up the phone to call you."

She came to see a matinee of his play, "The Firebrand," in which he wore tights. His face might not win any beauty prizes, she decided, but he had the best-looking pair of legs she had ever seen on a man. (She told him so, embarrassing him nearly to death.) Then she insisted upon dropping in at his apartment every now and then and cleaning out his ice box. Sweeping up and getting down on her hands and knees with a brush, soap, and scalding hot water. "Maids can't clean them the way I can!" she said grimly. She had been married and divorced as a very young woman, and she introduced him to her daughter Jean. Eddie was stunned. He had a Dresden china billikan—remember them?—and she made a satin cushion for the little statue to sit on. Then she began to drop in and cook dinner for him, when he had his friends in. In his complete bewilderment, about all Eddie knew was that she was ten times as wonderful as he had thought. She was much, much too good for him. Of that he was sure.

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And the next thing he knew one afternoon he found himself on a train with Gladys and a lawyer friend, and they were eloping. It simply seemed the natural thing to do. Everyone was saying, "You two people are simply made for each other. Why in heaven's name don't you get married?" So they were married. That was all there was to it. They eloped because they didn't know how their parents might feel about it, and they weren't taking any chances. To this day only four people in the world, including themselves and the lawyer friend who stood up for them, know the name of the town in which the ceremony was performed.

"For six years," Eddie says, "we didn't let ourselves consider the possibility of a baby. We felt we had no right to have a child until we knew that we could provide for it, and give it a fair chance in life." They waited. Meanwhile, Eddie's career was developing rapidly. He was a success on the stage, and he had his first experience with the movies. They saved their money.

And one day Mrs. Robinson made the decision. The way she told Eddie of it is one of the sweetest things you have ever heard. He was sitting reading. She came into the room and laid her hand gently on his shoulder. "Eddie—" she said tremulously.

"Yes, dear?" He looked up.

"I—I'm going to give you a present."

"A present?" he asked. "What is it, Gladys?"

"A son."

And it was a son, too. Call it feminine intuition, if you like, but a son it was.

The baby's advent was anything but easy. Eddie could afford the finest doctors, the best of attention, but something went wrong, and none of the doctors could say what it was. The x-ray, usually so infallible, gave conflicting reports. "Risky or not, we'll have to wait ten more days," they said. The ten days passed. "We still don't know," the doctor told Eddie then. "We're afraid we're going to have to operate."

"You still don't think the child is well developed?" asked Eddie.

"No."

"How much do you think it will weigh when it's born?"

"Possibly five or six pounds. Closer to five."

When they wheeled Gladys into the operating room, with its gleaming white walls and its steaming sterilizers full of shining instruments, the bottom fell out of the world for Eddie. "Save her," he gasped, his voice hoarse. "I don't care what else happens, but save her!"

"But no matter what you have to go through," Mrs. Robinson says, today—"no matter what the risk, it's worth it. To any woman who may have the slightest doubt remaining in her mind, as to whether she wants a baby or not, I say, 'Go ahead. You will never regret it, no matter what happens!'"

And of course it was then—then, in that first rapturous moment when the nurse said, "Here is your son, Mr. Robinson," and handed him the pink, squirming bundle wrapped in a blanket—that Little Caesar was tamed. He had always sworn he would never have a home. A home to anybody in the theater was only a handicap. What with constant traveling, and the ever-present chance of being out of work, it was an actual danger, a hostage to fortune. . . . Hardly a week after the baby was born, he bought a gorgeous home in Beverly Hills. He was a father now. Babies weren't meant to live in apartments. A baby had to have a home.

Eddie is still a little shy about speaking of this house which he has bought for the baby. "It was fun to fix it up," he says. But the real reason shines out of his eyes when he adds: "And then,

if anything should happen to me—” So—the guy from the Big City putters around the garden. He knows the names of flowers. The sight of a caterpillar throws him into horrors. “I can tell you all about eight different kinds of fertilizer. And I’ve invented a little sort of clapper thing, that I go out at night and kill snails with, because the snails eat the young plants,” he grins shyly.

The leading menace of the screen has a movie camera, used exclusively for taking pictures of the baby. After two years, there are reels and reels of film—“Baby’s First Tooth,” “Baby Takes His First Step.” Every time Eddie goes back to New York he takes all the film, and a projector, and shows the pictures to young Eddie Junior’s proud grandpa and grandma, and all the uncles and aunts. Two months ago, unable to wait any longer, he took Eddie Junior himself east and showed him off. (Incidentally, he won’t let anybody call him Junior. The baby’s nickname is “Manny,” and you call him “Manny” or else.)

“Sometimes I wonder why Mr. Robinson ever hired me,” wails Ada Tyler, the baby’s nurse. “Why, he’s the nurse, not me! When Manny was little, we gave him his bottle at five in the morning, again at ten, and then at two o’clock and six o’clock in the afternoon. Mr. Robinson was up all hours of the night to warm the bottle in the kitchen, and he always gave the baby his six o’clock feeding himself. And always cooing at him in his crib! ‘You’re a big man. You’re not a baby, are you? You’re Daddy’s great big man! Woozums—Woozums!’”

“Oh, now really, Nanny,” protests Mrs. Robinson, “he wasn’t that bad.”

“He wasn’t? Coming home every lunch-time, an hour’s drive from Burbank to Beverly Hills, just to get a glimpse of Manny? Why, many’s the time he went without his lunch, to my certain knowledge, just so he could

come home and see the baby at noon, Mrs. Robinson. And how about those rides he used to take him on, in the car, when he was too little to sit up. Singing to him all the way, too! Sousa’s marches, you know, Pom-te-pom-te-pom. Why, the baby was singing Sousa’s marches back at me before he could talk!”

Somewhere, at about this point, Eddie Senior sneaks out of the room, his face a ripe, red beet color.

And then there are “Gr-r-r, I’m a bear” games that go on in the garden. And Horsey-Horsey. Eddie Senior can blush all he likes, but the truth will out.

How about all those times you’ve bathed the young man, Eddie?—almost bursting with pride because he could stand up and grab hold of the edge of the tub.

How about all that talcum powder you’ve sprinkled where it would do the most good?

How about all the hundreds of times you’ve refused to let Mrs. Robinson or the nurse put him into his nightie, because you wanted to do it all yourself?

How about Nanny’s night out, when you go in and sit by the crib and sing the baby to sleep? You’re still doing that, right to this day, you know. No wonder they don’t see you at the Hollywood night spots very often!

How about that game he plays with you every morning, now that he’s two years old? Coming into the bathroom with you, lathering his face with your shaving brush, and making believe he’s Papa—shaving himself with your razor after you take out the blade?

So now you know the awful truth about Edward G. Robinson at last. He isn’t the tough guy of the screen, at all. Ladies, the victory is yours. You’ve won. He’s just One More Husband.

He isn’t even that.

He’s just the adoring, timid soul who takes orders from Edward G. Robinson. Junior, aged two.

On-the-Set Reviews

(Continued from page 32)

even leaving instructions that he fool the Baroness (Merle Oberon) if possible!

And right here, kiddies, is where they have used a bit of scrubbing powder on the original plot. Because, while Miss Oberon is inclined to be plenty fickle where other men are concerned, she does, for some weird reason, resist the charming Chevalier.

The ensuing complications are delightful. The Baron and Ann think their respective mates have been unfaithful and there is some tall explaining done on both sides. Chevalier, in the Baron’s absence, has innocently promoted a deal whereby the worried Baron can jump out of the red and back on the right side of the ledger.

So-oo-o . . . Graham, it’s all very silly, but I love it. And, if you have a yen for *one* Chevalier, think what a kick you should get out of a *pair* of ’em!

They are doing two versions, with Roy del Ruth directing the Yankee end of it, and Marcel Achard the French.

HOW AM I DOING?

PARAMOUNT

even let us on the set.

Anyhow, Mae has practically finger-printed everybody on the set, and, if the popcorn man goes for a drink of

Still worrying about gangsters, kidnapers and such, Mae West isn’t taking any chances. She wouldn’t

water, he has to be finger-printed all over, the print checked with the original, and then, if it’s a tie, he can come in, and no questions asked!

You all know that Mae writes her own stories, and this one has to do with a gal who can take care of herself, and does, entertaining in a dance hall in a small, but tough, cattle town.

Because it looks like a good thing, Mae marries Fred Kohler, a wealthy rustler, who obligingly gets himself bumped off on their wedding day, leaving his wife (in name only) enough money to go places without hitch-hiking.

Paul Cavanaugh, representing an English oil company, discovers oil on Mae’s property; and Mae discovers that, if she had a bit of that thing called *savoir faire*, she might get to first base with Paul.

Following him to Buenos Aires, Mae meets up with Monroe Owsley, a busted socialite, and marries him, hoping to acquire some of the above mentioned s. f., thereby making herself worthy of Mister Cavanaugh. Sort of a preparatory course, or something.

Well, Owsley’s high class family tries to snoot our voluptuous heroine, but Mae out-snoots them in a manner that will do your hard hearts a lot of good. And, when Owsley conveniently dies, Mae goes to her true love, Cavanaugh.

Al Hall directed.

(Please turn to page 66)

Good News FOR EVERY THOUGHTFUL PARENT

Announcing the Publication of A Real Newspaper for Children

AMERICA’S first real newspaper for boys and girls! The Parents’ Magazine Affiliated Press, Inc., now makes this important announcement to the fathers and mothers of America. Thousands of parents have not only been waiting eagerly for this boys’ and girls’ newspaper but they have been *demanding* it for years. It has been recognized as an urgent need wherever there are growing children. Children *want* a newspaper, they *need* one, and they *will read* one. If the only newspaper available is an adult paper unsuitable for a child, a great and harmful influence is unavoidable. Now a good influence can supplant the harmful influence for at last the boys’ and girls’ own newspaper is here—a WEEKLY NEWSPAPER in tabloid size edited for children, giving them everything they want in a newspaper.

President Roosevelt Writes:

“I am delighted to hear that a Boys’ and Girls’ Newspaper is to be launched in America. I have heard of ‘The Children’s Newspaper’ which has been successfully published for years in England. A somewhat similar publication in America should be helpful in the education and development of our boys and girls. I hope ‘The Boys’ and Girls’ Newspaper’ will fill a real need and will be welcomed by the young people of this country. I wish you success.”

Angelo Patri Writes:

“I am delighted to welcome America’s first boys’ and girls’ newspaper. All of us concerned with the needs and interests of children have long recognized the serious need for such a paper. Its publication could not be in better hands.”



THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' NEWSPAPER

Now for the first time you can satisfy your child’s natural curiosity about the news without exposing him to sensational stories and unsuitable features. This newspaper will present all of the worthwhile news of our nation and foreign lands, profusely illustrated and breezily edited for the young folks. Plenty of exciting features, too! Short stories; serials by the world’s most famous authors; funnies; puzzles; sports; pages that tell how to make things. Plenty of pictures. And stories about radio and movie stars and other celebrities, with reviews of movies that are appropriate for children and a schedule of the most suitable radio programs. Science, invention, and the wonders of industry; and a host of other features.

Edited by Outstanding Child Authorities CONTRIBUTIONS BY LEADING WRITERS

Many of the leading authorities on child life are active in the planning and making of The Boys’ and Girls’ Newspaper. Every editor and contributor will be a man or woman of standing, sympathy, and experience. Well-known writers will contribute to the interesting and wholesome contents. This Boys’ and Girls’ Newspaper will first of all be made *so interesting* to young folks and so complete that they will not require adult newspapers. Its contents will be so varied that the interest of children of both sexes from 7 to 17 will be held and satisfied.

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THE PUBLISHERS. The Boys’ and Girls’ Newspaper will be published by an organization closely affiliated and sharing the offices of The Parents’ Magazine. Their resources, experience, organization, and close association with all leaders in the field of child education, training, and entertainment qualify them preeminently to make The Boys’ and Girls’ Newspaper everything it should be.

Special Introductory Offer • 15 Weeks for \$1.00

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The Boys’ and Girls’ Newspaper is now being published. Charter Subscriber’s Certificates and Buttons will be mailed promptly to all subscribers. You may enroll your child for a 15 weeks’ Subscription for only \$1.00. Send no money now. A bill for \$1.00 will be sent you when the first issue is mailed. Then, if after you have seen the paper, you or the boy or girl for whom it is intended, are not thoroughly satisfied, say so and we shall cheerfully cancel all obligations. The Charter Subscriber’s Roll will soon be closed. Don’t let your child miss this opportunity.

The Parents’ Magazine Affiliated Press, Inc.
Dept. T.M., 9 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Thrilling! To Have The Smooth White SKIN MEN ADORE!



SO EASY NOW! Why mask your features under a film of dull, weather-darkened surface skin—when it's so easy to bring out a whiteness as soft and alluring as the whiteness of your body? An utterly natural way, too, with dainty Golden Peacock Bleach Creme, to speed nature's own action. Just smooth this dainty creme on your skin for five nights. So quickly, it rolls away the dull, beauty-marring film. It brings out that smooth whiteness that gives queenly charm even to women whose features are poor. Almost like growing a new skin, free from disfiguring blemishes and external pimples.

Test Golden Peacock Bleach Creme now. Get a generous-size jar for only 50 cents at any drug or department store. Your money back if you are not delighted! Or, get the handy trial size—only 10 cents at any 5-and-10-cent store.



but

SHE NEEDS THIS NEW and DIFFERENT Face Powder

THAT constant powdering does look shallow and a trifle common! Of course it's usually the result of fear of powder that won't stick. But how is a man to know?

Thousands of women have said good-bye to "nervous powdering" since they discovered Golden Peacock Face Powder! It has two vital new features. First, it is really moisture-proof! Skin moisture cannot take the powder off; and it cannot "cake" it into pore-clogging blackheads.

Four Times Finer!

But more, Golden Peacock powder is four times finer than any powder we know! Blends with skin perfectly. No more "powdered-up" look; instead, skin presents that natural peachbloom look of dewy youth.

Try Golden Peacock Face Powder and see. Fifty-cent size at any drug or department store; the generous purse size is only 10 cents at 5-and-10-cent stores. Or, send 6 cents in stamps to Golden Peacock, Inc., Paris, Tennessee, for 3-weeks' trial box. Please specify shade.

At Drug and
Department Stores, 25c-50c
At All
5-and-10c Stores, 10c

Golden Peacock
Face Powder



On-the-Set Reviews

(Continued from page 65)

CALL OF THE WILD 20th CENTURY

This tale, probably one of Jack London's best, gives you Clark Gable, in the sort of he-man role that should start you gals sighing and swooning in the aisles all over again.

While the twentieth century gave us Mae West, blended whiskey and "The Object of My Affections," the nineteenth century beat it all hollow for excitement with the Alaskan gold rush and "The Shooting of Dan Magrew."

Them were the days when men were men!

On the trail of a lost claim, Gable and Jack Oakie meet up with Loretta Young, whose husband, knowing the location of the lost claim, has got himself lost in the icy wastes of Alaska and is given up for dead.

Figuring that the lads may as well have the claim, Loretta sets out to lead them to the spot. And you can't imagine the trouble they have.

While Gable and Miss Young are busy falling in love, a nasty prospector and his gang mess up the works, kill Oakie, steal Gable's honest gold, and generally make nuisances of themselves. And, to make matters worse, Loretta's a.w.o.l. better half turns up, and, because she meant it when she said "for better . . . for worse," the little lady kisses Gable good-bye and goes away from there with the guy what brung her!

Director William Wellman's finishing touch, however, leaves you with the feeling that all will be quite well with everybody after you go home and put the kiddies to bed.

RECKLESS M-G-M

In dutch again, but really a good girl at heart, Jean Harlow plays a famous dancer who marries the wrong man and lets herself in for a load of scandal, not realizing that her true affection is for Bill Powell, the strong, silent man who stands in the background, protecting her as best he can and waiting patiently for her to get around the big task of making up her mind.

Harlow thinks she loves Franchot Tone, millionaire playboy, who offers her a pent-house love nest, but nothing more. With tears in her baby blue eyes, Jean says: "Oh-hh-h, how could you . . . ?" and, after a bit too much elbow-bending, Tone wakes up to find himself actually married to the gal, willy nilly!

On the receiving end of some high-powered glares from Tone's uppity family, Jean still tries to make a go of it, but, when the All-American tank she married commits suicide because he really loves Rosalind Russell, she relinquishes all claim to her rightful widow's dote.

And right here is where Mister Powell uses his head, puts the gal back on her feet, and wins her heart and hand for being such a nice patient lad.

Harlow is one of the hardest working gals in the business. Fifty-nine times she ran up a flight of stairs, for a dance routine; and, fifty-nine times, Director Victor Fleming shook his head . . . not at Jean, but at the crane that was not following the action just exactly as he wanted it.

At the end of the 60th take, Jean dropped down on the top step, breathless, but still smiling! "That's one way to keep my girlish figure!" she panted.

"Better than sticky Hand Lotions"

SAY THESE FAMOUS WOMEN



MRS. ELY CULBERTSON says: "Sticky hand lotions are impossible for bridge players. I use Pacquin's all the time because I don't have to wait for it to dry. And it has an immediate softening and whitening effect."



MRS. FRANK BUCK says: "Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. Mine would be leathery if I didn't use Pacquin's. It's so quick and sure, the skin absorbs it at once, and I don't have to wait for it to dry."



MRS. JOHN HELD, JR., says: "Naturally, I want my hands attractive—an artist husband notices every detail. It's wonderful how white and smooth Pacquin's keeps busy hands—and doesn't leave any sticky film at all."

WOMEN with lots to do find that Pacquin's saves them time and keeps their hands lovelier. There's no more waiting for a sticky hand lotion to dry—Pacquin's Hand Cream goes right into your skin, without leaving any greasy or sticky film—you can put your gloves on the next minute if you want. And Pacquin's gives you such smooth and soft hands.

Pacquin's
Hand Cream

GO INTO YOUR DANCE WARNERS

Here we have Al Jolson and his adored wife, Ruby Keeler, in just the kind of show that should spell Box Office with a capital B. O.

It has the old lump-in-the-throat finish that Al does so well, and, for the first time in an age, our original Mammy singer wins the girl of his heart.

Famous on Broadway, Al is barred by the Actors' Equity League because he can't keep his mind on his business for following the horses and playing the title role in the "Drunkard's Song."

Producers turn him down, right and left, until one smart promoter promises to give the guy one more chance if he'll annex a partner.

Enter, Miss Keeler!

The act goes over big, and Helen Morgan's husband, a twelve-cylinder gangster, agrees to back Al, financially, in opening a smart night club.

Knowing Al from way back, the Equity League demands a \$30,000 bond to insure payment of the cast. So mister gangster digs down once more and turns the roll over to Jolson.

Well, sir . . . the show is ready to go on, when Al gets word that his sister, Glenda Farrell, is peeking through the bars of the local hoosegow for murdering a man! If they'd just let her out, says she, she could get the man who really did the dirty work. So, Al turns over the \$30,000 and returns to the club to take his medicine.

No bond, no show, says Equity firmly. And, that's that, until Glenda dashes in, just in the nick of time, with the real bad man owning a ninety-nine year lease on her cell and the \$30,000 in her pocket!

The finish will tear you apart, and we'll let Papa Warner tell you all about it.

Bradford Ropes wrote the story and Archie Mayo handles the expert direction.

CAPTAIN HURRICANE RKO

This story, from the novel, "Taming of Zenas Henry," by Sara Ware Bassett, has all the homey qualities that should endear it to the hearts of our picture-going public.

The cast could hardly be called colossal, but it is our personal opinion that the performance of James Barton, fresh from the New York stage, and practically unknown to you movie fans, will boost the gentleman to Fame and Fortune.

As Zenas Henry, a crochety old sea captain who has a hard time choosing between the woman he loves and two shiftless old cronies, Mr. Barton is both lovable and convincing.

The old salt has a hefty temper, which is another reason why Abbie (played by Helen Westley) has steadfastly refused to marry him all these years. Compromising, Miss Westley says she'll come and keep house for him, providing he agrees to keep the two shiftless old sea captains off the premises. And, figuring that he'd rather have Abbie without the captains than the captains without Abbie, Zenas agrees.

Determined to recoup his lost fortunes, Zenas invests his last cent in a worthless cranberry bog, which turns out to be nothing but a no-good salt marsh.

Disgusted with himself, Zenas ships as second mate on an unseaworthy old tub that catches fire off the coast of Mexico. Saving the lives of the crew, at the risk of his own, Zenas lands in a hospital and a newsreel, almost simultaneously.

Disconsolately returning home, he is met by the entire town and presented with a loving cup, in which he finds a check from the government, in payment for his land, which is to be used for a lighthouse and a canal.

Because one of the old sea captains has rheumatism, Abbie relents, takes them both in, and it looks like a happy ending for everybody.

Helen Mack, Henry Travers, Nydia Westman, Creighton Chaney, and others supplement the excellent cast, and John Robertson directs the Cape Cod goings-on as they should be directed.

TRANSIENT LADY

UNIVERSAL

Early morning. A sleepy southern town just waking to greet a new day . . . and plenty of excitement.

On a specially constructed track in the middle of the street, the camera precedes Henry Hull as he walks along stopping now and then before a store and signaling a relative to join him.

By the time Hull and his followers reach the courthouse, the gang has taken on the proportions of an Elks' convention!

Universal has spread itself to make the scene authentic in every detail. Old Civil War cannons and statues of Confederate soldiers sprinkle the lawn of the Square; the colored people have that air, typical of the southern negro.

Hull, political ruler of the town, and his crooked followers just about run things to suit themselves. When Clark Williams and Edward Ellis are obliged to throw several of Hull's roughnecks out of their skating rink for insulting Frances Drake, exhibition skater, the toughs get plastered and follow Ellis home, determined to get him.

In self-defense, Ellis shoots one of the gang and then, frightened, runs away, leaving Clark to take the blame.

Hull, who is the brother of the slain man, packs the jury with his crooked stooges, instructing them that, no matter what the evidence, they must find Clark guilty.

But Gene Raymond, defense attorney, gets the principal witness so crossed up that, in desperation, the fellow whips out a gun and fires, point blank, at the lawyer. And, even the fixed jury can't convict Clark in the face of such a damaging demonstration.

Foiled, Hull plans a lynching party, but before they can carry out their nasty plans, Ellis returns and gives himself up to Hull.

Seeing a chance to make a grandstand play, Hull rushes to the jail, gives the lynching crew an impassioned plea for law and order, and his own mob, wondering what it is all about, goes away from there, puzzled, but docile.

It's an Octavus Roy Cohen story and Eddie Buzzell directs.

DEVIL'S CARGO

COLUMBIA

Personally, we can't see too much of that Wallace Ford

fellow so, when Columbia announced that he was to star in this Anthony Coldeway story, we swung from the chandelier and let loose our hefty elephant call!

Injured in a dirt track auto race, Wally is warned by his doctor that, because his heart has gone pf-f-ft, there must be no more racing. No more excitement of any kind!

So, Wally takes a truck job, driving dynamite to a construction camp in the mountains!

Of course, there's a villain, Arthur Hohl, who does things to our hero's brakes, tries to asphyxiate him with carbon monoxide from his own truck, and generally conducts himself in the

accepted villainous manner, all because Marian Marsh has given Wally an option on her affections!

There is a smash climax, with Wally rolling merrily down the mountain road, dynamite all around him and no more brakes than a rabbit! And, how he gets out of *that* one, is something Director Lambert Hillyer wouldn't even tell Wally himself!

CAR 99

PARAMOUNT

It looks as if Paramount has cornered all the handsome six-foot-ers in town for this story of the perils of the Michigan State Police. They had to chloroform us to get us off the set!

Fred MacMurray is down on his knees, shooting craps when Dean Jagger enters and stands behind him.

"Don't you know that's against regulations?" Dean says sternly.

"Come on, eight! . . . Oh, boy! . . . that's it!!" Fred ignores him.

Dropping down on one knee beside him, Dean watches the rolling bones for a minute. Then, "It's all set," he grins. "You're coming along with the outfit. We leave in the morning . . ."

"No!" Fred gasps, dropping the dice! "No foolin'!" And, at Dean's nod of assurance, he throws his arm around his pal and howls for joy.

"O. K.!" Director Charles Barton announced. "But, let's have another take, just to be sure."

Karl Detzer wrote the story, and it's packed with everything that goes to make good pictures.

MacMurray wants to be transferred to the Pine River State Police Division, so as to be near Ann Sheridan. And that's the cause of the excitement in the above-mentioned craps-shooting sequence.

Sir Guy Standing, vacationing in Pine River, takes a hefty interest in the mechanics of police broadcasting, and, because he is a judge and apparently trustworthy, the police let him hang around the big central radio station while they send out instructions to police cars.

Which only goes to prove that you can fool some of the people some of the time, etc., because Sir Guy is head of a notorious gang of bank-holder-uppers!! And anybody knows that it certainly helps a lot to know just what territory to stay out of when the police are on your trail!

Suspicious of the man, Fred investigates one of Standing's cars, which is fully equipped with police radio, "flop-over" license plates, sawed-off shotguns and such like! But, do you know, the sheriff is so impressed with the bogus judge that he refuses to arrest him, and, while waiting for authority from headquarters, Sir Guy and his daughter make as neat a get-away as you've ever seen!

Then comes the chase, with, of course, the handsome coppers winning hands down! And, coming from Michigan, ourself (stop me if you've heard it) we're stating that Karl Detzer sure knows the ins and outs of our bloodhounds of the law!

NAUGHTY MARIETTA

M-G-M

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, romancing (vocally) to the incomparable melodies of our beloved Victor Herbert!

The plot is of operetta formula, with the beautiful princess running away from an unpleasant marriage of state to find her true love in forbidden fields, and live happily ever after. But, what's a plot, anyhow? Jeanette and Nelson could sing "Three Blind Mice," and we'd still love it.

(Please turn to page 68)

BLONDES



Admired by Men
Envied by Women!

Nature loves blondes. Not everybody wants light hair, but every brunette envies that fresh, bright clean look so natural to blondes. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is best with soft golden hair. But Marchand's *also* imparts a fascinating radiance to dark hair as well.

In fact, Marchand's, used quietly, safely, simply—and secretly, if desired—tints your hair any desired shade from a rich auburn brown to a lively golden sheen.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash belongs in the boudoir of every woman who realizes nature intended *all* the hair on the body be treated as carefully as the hair on the head.

Start, if you prefer, on your arms and legs to make unnoticeable dark "superfluous" hair. And gain that charm that belongs to fair, silky smooth arms and legs.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY. OR USE COUPON BELOW

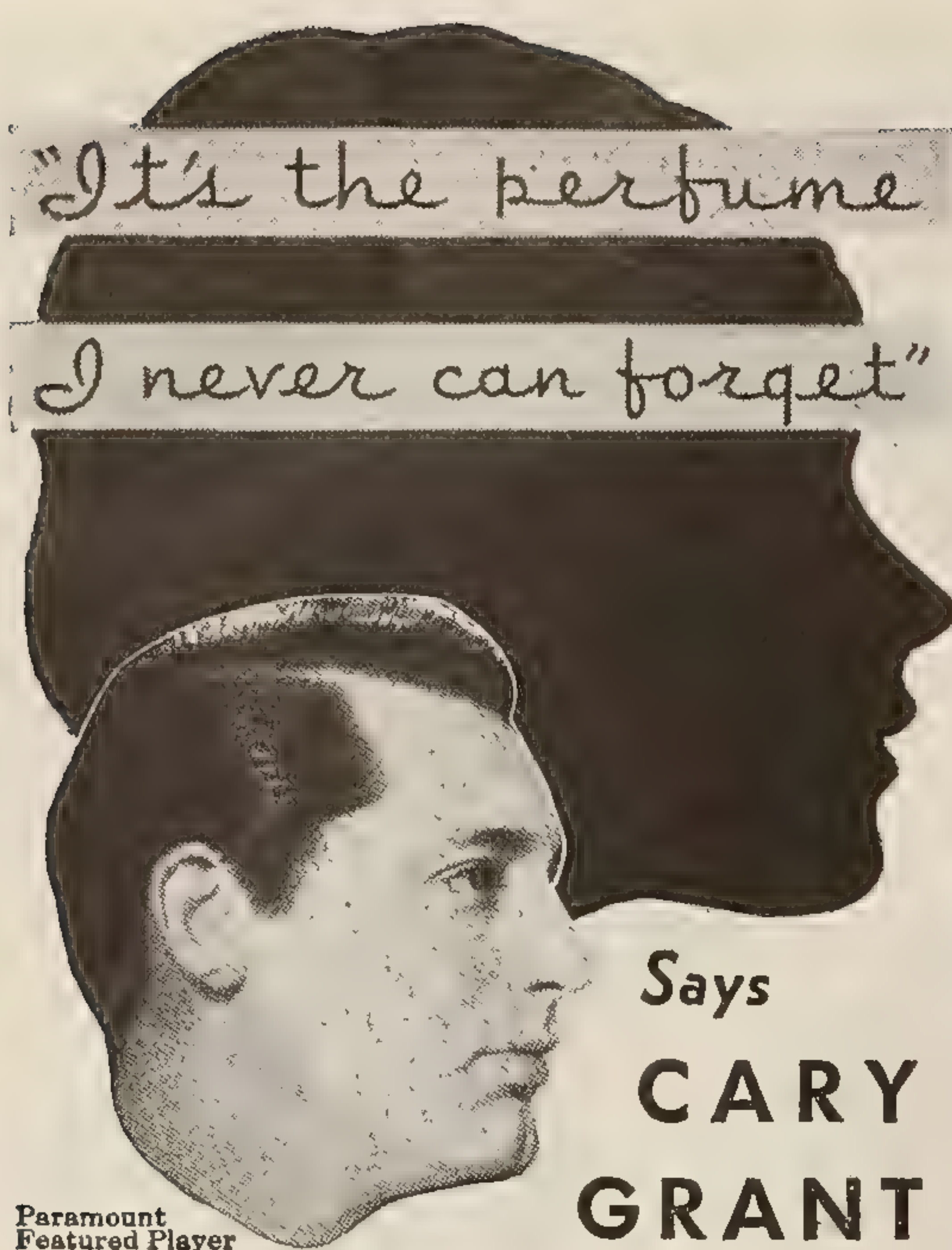
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Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed is 50 cents (use stamps, coins, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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There's glorious fragrance—the perfume of youth—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing touch. No wonder April Showers is the world's most famous, best-loved talc!

April Showers TALC

Exquisite, but not Expensive



Your hands should be as intriguing as your complexion. Split, ragged, uneven nails belie the impression of daintiness which your lovely skin suggests. For perfect grooming, use Wigder Manicure Aids. These well balanced, keen-edged, quality made instruments make manicuring a pleasant duty. Get yourself a complete set today at your local 5 and 10¢ store. Look for the Improved Cleaner Point and Arrow trade mark.



On-the-Set Reviews

(Continued from page 67)

With her wedding day at hand, Jeanette changes places with her maid, who is being shipped (along with others) to Louisiana, there to marry a Colonel, sight unseen.

Pirates seize the ship, and it looks like a "fate worse than death" for the runaway princess, until Mister Eddy and his band of Boy Scouts dash to the rescue (just in the nick of time, too!) and, right there is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

When Miss MacDonald sings, Director Van Dyke sits back with closed eyes, making the most of every single "mini-ni," because, he says, when that lady vocalizes, a director is as *de trop* as a mustache cup!

We admit that MacDonald is tops; but, that Mr. Eddy is no slouch, either. This should be a feast for you music lovers.

KING OF THE RITZ WARNERS

From our seat in the balcony (14th row!) this sounds pretty silly. Don't let on I said so, though, because the authors, Bob Shannon and Al Cohen, are sitting right behind me, and we've had one new hat squashed over our ears already this month!

It seems that William Gargan, director of exploitation for a big hotel, has an ear for music and soothes it by dropping in on a local music store, two or three times a week, and playing records . . . gratis.

Patricia Ellis, keeper of the discs, thinks Bill looks as though he could use some nice home cooking, and takes him to her two-room penthouse for an epicurean work-out.

After wrapping himself around a meal that would knock Ghandi off a fast, Bill says, who's the artist, and I'll give him a job? And, because Pat's brother, Erik Rhodes, needs the plug, she points an accusing finger and says, he done it!

Well, Bill installs Erik at the Ritz, only to discover, on the night of a bankers' convention, that the lad can't even boil eggs! And, while he's flying around, trying to find a substitute, the 300 bankers flood the Ritz dining-room and . . . surprise! are served the kind of dinner that starving Armenians dream about!

And, what do you think? Erik didn't have anything to do with it, naturally. For, when his adoring mama, Bodil Rosing, saw what a pickle her baby boy was in, what did she do but jump into a Mother Hubbard and save the day.

Mammy! And didn't I say it was silly? But, Director William McGann has so much faith in the story as a howling farce, that we'll take his word for it!

THE WEDDING NIGHT GOLDWYN

You may have laughed when somebody sat down at the piano, but you'd have rolled in the aisle, watching that strapping Ralph Bellamy trying to master a Russian folk dance for his role in this Edwin Knopf story!

Engaged to marry Anna Sten, imagine Ralph's annoyance when the lady of his dreams goes into a tail-spin over Gary Cooper, a struggling young author with one best seller to his credit. It wouldn't be so bad, but, Gary is



Cheeks no longer sallow, skin clears, thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if you don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For one week take one or two each night. Ask for Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets at any drug store, know them by their olive color. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

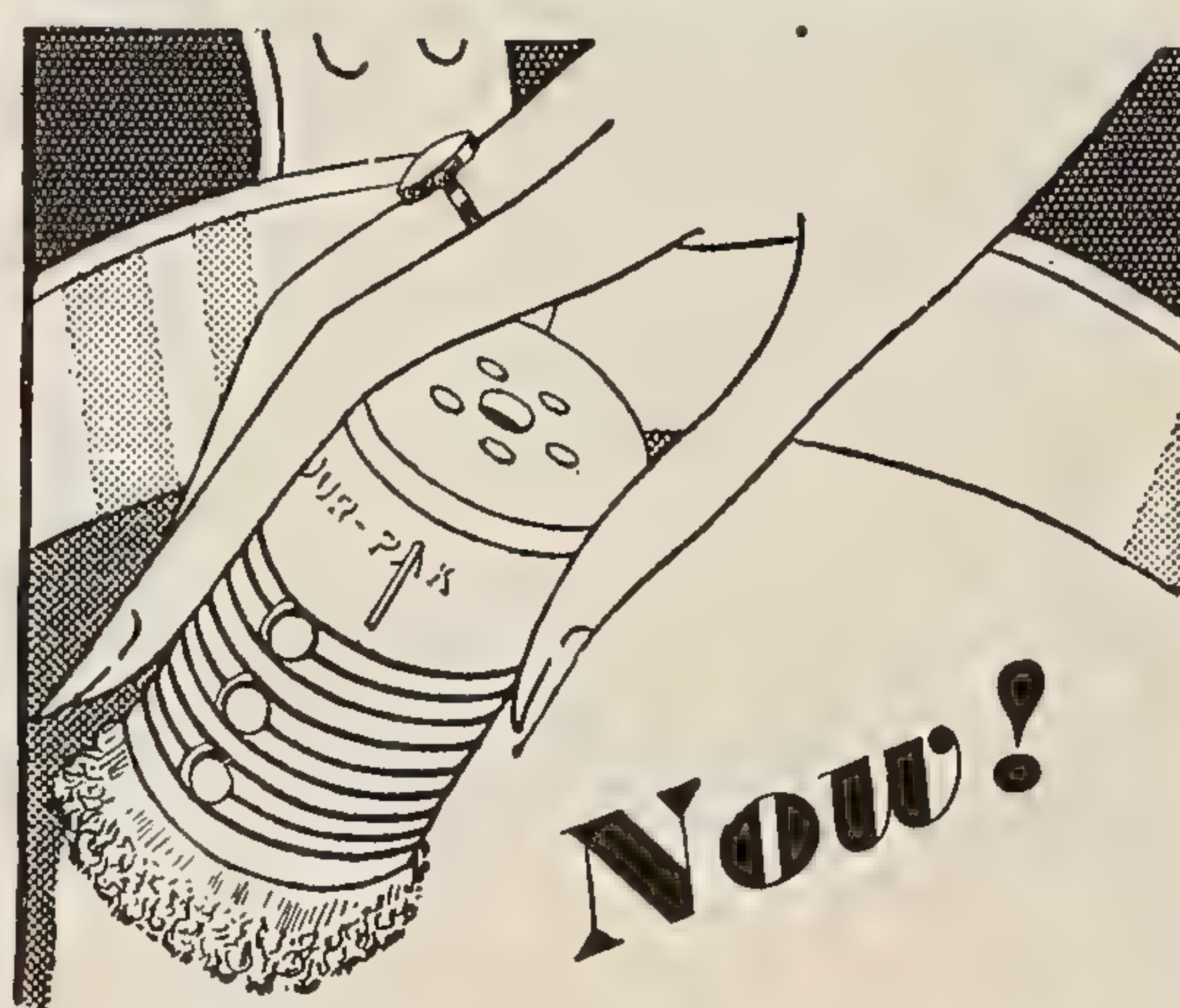
Simple Home Treatment Brings Amazingly Quick Results

Radiantly lovely skin isn't something to envy in others. It's something to get for yourself as quickly as possible.

You can get this thrill today with

BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER

Your skin quickly becomes line and blemish free; velvet-smooth; rich in color; youthful; beautiful. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Money Back if Not Satisfied.



SKOUR-PAK

A Superior Scouring Brush of Steel Wool

- Protects fingers from scratching—you don't touch the steel wool!
- Scours more efficiently—gets into the corners—is easier to handle!
- Keeps clean. Skour Pak's steel wool is treated to resist rust.
- The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts two big boxes of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department stores...

RIDGWAYS, Inc. 60 WARREN ST., N. Y. C.

married to Helen Vinson, who is merely sticking with him in the hope that he'll sell another book and take her to a life of luxury in the city.

Tired of it all, Helen takes things in her own hands and departs for New York, leaving Gary to darn his own socks. And, when Anna visits the forlorn Gary to give him a hand with the housework . . . Pop! goes her heart! And nobody to pick up the pieces!

Marooned by a blizzard, Anna is forced to spend the night in the Cooper domicile, and, with the dawn, her Pop arrives, post haste, mad as hops and determined that his daughter's marriage to Bellamy shall go through, at once!

The wedding comes off as planned, but, when Gary appears and dances with the bride, Ralph, in a drunken frenzy gets all set to kill him.

Anna succeeds in saving Gary's life, but the ending, according to Papa Goldwyn, is too exciting to tell.

LOVE IN BLOOM

PARAMOUNT

Stepping on the set, amidst the "sh-hh-h-es!" of his entire cast, we saw Joe Morrison playing an imaginary piano, while the cameraman took a close-up of his sweetheart, Dixie Lee.

According to the story, by Frank Adams, Joe is a country boy who has come to the city to write music, probably influenced by some of the stuff he'd tuned in on his radio set!

The first break he gets is to meet up with Dixie Lee, a dancer who has run away from her daddy's small-time carnival to catch up with some of the finer things of life.

The two of them get jobs in a dinky little music store and proceed to modernize the place, nearly throwing the old-fashioned owner of the joint into 100-proof hysterics!

J. C. Nugent, Dixie's father (and, incidentally, the real father of the director, Elliott Nugent) sends Burns and Allen, two of his performers, after the girl, because business hasn't been so good since Dixie went scouting for the finer things.

Well, the kids are all tied up in knots, seeing as how they've come to care for each other in the meantime. But, you'd better believe that Love Triumphs, as usual, with Joe and Dixie in a swell clinch, for the finale.

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON RKO

For the first time in its life, Catalina Island is playing a part, straight, without benefit of make-up to fool you into believing that it's Alaska, or the Fiji Islands, or something!

The whole thing starts when the key witness in a gangster trial dies in a seaplane while flying from Los Angeles to Catalina Island. And, to make matters more complicated, the body is stolen while waiting for an autopsy!

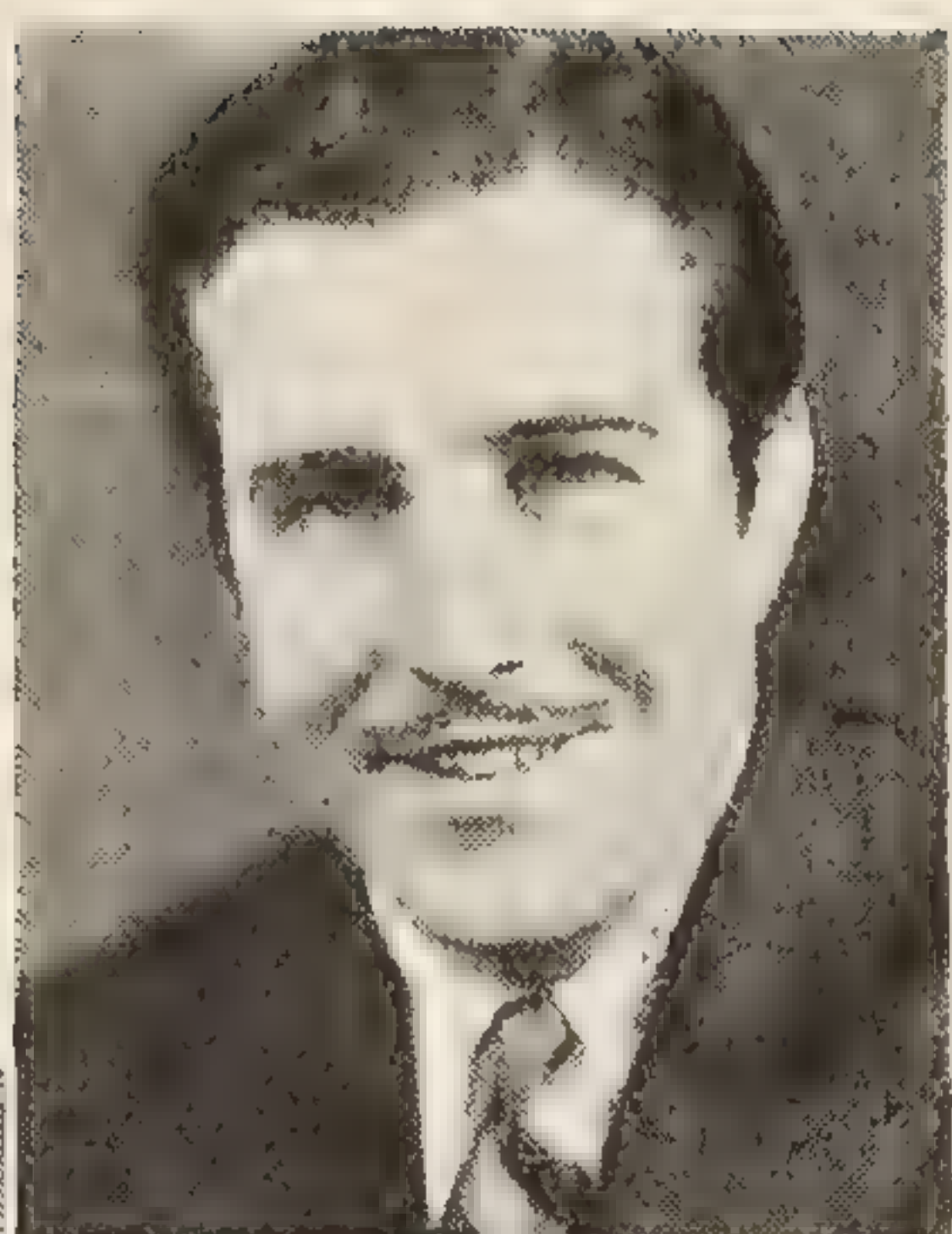
A passenger on the death plane, Edna May Oliver, scents a black boy in the woodpile and sends for James Gleason, New York inspector. And, with these two comedians united in a common cause, murder or no murder, it's bound to be some fun!

It turns out that the murdered man is NOT the murdered man, at all, but the bodyguard, who had changed places with his employer when the latter sensed that something was wrong. Furthermore, while scouting for the first body, Edna May and Gleason stumble upon another young man, shot dead, and his bride in hysterics beside him!

Far be it from me to spoil one of the real good mysteries of the year by

A popular movie star is very enthusiastic about patronizing the semi-annual furniture sales

By BETTY LENAHAN



One end of the living-room showing the comfortable fireplace grouping.

JOHN BOLES' HOLLYWOOD HOME

JOHN BOLES, Fox Films player, who will next appear in the musical comedy, "Redheads on Parade," and his wife spent a great deal of time and thought in furnishing and decorating their lovely Hollywood home, and a great many of the pieces in the house are genuine antiques.

The living-room arrangement is interesting and comfortable. The fireplace grouping is particularly inviting with the deep, comfortable couch and cosy barrel chair drawn up to it. The window treatment in this room is simple and most attractive. The floor is completely covered by carpeting, the monotony of which is relieved by the small, gaily colored hooked rug in front of the fireplace. An old girandole mirror, prints and family portraits decorate the walls. Crystal candelabra, hobnail glass and old china vases filled with garden flowers, little figurines and pewter and pottery lamps with tailored shades complete the accessories used in the room. The color scheme of this room is as follows: Walls and woodwork—Painted white Carpet—Green

Furniture—Mahogany
Upholstery—Figured chintz in shades of yellow, green and rose
Draperies—Same chintz as used for upholstery

The dining-room in Mr. Boles' house is as formal as the living-room is informal. The table is a two-pedestal Duncan Phyfe and the chair, buffet and serving table are Sheraton. Here is the color scheme for this room:

Walls—Papered; Toile design in mahogany tones
Woodwork—Ivory
Carpet—Light green
Furniture—Mahogany
Upholstery—Green brocaded velvet
Draperies—Dark green

In the bedroom is a lovely old-fashioned canopy bed. This is covered with a quaint old patchwork quilt and draped with dotted, Swiss edged with wool ball fringes. Convenient to the bed is a small round night table on which is placed a lamp with a Dresden figure base and a dotted Swiss shade. A little kidney-shaped desk, a Victorian chair, a dressing table, a chest of drawers and a comfortable *chaise longue* complete the furnishings of this room. The color scheme carried out in this room is cool and cheerful:

Walls and woodwork—Painted green
Carpet—Soft rose
Furniture—Mahogany
Bedsread—White with tones of rose and green
Draperies—White background with floral design in rose and green.



The dining-room though rather formal in design, is most attractive and inviting.

The large old-fashioned canopy bed is covered with a quaint patch-work quilt.



Secrets Of Success For All Women

How to get and Hold Jobs, Friends, Beaux, Husbands

Success or failure in the most important events of a woman's life often depends on her appearance.

The French Woman's Art of Chic, Charm and Seductiveness—their alluring art of perfect "Make-up"—revealed by one of them.

Get this priceless knowledge from the unique and only

Paris Personal Fashion Correspondence

(La Marquis de C _____)

\$1.00 so invested can save you MANY

Ask yourself these questions:

1. Do you make the most of your good points.
2. Do you know how to apply Fashions to your OWN personality?
3. Can you go anywhere with poise and confidence, *knowing* you are correctly dressed?
4. Are you a help to your husband's position by your Smartness and Charm?
5. Are you a pretty girl neglected while a plain girl has success?
6. Do you realize first impressions are as important as references when you apply for a job?
7. Have you Buying Mistakes hanging in your closet?
8. Are you in front line or side line of your social circle?
9. Are you expert in "MAKE-UP" to accentuate your beauty?

Mistakes in buying are expensive

French Women are the most Economical in the World, yet the Best Dressed. They know little tricks that change old clothes to Smart Clothes. For centuries they have regarded "CHIC" as an ART worth studying. They hold youth and defy age. French history records many such women.

Learn their secrets from one of them

Charm and Chic with Economy

Write today for

Expert advice for you—individually

Send details of your face and figure, income and environment—snapshot if you wish.

(All letters held in confidence)

ANSWERS will be Practical; the latest fashions from the fountain head, Paris; what YOU should buy from your OWN shops for Supreme Smartness and ECONOMY.

Send This Coupon Today

*Write today. State your need—be it One correct costume or a Wardrobe for a Season—Business—School—A Cruise—Week-end—Travel—Wedding—Vacation.

OR
The French Woman's Technique of Make-up. Enclose \$1.00 and this coupon for either answer—\$2.00 for both. (Send 20c additional to cover loss on dollar in foreign exchange). Put 5c (foreign postage) on your letter. If checks, etc. are used, make out as below.

Address:
PARIS PERSONAL FASHION Correspondence
No. 1 Rue Royale, Paris, France

*Expect answer in three weeks or less. Longer if you live far from European mail steamers. T

Get the Utmost out of every-day living

NO one influence, perhaps, has contributed more to the comfort and happiness of the vast majority of people than has advertising. It has made living more pleasant, aided in personal attractiveness, shown the way to more leisure time, assured quality and satisfaction in the purchases you make.

ARE you getting the most out of the advertisements in Tower Magazines? Read them. Keep abreast of new ways of doing things, new developments, new ideas. Often booklets and samples are offered by manufacturers which will be interesting and helpful to you. Send for them.

CHECK through the advertisements in this issue for ways to make every-day living more pleasant and easier.

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for a real shine

GRIFFIN A.B.C. SHOE POLISH

ALL COLORS
10¢

EASY OPENER

Griffin Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AMAZING CLEANER FOR WHITE KID SHOES! IRENE MARCHANT

I mean Amazing! ColorShine White Kid Cleaner (10c) actually dissolves dirt from shoes—instead of scrubbing it off with a white abrasive. It preserves the original kid finish, polishes beautifully, (or leave dull if you prefer) and "won't rub off."

For other white shoes, I use the Special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at Woolworth's and many other stores. For valuable information write Irene Marchant, c/o The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

No. 11—Special Cleaner for White Kid Shoes
No. 12—Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes

ColorShine SHOE DRESSINGS

Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

A LARGER CAN OF BETTER WALL PAPER CLEANER for 10¢



BIG CAN 10¢

K WALL PAPER CLEANER

BUY THE LARGE SIZE

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN THE 5¢, 10¢, 25¢, and \$1.00 STORES

Actors Are Nobodies

(Continued from page 70)

lieve you must first understand what the author, whether it be for stage or screen, desires. The story or play is his brain-child. And the first thing a player should learn is to interpret what the author has written, and not try to change the lines or the character in anyway. An actor is an actor, not an author; and he should stick to his acting.

"I played a role once in a play in which I, the husband, was told that my child was really not mine, but was the daughter of another man . . . that my wife had been unfaithful. In the play I was supposed to laugh uproariously at this. Personally, I thought I should show horror, anger and perhaps strike my wife. But I followed the author's instructions, and the result was an astounding success. The author knew what he wanted.

"I studied the 'white trash' of the South for three months before I started rehearsing in 'Tobacco Road.' I had to in order to know what they were like; what I was supposed to be like in the play. I read twenty-five books about those people. I studied the negro the same way before playing the negro barber in 'Lulu Belle.' I have reread Dickens for weeks before starting in 'Great Expectations.' I believe that an actor can never achieve success unless he constantly studies. And if I ever become what I call a success I know it will be the result of years of constant study."

This last, mind you, coming from a man acclaimed by all of the New York dramatic critics as the foremost interpretative actor of our theater.

But that is Henry Hull. Big, raw-boned, handsomely homely, overly frank, fired with ambition to do something that will go down in history as a real contribution to his profession and to his country.

Hull abhors the type of publicity which is common to many motion picture stars. And your writer predicts that before long there will be a number of Hollywood magazine writers who will go away from him with red faces, for his answers to the ordinary run of questions are unprintable.

"Can you imagine what it must do to a player if some fan has just read an interview in which he says a man and his wife should live apart six months of the year in order to keep sex interest alive, and then that fan goes to the theater and sees him playing the part of an old-fashioned husband who shoots his wife because she wants to leave him?

"Self must be pushed aside. Your own personality must be left at home. It must never be brought in public. And you must study your characters study them some more, and then keep on studying them if you expect any measure of permanent success. And you must never forget that no matter how much you know, you can always learn more."

Hull has never stopped studying. He speaks English, French, German, Spanish and Portuguese, dabbles in architectural designing in his spare time, and as he makes his way across the studio lot, dressed in dirty breeches and a sweat shirt, his reddish brown hair blowing in the wind, the ordinary man would never recognize him as one of the greatest character actors of today. But that's Henry Hull. He hides himself.

WHY YOU HAVE acid INDIGESTION



New Facts About Gassy Fullness, Heartburn, etc.

A New, Faster, Safer Relief

You have heartburn, gassiness, indigestion because fast eating, wrong food combinations or other conditions cause over-acidity of the stomach. To relieve your distress, reduce the excess acid—but don't alkalize the stomach entirely, or you'll stop your digestion entirely. That is one of the dangers in drenching down half a tumbler of harsh, raw, alkalies. Also excess alkalies may seep into the system, affecting the blood and kidneys.

The new, advanced method is to take an antacid that acts only in the presence of acid. Such a remedy is contained in TUMS, the candy mint digestion tablet. After the acid is corrected, TUMS' action stops! If part is left unused, it passes out inert and unabsorbed. Try 3 or 4 TUMS the next time you are distressed. You'll be astonished at the quick relief—happy to have discovered a remedy that really "works," and is so easy to take. 10c a roll, everywhere. (TUMS contain no soda.)

Free TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID . . . NOT A LAXATIVE

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 36DNN, St. Louis, Mo.

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

ST. CHARLES HOTEL

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A hotel to be enjoyed in a sense of supreme satisfaction

Excellent Cuisine
Largest Sundeck on the Walk

MODERATE RATES

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SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENT
FEATURES EASTER WEEK



It takes more than "just a salve" to draw it out. It takes a "counter-irritant"! And that's what good old Musterole is—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in drawing out the pain and congestion when rubbed on the sore, aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly to this treatment, and with continued application, blessed relief usually follows.

Even better results than the old-fashioned mustard plaster. Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.



Hard-to-Get Hepburn

(Continued from page 19)

"O.K.! Run through it again," Lowell shouted at Miss H. She ran through it, not only again, but again and again. Each time she would forget her lines and fly into what appeared to be a terrible rage.

"This is all my fault," I whispered to Lowell.

"Don't pay any attention to her," that cut-up replied. Miss H. waxed shrilly hysterical and tossed a chair across the set. "Quiet, dearie!" said Mr. Sherman. "You're not in the Harmon stock company now."

"If I were, I would have a director who knew what he was doing," said Miss H. undressing her faultless teeth completely.

"Now, take it easy!" Doug Jr. reasoned, patting the abused heroine's slim shoulder. "Let's try it once more." They tried it. This time Mr. Fairbanks went up in his lines and proceeded to follow them in a leap which even his father would have envied.

"Cut!" called the wag Sherman. There was nothing to cut, because nothing had been done so far.

"My tea, please!" said Miss H.

"Oh, mine, too," said Junior.

"Well, Elsie, have you met Miss Hepburn?" said Lowell as that lovely long lady walked toward me, hand outstretched. "Now we'll shoot the scene, please," said Mr. Sherman, after we had chatted a bit, and shoot it they did, beautifully. All the nerves and line muffing had been staged for a new victim.

I felt like a very old one as we all walked toward the commissary, but no one mentioned the tragic scene, so I just trailed along. Incidentally, that's the only thing anyone does who tries to walk beside Katie. She doesn't walk. She "Nijinskys," which in case you have never been a Russian Ballet booster means that something seems to lift her through space and yet you can plainly see her slim feet touch the ground. At lunch she was like a very bad little boy. The six men who lunched with us didn't seem to notice it.

I said before that she sent her chicken sandwich back. She practically threw it back, then winked at me with an "I'll show 'em what temperament is" expression.

"I must go and try that damned false hair I have to pin on for the balcony scene," she said as she downed the last swig of milk. "Just why Juliet has to have long hair only God and Sherman know. I'll see you on the set." She leapt out of the door. An hour later she appeared on Juliet's balcony looking like a cross between Maude Adams and Sarah Bernhardt at the age of seventeen. In the place of that bad little boy stood a serious actress reading the famous "Swear not by the moon" speech as Mr. Shakespeare himself must have dreamed it would some day be read.

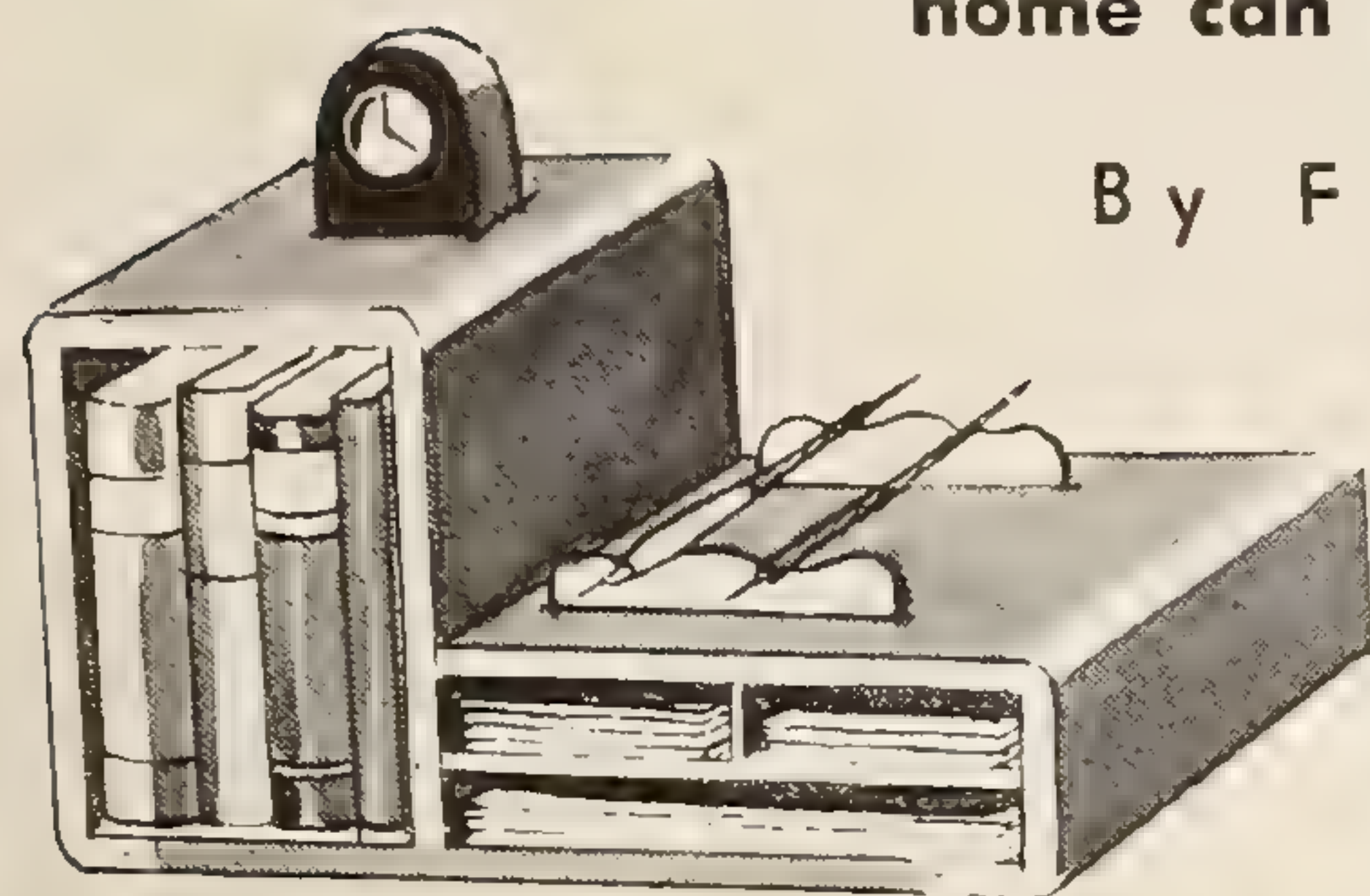
I watched and listened, fascinated. It didn't seem possible that one slight body could house the three distinct personalities I had already seen. The first, what appeared to be an ultra-temperamental star tossing off a display of fireworks. Second, an alluring gamin kidding all comers, and now this exquisitely feminine creature lighting and shading the great Bard's lines with a tender understanding of the maiden, Juliet, that was breath taking.

Having already missed two appointments (Please turn to page 74)

Wood Accessories

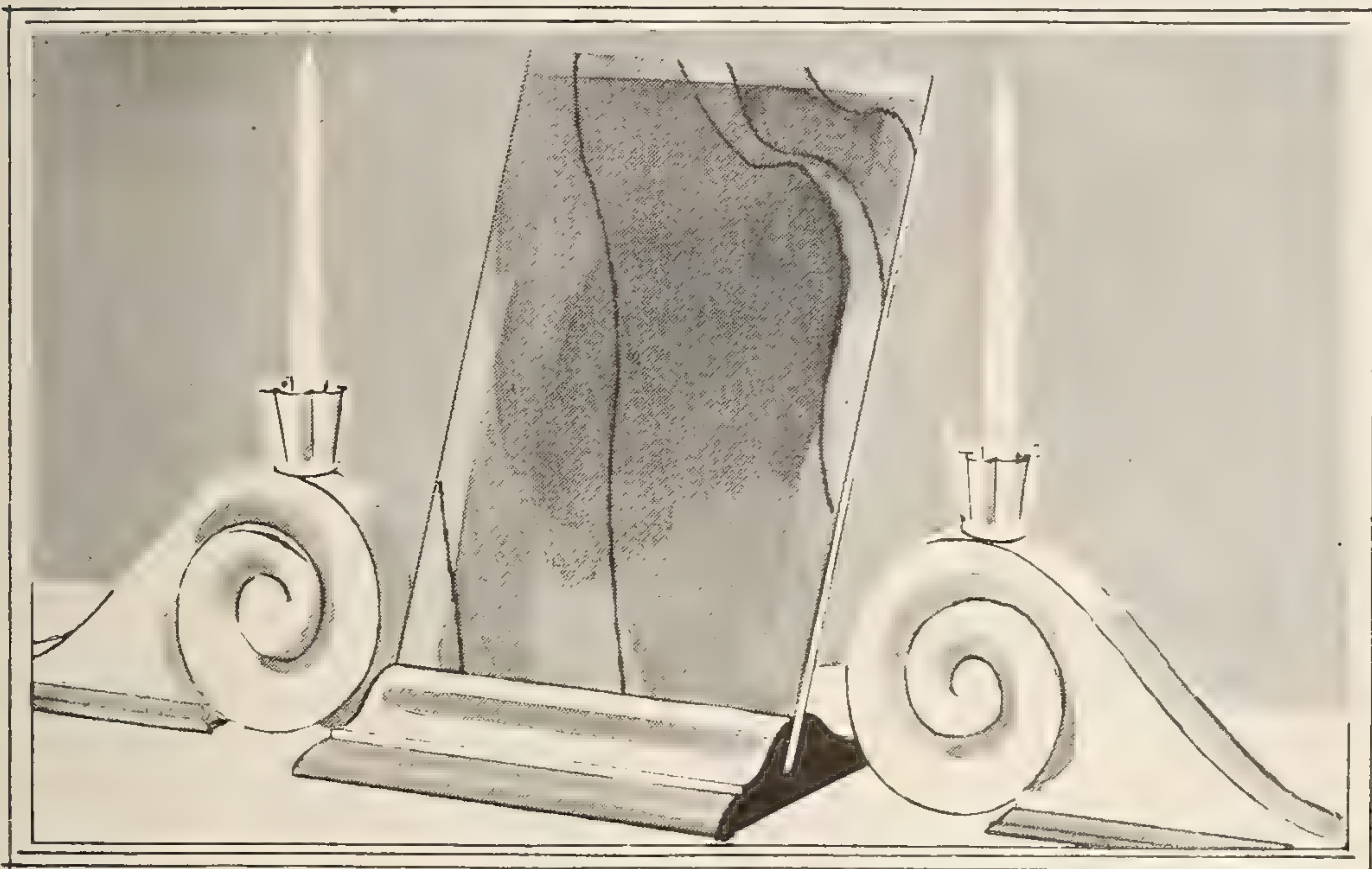
Attractive accessories to brighten up your home can easily be made from wood.

By FRANCES COWLES



Ap381

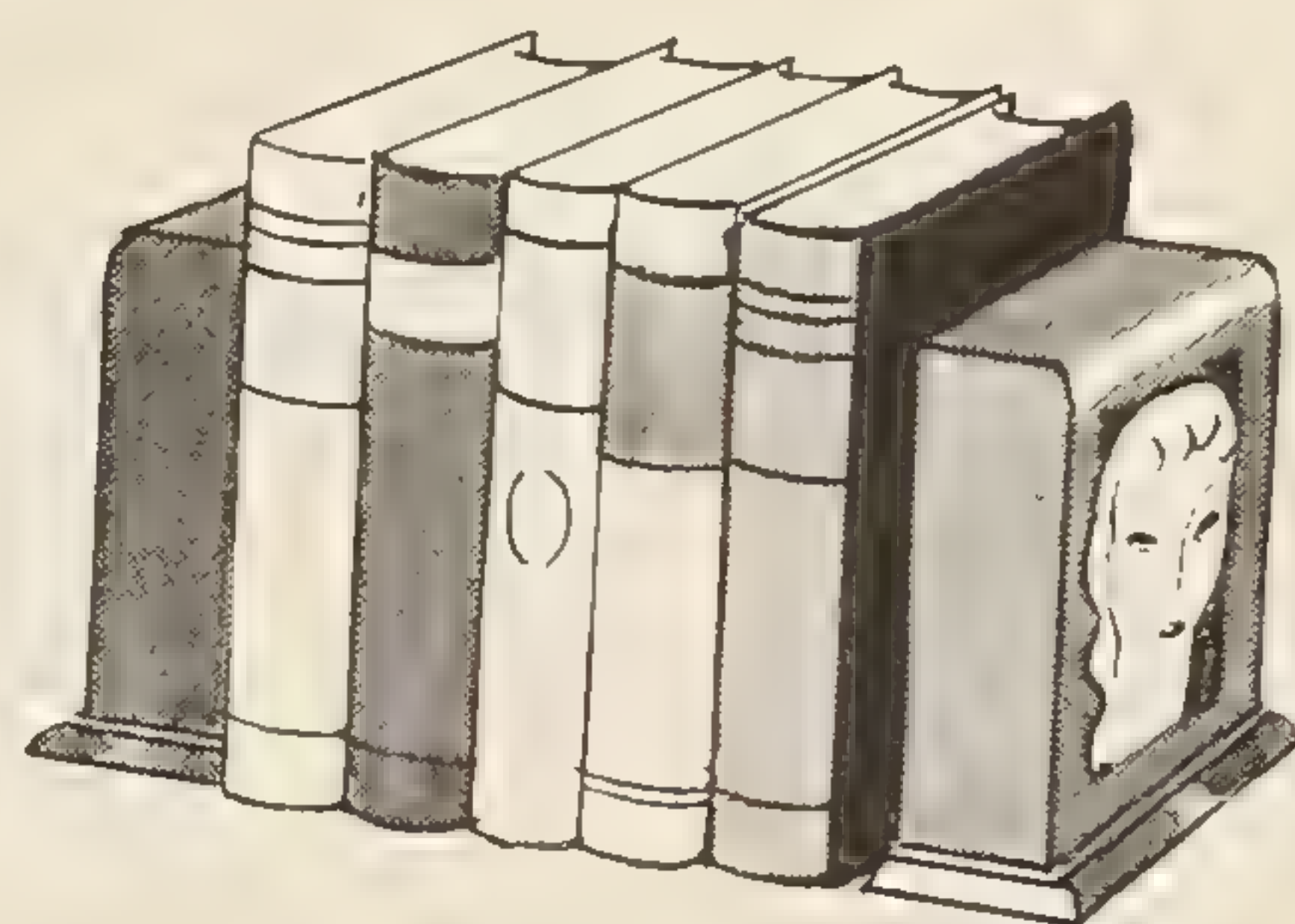
Ap381—For the top of your desk a stand with compartments to hold stationery and books and a convenient rack pens and pencils.



Ap382

Ap382—A mirror stand and a pair of snail candle-holders for your dressing table.

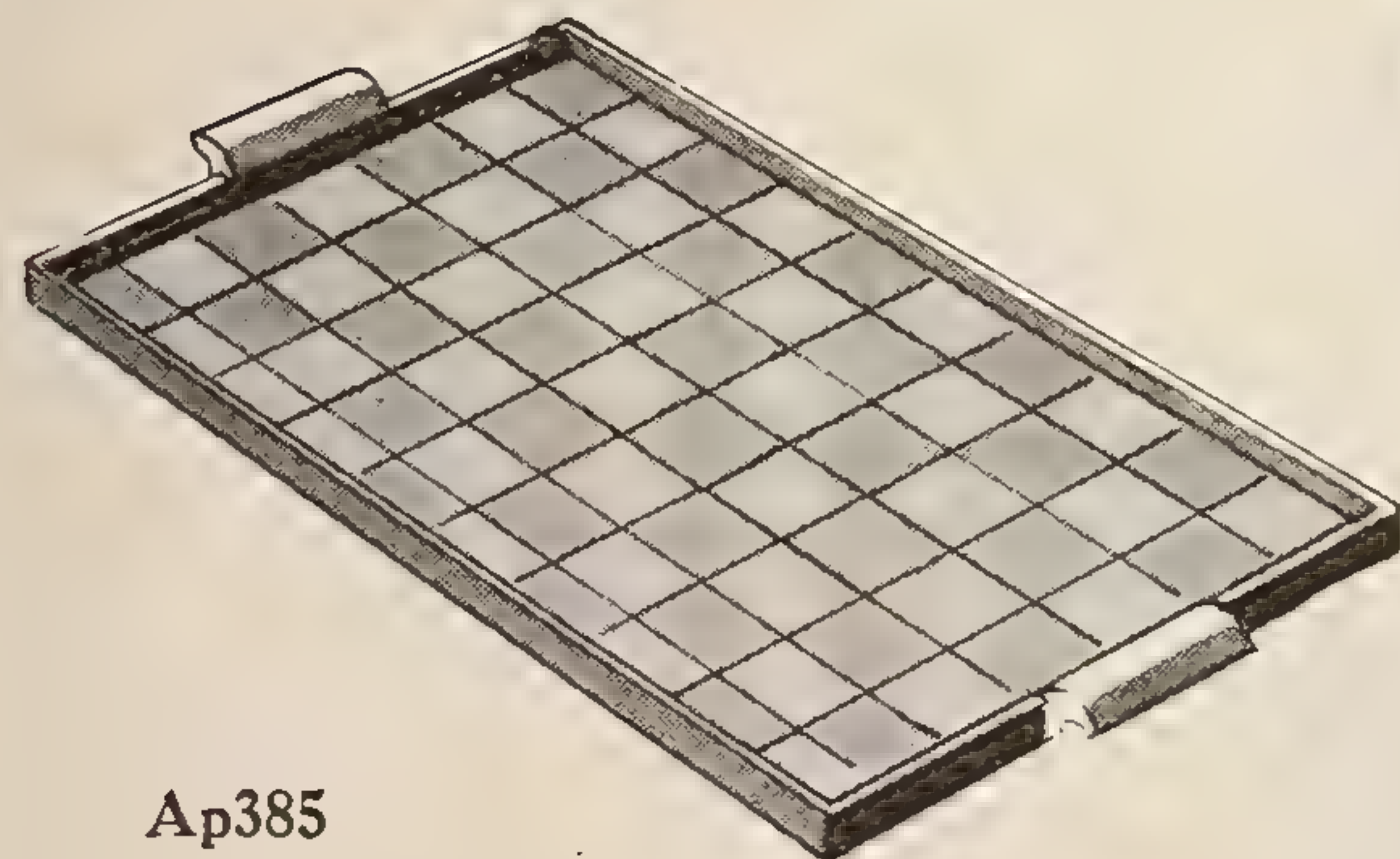
Ap383—Here are a pair of bookends with designs carved out in relief.



Ap383

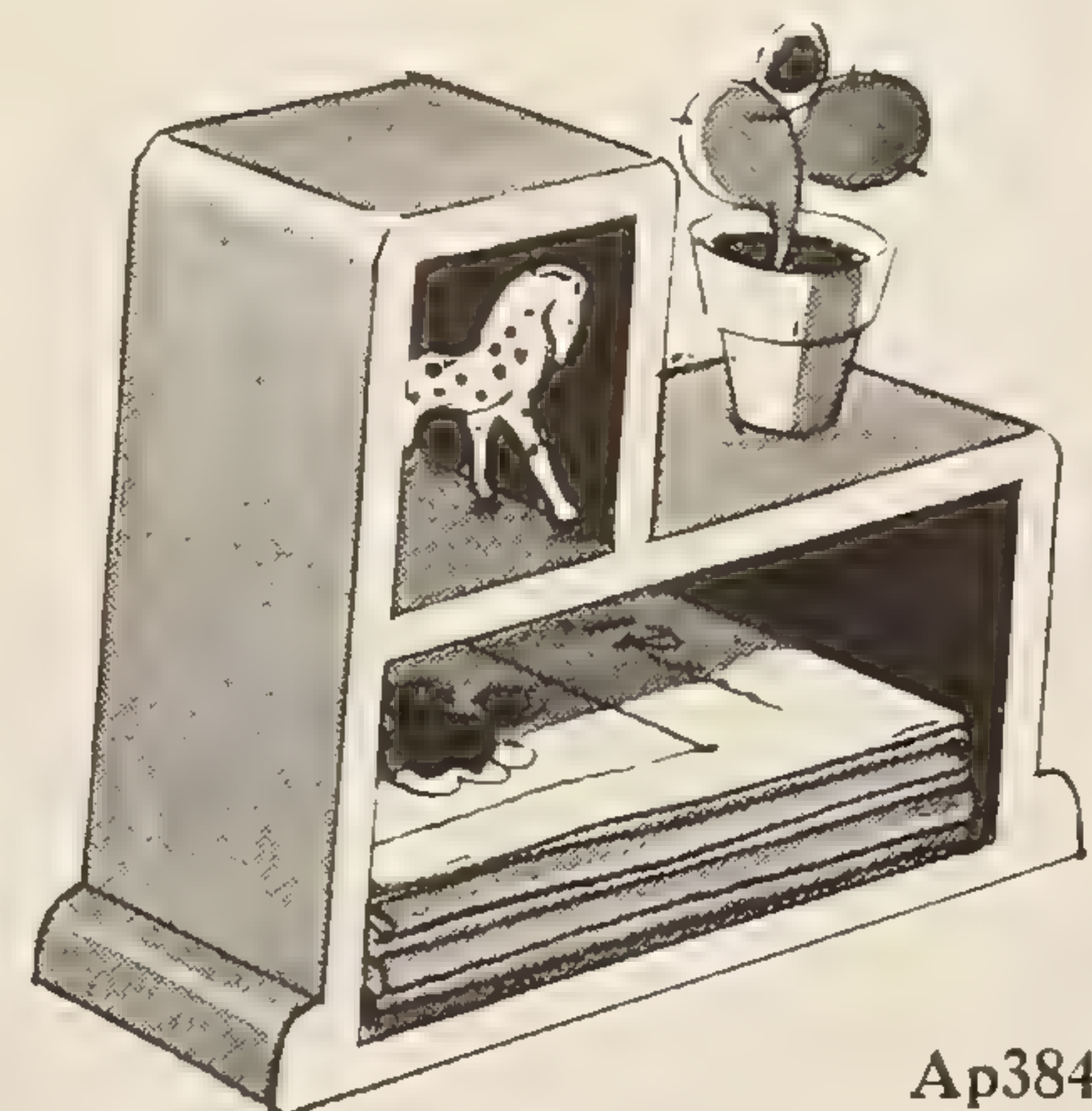
Ap384—A combination book-case end table and plant stand.

Ap385—Make this attractive tray from a piece of wood and some picture molding.

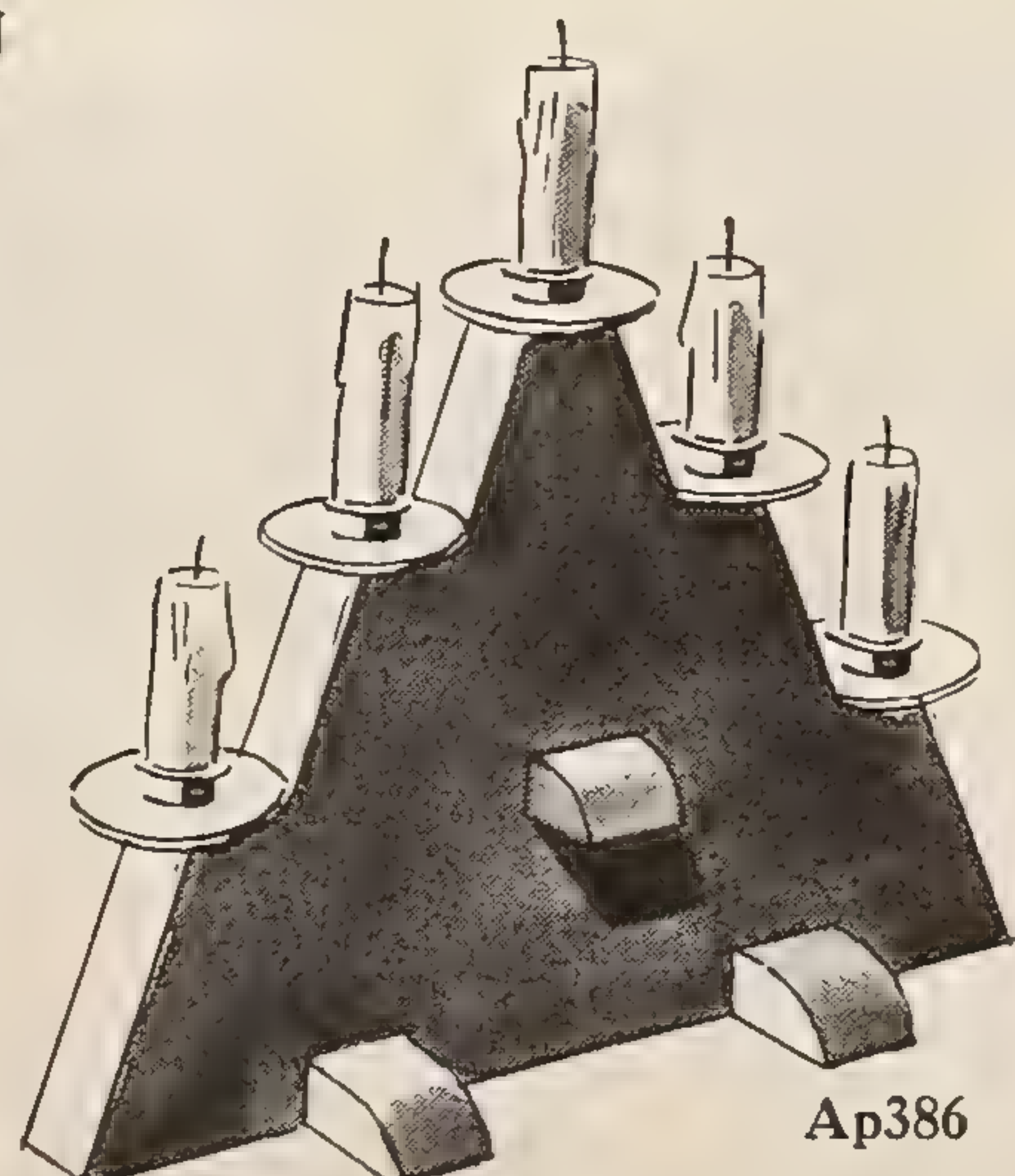


Ap385

Ap386—Here is an unusual modern candelabra which is quite simple to make.



Ap384



Ap386

If you would like patterns and directions for making any or all of these gifts, please turn to page 77



Clear up sniffly little noses—help to prevent many colds, too—with **VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

THE next time you hear a sniffle in your home, mother, don't wait until it grows into a bad cold. Promptly, apply Vicks Va-tro-nol—just a few drops up each nostril.

Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes and clears away clogging mucus. That annoying stuffiness vanishes—normal breathing through the nose again becomes easy.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start—Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided by Nature to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in their early stages. Used at the very first sign of irritation, Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds altogether.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is *real* medication—yet is *absolutely safe*—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle handy.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

For Nose & Throat

Now 2 Generous Sizes
50¢ 30¢



Note! For Your Protection

The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "*Va-tro-nol*" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL



Three New
OLIVE OIL CREAMS—

Three new creations by Vi-Jon! Fine, delicate Vi-Jon Creams blended with pure, imported Olive Oil, with its soothing, nourishing effect on the skin. For amazing results, try these new Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams. A thorough, complete facial treatment for a few cents.

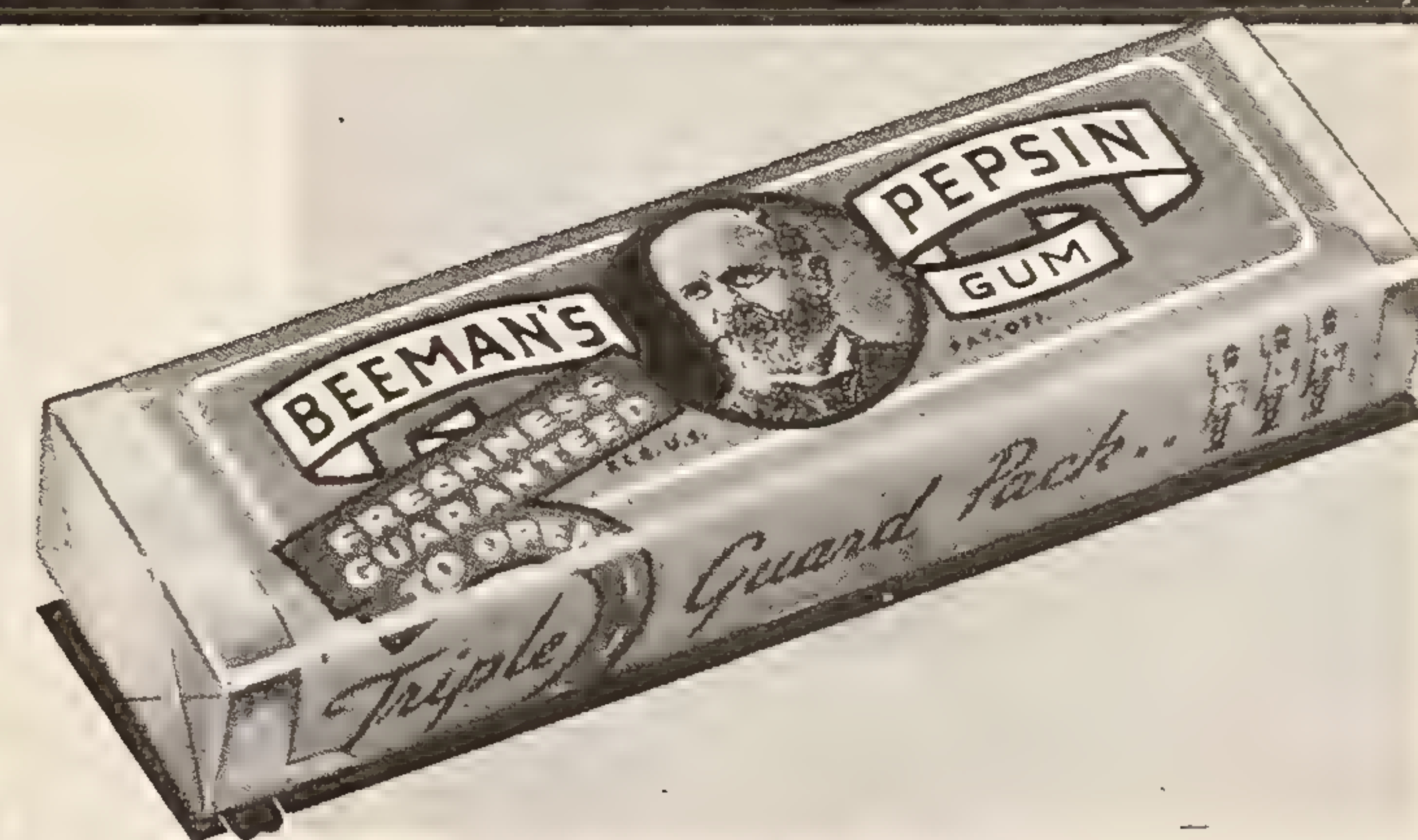
Sold at the better 10c stores

If your 10c store has not yet stocked Vi-Jon Olive Oil Creams, send us 10c for full size jar. State whether for cleansing or finishing. Larger sizes at 20c and 35c.

VI-JON LABORATORIES, 6300 Etzel Av., St. Louis

SEE THE TOWER STAR FASHIONS, an important new feature in this magazine which offers smart Spring styles designed for individual types represented by famous stars of the screen.

Every day



Enjoy **Beeman's Gum**
... AIDS DIGESTION

PAIN STOPPED AT ONCE!
CORNS
 CALLOUSES. BUNIONS. SORE TOES



New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

EASE YOUR FEET!
 You get relief one minute after you apply the New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, or sore toes! They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes or blisters caused by new or tight shoes. Separate Medicated Disks are included in every box, to quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses.

NEW FEATURES
 De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the new flesh color, waterproof Skintex covering, soft and flexible. Invisible under sheer hose, can't stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Try this wonderful treatment. Get a box today. Sold everywhere.

NEW De Luxe FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
 Put one on—the pain is gone!

CALLUSES
BUNIONS
SOFT CORNS

Don't let an UNSIGHTLY SKIN



rob you of ROMANCE, HAPPINESS

DO MEN LOOK your way—or do they look away? An attractive complexion, naturally fresh, unmarred by sallowness and ugly blotches unlocks the door to the romance every woman wants. Thousands of happy women have regained the fresh skin of their childhood with Stuart's Calcium Wafers. Magic, they call it. But there's nothing magic about it. Stuart's Calcium Wafers simply rid the system of bodily wastes and supply the system with the little calcium nature needs to create a healthy, glowing skin! Even stubborn cases often show marked improvement in a few days. Isn't it worth a trial?

STUART'S CALCIUM WAFERS
 AT ALL DRUG STORES, 10c AND 60c

MENDS LOOSE FURNITURE JOINTS



McCormick's IRON GLUE

Holds tight. Mends most anything.

10c

At Ten Cent Stores, Drug and Hardware Stores

Hard-to-Get Hepburn

(Continued from page 72)

ments, I started to sneak out. It wouldn't do to disturb her when she was so completely lost in characterization. She saw me. "Good-bye!" she called briskly. "I'll see you when I get back to New York." (She was flying East the next day).

"I hope so!" I said, very much upset over having cut in on the mood of the scene. "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" she was saying softly as I closed the door of the sound stage behind me. Truly that girl is a great actress, I thought, and I still think so.

I did not see her when she got back from New York. I did not see her in California, so you can imagine my excitement when told that Miss Hepburn not only remembered me but would like to see me again—When? Well, Miss Hepburn was on her farm near Hartford, but she would be back in New York the first of the week, and then—"As soon as we can get in touch with her, we will get in touch with you." The minute I heard the old familiar "get in touch with" I became suspicious. I tried to conjure up a vision of anyone getting in touch with Katie, if by chance she was feeling in an "untouchable" frame of mind.

"Perhaps," I suggested shyly, "if you would give me Miss Hepburn's phone number, I might get in touch with her myself." There was a momentous pause. If I had asked for Hitler's latch-key it couldn't have been more out of order. I relieved the tension quickly. "When you get in touch with Miss Hepburn, you find out if it's O. K.," I said, "and call me."

Inside of an hour I was given the number which I'm sure I could sell to the perspiring press for enough to buy Katie a new car. (The poor girl drives around Hollywood in a small truck.) I was told just when Miss Hepburn would be at home, and was I proud? There I was with inside information that would make the New York Intelligence Squad admit it was just a Boy Scout Company.

When the great "getting in touch" moment finally dragged around, I contacted a busy signal that continued for what seemed like an hour and was in reality just ten minutes, just ten minutes too long. Miss Hepburn had been in and gone out again. Compared to Katie's maid, the Sphinx was a society news columnist. At least that's what I thought the first time I called. Now she thinks I'm Mrs. Tel-and-Tel herself, and we have a great deal in common. Namely Miss Hepburn. For two days, at thirty cents a call from Tarrytown to New York, I burned wires, money and stubborn energy. Then came the dawn! And with it Katie's unmistakable voice saying, "I'm so sorry."

If I sign off right now I've made history. I've not only heard the Wild Fawn of Filmdom say "I'm sorry," but I've listened enthralled while she explained what she had been doing between leaps in and out of her New York domicile. Seeing shows. Shopping. The family was down from Hartford and "you know what it is," said Katie. I didn't know, but I'll be a yes-woman any time she uses that "You're so understanding" inflection on me.

"Now look," she continued, "We will get together the first of the week. I'm leaving for Hartford now."

"Couldn't you come by Tarrytown," I put in mildly.

"I'd love to," she said, "but you see I've got the whole bunch with me. Funny I had never dreamed that she

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 Suddenly I found
 Amazing Relief



After suffering from Asthma for 22 years and getting relief through Nacor, I am glad to add my testimonial about this fine medicine. I had been extremely weak, but my strength came back. The Asthma has now left me entirely.—Mrs. John Scudera, 3155 E. 130th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, September 28, 1934.

Nacor is so effective and safe that druggists of highest standing recommend it to their customers. Write for helpful booklet—also letters from happy users and name of druggist in your locality who can supply you. Address Nacor Medicine Co., 965 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

could be anything but an only child, and it seems that the Hepburns of Hartford run into quite a goodly sized total. "Shall I call you or will you call me?"

"I'll call you," I answered. I knew a moment afterward I had been a sap. It was too late. Kate was en route to Hartford again.

On Monday it started all over again. I called her and missed her. She called me and missed me. Meanwhile, the fact that she was as much "in the air" as I was busy trying to get on it, was cluttering up both of our lives and more. I had no family in Hartford. Mine was right with me at Ye Old Manor House in Tarrytown, which has been waggling along since 1863 (the house, not my family). The telephone was getting on the nerves of my entourage, who like Miss Hepburn very much, but think people should telephone me. Nevertheless and despite their groans, I phoned Miss H. again three days later. She had just gone to Hartford. As a youthful star I played Hartford often, but I don't seem to remember its fatal fascination.

"What about the Hepburn article?" said Mr. New Movie jauntily a few days later.

"What about the Japanese naval pact?" I countered. "Your guess is better than mine. What is my dead line?" I added. Deadline having nothing to do with when I was to die from sheer fatigue in pursuit of Katie, but meaning when must the article be in.

"Ten days at the latest." He is not usually so stern. I imagine he has been on one of these Hepburn treasure hunts before.

"You'll have it," I said, "and this time, to quote my radio pet, Ed Wynn, 'the show's goin' to be different.' This one is going to be telephonic, if not psychopathic." I reached for my current twin soul, the telephone, and got my pal, Katie's maid. Miss Hepburn had been in town Wednesday and had tried to get me on the phone.

As it happened on Wednesday I was embarking on a completely new career. I was becoming the first official woman radio announcer on the staff of the National Broadcasting Company. Of course, if I had known that Katie was going to dash in from Hartford and phone me, I should have informed the NBC that I couldn't possibly give up my real life's work, but that's the way she is. She has no sense of forewarning. Almost in tears I explained to the Sphinx's sister that I had to "get in touch" with the heartbreaker of Hartford within the next week. She was all sympathy. Miss Hepburn would be telephoning her from Hartford and she would explain everything.

Disconsolately and half "Hartfordly," I turned my attention to Radio City. I've got a day off from announcing and I've been rattling away for several hundred words. The "deadline" is imbedded between my eyebrows. The phone rings. Talk about drama. It's the one and only Katie back from Hartford and asking me to come to lunch tomorrow. No party, just a nice chummy lunch.

You can't believe it. Such things don't happen. Tomorrow my assignments as an announceress include one broadcast at twelve-thirty and one at one-fifteen. When do I lunch? That is not important, but the terrible thing is that I cannot lunch with Katie. Well, I said the show was going to be different. I'll say it is. Usually I exit laughingly, but tomorrow I will probably be sobbing into the microphone at one-fifteen as I announce: "This program comes to you through the 'cruelty' of the National Broadcasting Company."

You Tell Us

(Continued from page 54)

old or young.—A. Hamilton, Sr., 539 E. Fifth Street, Los Angeles, California. *And New Movie is pleased to print your letter, Gran'dad.*

That Certain Charm

What has become of that splendid actor, Otto Kruger?

So many of his parts were not good enough for him. He was excellent in "The Crime Doctor" and he really is an engaging lover. There is a certain charm about him.

Won't they please bring him back soon as the hero in a good love role? I sincerely hope so as everyone I know seems to like him.—Mrs. O. C. Andrews, 3325 Halloway Court, Cincinnati, Ohio. *Watch for him in Warner Brothers' picture, The Casino Murder Case.*

Team Jimmy and Shirley Again?

I have just seen that marvelous picture, "Bright Eyes," the latest Shirley Temple picture. Shirley was as sweet as ever but I think credit should go to James Dunn for such a convincing performance as Shirley's aviator friend. The way he handled his role was simply marvelous. He was grand in "Baby Take a Bow," and "Stand Up and Cheer." I think Shirley Temple and James Dunn make a swell team and should go on being teamed.—Mrs. Peggy Corcoran, 22 E. 106th St., New York, N. Y. *Watch for Shirley in "The Little Colonel" and Jimmy in George White's "Scandals."*

Producers Please Notice!

Producers, why not give Joan Crawford a break? Her loyal fans have suffered through a series of meaningless pictures such as "Sadie McKee" and "Chained," hoping against hope that she would eventually be given an opportunity to do a real characterization. The greatest talent in Hollywood is being wasted in trite stories, wrapped up in Adrian gowns.

Why not give Joan a chance to reveal the reach and depth of her marvelous talents? Who else could do "Joan of Arc" as well as she?

Joan Crawford symbolizes courage, and even resembles physically the famous Maid of Orleans. I can think of no greater treat for the new year than "Joan of Arc" portrayed by her prototype, the incomparable Crawford!—Mrs. H. D. Cooksey, 2709 Lochmore Ave., Raleigh, N. C. *Good for you, Mrs. Cooksey. We were worried about Joan too. Read our story "They're the tops."*

Thanks to Hal Roach

Hats off and three cheers for Laurel and Hardy! At last little Bill, age seven, was allowed to see a picture. In fact, we all went to see "Babes in Toyland."

And if you think children don't respond to suitable and well made pictures, you should have been in the audience watching this picture. Mouths open, eyes wide, and many wide grins, all attested a most appreciative audience. Each and every fantastic character was greeted with delight and recognition. The children lived, for a time, with Tom Thumb, the bogymen, and the villainous landlord.

Laurel and Hardy gave my child a fanciful but convincing afternoon. Furthermore, I know mothers appreciate a picture like this that is suitable and enjoyable for their children.—Mrs. F. R. Warner, 894 18th Avenue, S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. *Mrs. Warner, what would*



New indeed—and the color is actually in advance of the season—thanks to a new RIT service.

Write today for PARIS COLORS with silk samples of the newest shades for Spring and Summer—and RIT "Color Recipes" for matching them. Simply by combining 2 Rit colors according to the recipe—you get fashionable shades never possible before in home dyeing!

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you think of special pictures for the kiddies alone? It has been suggested.

Dear Jeanette:

I know that Jeanette MacDonald has so many fans that I will not count for much, but "little drops of water and little grains of sand," you know the rest. You see I never cared very much for her. I don't know just why. Well I saw "The Merry Widow" and heard Jeanette sing "Vilia." That song was so exquisitely sung that I almost swooned. It's the truth. I love a beautiful singing voice, but if there is no feeling put into the song it is out with me and that is that. Let me say this to Jeanette MacDonald: Please sing all of your songs as beautifully as you did "Vilia." "Music hath charms" and Miss MacDonald is lacking in neither of the above.—Mrs. Jean Auer, 1210 N. Van Buren Street, Milwaukee, Wis. *Jeanette will read your plea here, Mrs. Auer.*

Fans and Friendliness

Quite a few months ago it was announced over our local radio station that Ann Harding would stop here in a plane for a few minutes. Now Miss Harding had many fans here and those who were lucky enough to hear the message rushed out to the airport hoping to get a glance of the lovely Ann. The plane came and what a disappointment we had, for our beloved movie star wouldn't even glance out the window. One or two fans did get a little peep in the door but I do think she could have said hello for we small town folks don't often have the opportunity to see our beloved movie stars in person.

I am sure if Miss Harding knew how hurt we were she would have been a wee bit friendly.—Mrs. Thelma Carson, General Delivery, Monroe, La. *Did you read "Just Let Me Act" in our March issue? Ann wasn't unfriendly, she was just shy and scared.*

Notes on Voices

A very large bouquet for Ann Harding, the essence of beauty, charm, femininity and culture. And her voice! That alone would draw me.

How I should like to see her play opposite Ronald Colman, even in that old picture, "Dark Angel," that he made with Vilma Banky a long time ago.

Then a tribute to Kay Johnson with her fine speaking voice.

Wasn't she splendid in "This Man Is Mine" (she really stole that picture) and "Eight Girls in a Boat"?

I am pleased that such good material, as "Anne of Green Gables," etc., is being used for pictures. We grown-ups enjoy them every bit as much as the children, maybe more.—Elsie S. Gould, Londonville, N. Y. *Part of the charm of both Anne and Kay is in their lovely voices, Elsie.*

Welcome Back, Gloria

After an absence of two years Gloria Swanson returns to the screen in "Music in the Air." Gloria will astonish her most ardent fans. She sings beautifully, she makes love and plays comedy with a very deft touch. Teamed with her is John Boles who also sings and performs comedy as though he were having the time of his life. Both turn in grand characterizations.

"Music in the Air" is a real success achievement with a beautiful musical score. Welcome back, Gloria!—Mrs. Alice J. Barry, 514 Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo. *Old friends are good friends, Mrs. Barry.*

(Please turn to page 76)

Look!
SHE USED
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Why not?

S.O.S made her blackened, greasy pan shine like new....

Try the tea towel test yourself! Take a stove-blackened pan. Scour it with S.O.S.—rinse—then wipe it dry on a clean towel. There'll be no more spots on the pan. None on the towel, either.

We'll even supply the towel for the test. (See coupon below.) The S.O.S. you'll find at your grocer's, or at any department, hardware or five and ten cent store.

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Genuine Cannon tea towel for two regular S.O.S. package tops mailed to The S.O.S. Company, 6204 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois. Make the "tea towel test" and see for yourself how truly clean S.O.S. cleans all pots and pans. This tea towel offer expires June 1, 1935. Only one towel to a family. © 1935—S.O.S. Co.

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This wonderful beauty-awakening shampoo leaves the hair shining clean, aglow with little natural highlights. The texture of the hair is made soft, caressable—because **THIS** shampoo **CLEANSSES PERFECTLY, RINSES COMPLETELY.**

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Marchand's Castile Shampoo is made with selected high-grade olive oils. Remember, olive oil is good for scalp and hair—particularly for those who suffer from dryness and dandruff. Men should avoid using ordinary soaps on their hair—and change to this fine product—made to benefit hair as well as to cleanse it.

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Fill out this coupon, send with 35c in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York.

35c enclosed—Please send SHAMPOO to

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You Tell Us

(Continued from page 75)

Anne as Anne

"Anne of Green Gables" is a worthy successor to "Little Women."

Anne Shirley in the title role will win your heart—she is sweet, fiery-tempered and imaginative as her red hair denotes. She will take you back to your golden days of innocent childhood and believing love. The way "Anne" penetrates the shell-like exterior of the middle-aged spinster and wins a permanent home will bring tears to your eyes. Helen Westley as "Marilla," the spinster, and O. P. Heggie as "Mathew" give outstanding performances.

And may I add a word of praise for the director, George A. Nichols, Jr. His skilful touch has brought out the full beauty of the story. I really believe I enjoyed it more than "Little Women."—Mrs. Charles Toles, 514 N. Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo. *We take it that you really liked the picture, Mrs. Toles?*

Devotion to Ann

I want to thank you, Mrs. Stanaway, for your lovely tribute to Ann Harding. I am with you every step of the way as I know are thousands of others.

Ann has not only greatness of mind but greatness of spirit and the courage of her own convictions. They make a grand combination.

We admire the work of many other actresses, we like most of them but we love our Ann. We wouldn't want anything ever to take her away from us. So let's get together on this and declare Ann Harding "First Lady of the Screen" and long may she reign!—Mrs. L. N. Kemp, 333 E. 27th Street, Erie, Pa. *What do the rest of you think?*

The Newsreel Close-Up

I believe that I am expressing a widespread popular sentiment in repudiating a prevalent newsreel nuisance; namely, the custom of inflicting upon a plaintive public full-sized close-ups of men and women currently in the public eye.

These close-ups occupying every available inch of space on the screen, so thoroughly exaggerate facial contours and imperfections that the innocent victim of the "exposure" invariably resembles the hero of an Ed Wynn opera. And when the photographic subject reveals his or her bridgework in a wide range smile—but you doubtlessly get the idea by now.

Now, in practically every case the monstrosities we see in newsreels are healthy and reasonably good-looking individuals in private life. But when they pose impromptu, au naturel, self-conscious and sans make-up the merciless lens records their floundering features with about the same degree of fidelity with which a radio of the vintage of '21 would reproduce the voice of today's radio stars.

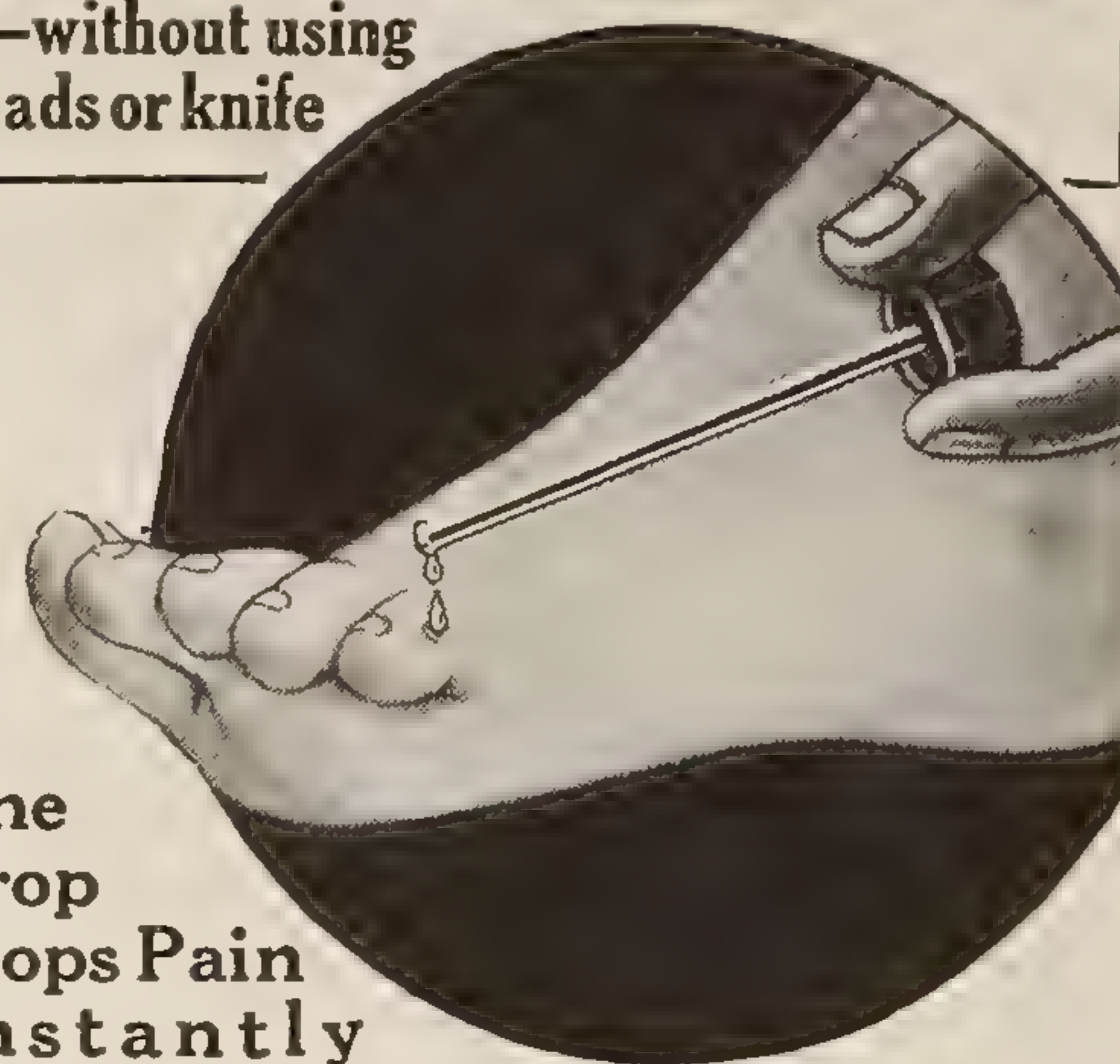
To make matters worse, the close-ups are sustained at times for as long as two minutes or more while the news commentator explains the particular reason for the aforementioned victim's movie debut.

It seems to me that a self-respecting adult when he sees a close-up of himself on the screen must be so humiliated that he goes through the rest of his life with an incurable inferiority complex or something worse.

The solution, obviously is that the close-ups be eliminated entirely or that the patron slumber blissfully during the execution.—Emanuel Barton, 226 N. Negley Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. *New Movie would like comment from all of its readers on this subject.*

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Stops Pain
Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

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Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES

"RADIO GIRL", Saint Paul, Minn. Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer Good in U. S. only.) T-4

Name.....
Address.....

Sheer Sweetness?

There being no words adequate to express the sheer sweetness of "One Night of Love" I merely say that for me it never will grow old. I know for I have seen it forty times and am still going strong, literally lost in the amazing beauty of it all; scarcely able to believe that such an opportunity came my way.

Charming personality, gorgeous voice, perfect actress—Grace Moore, please give her to us often, and marvelous Tullio Carminati! We are hoping to see him in many more pictures.

Thank you, Columbia, for the finest treat of my whole life.—Mrs. Leonard Fogan, 33 Nicholson Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. *That's a new definition of sweetness for us, Mrs. Fogan, but we like it!*

Fine and Clean

I want to send in my praise of Frank Capra's direction of such pictures as "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill," which I think are two of the finest and cleanest pictures I have ever seen. We, the public (and I am sure I speak for more than myself), really enjoy such interesting stories as these. May we have many more like them in the year 1935 and for all time.—Mrs. G. L. Kaminski, 1518 Monroe Street, N. E., Minneapolis, Minn. *It takes good acting, good story and good direction to make the grade these days, Mrs. Kaminski.*

Improving Make-Up

Let's have more natural and life-like stars like Anne Shirley. She is fresh and youthful, not all rouged lips, false eyelashes and painted nails. We can find those on any street corner. To see an actresses' real face is a treat after so much false make-up.

Anne in "Anne of Green Gables" is an inspiration to anyone. She is my idea of a natural young girl. Please don't go sophisticated or "false facey" on us, Anne. You have a warm place in our hearts just as you are.—Mrs. Wm. Thurganger, 549 Tenny Street, Kewanee, Ill. *There's little danger of Anne's disappointing you.*

The Incredible Brat

I know I shouldn't write this letter. But after seeing the movie, "Bright Eyes," I couldn't pass up the opportunity of writing. It may arouse Shirley Temple fans, but when leaving the movie house I was against everything she represented.

It seems a little brat in the picture known as Jane Withers made this most incredible thing happen to me. Just a day before seeing "Bright Eyes," I had scolded my own little girl and also asked why she couldn't be like Shirley Temple. But now I've fallen in love with the biggest brat of them all. And I'm saying to my little girl, "Stay as mischievous as you are," and that goes doubly for little Jane Withers.—Mrs. A. Zimmerman, 228 E. Broadway, New York, N. Y. *There is a special story being written for Jane, Mrs. Zimmerman.*

An Old Question

Why don't the movie producers give their films more appropriate titles? Lately I missed seeing "Imitation of Life," because I didn't know that that was the name they had given to Fannie Hurst's "Sugar-House."

This is not a case of whether "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but whether more representative movie titles would not bring in more box-office receipts.—Elizabeth Gates, 634 Boone Street, Piqua, Ohio. *Time and time again, we wonder about this, Elizabeth. Of course the studios want titles that will make money, but lots of them do seem silly.*

Hooray!

Humor is all right in its place. I hereby take exception to the wise-cracking, punning news-commentators who infest the newsreels. I like a laugh with anyone, but some of these grim buzzards would pun, I believe, at their own funerals. Compare them for instance, with the keen incisive comments of the newsreel of Edwin C. Hill.—Anthony March, 297 Union, San Francisco, California. *Good for you, Anthony. Many a fine newsreel has been spoiled by a yapping commentator. Maybe something will be done about it before long.*

About Marie Dressler and Pauline Lord

Can Pauline Lord take Marie Dressler's place? I had just read this in my November NEW MOVIE not so long ago. Marie was my favorite star, and I would have gone any place to see a picture that she played in, so this article interested me very much. No, I decided, Miss Lord could never take Marie's place in the hearts of the people. Marie always seemed like a mothering old soul. Miss Lord is far too young to be that. Besides, she acts her parts, she isn't her very own self on the screen, as Marie was. Really, no one could actually take her place.

Who, then, was to be the one? I had seen May Robson and decided she was about the next best, although she didn't quite fill the bill. She is a grand actress too, but she seems a bit sharp at times, not always quite as sweet and good natured as Marie. But she was my choice until several days ago. Now, I think I have the one, who is my estimation, should be the second Marie. I just saw Loretta Young in "The White Parade," and my vote now goes to the very charming and natural acting person who played the part of "Sailor" in that picture. Her name I don't know, as I didn't pay a whole lot of attention when the cast of characters was shown on the screen, as I went particularly to see Miss Young. Perhaps you will know her name. She completely stole the picture from the heroine and hero, and if anyone can do Miss Dressler's parts, I am sure she is the one. Let's hope the casting directors give "Sailor" a chance. I for one am betting on her.—D. Rissmiller, 2902 Kildaire Drive, Baltimore, Md. *"Sailor" was played by Jane Darwell. You have fine taste, as she's an excellent actress and we feel sure we shall all be seeing her again and enjoying her, too.*

We Bow

I have been buying NEW MOVIE for the last four months and I am convinced that it is the best movie magazine published. I have noticed a great difference in the January and February issues. Of course the larger size is of great advantage but the contents really count for most. The articles are most interesting, the pictures are of the best and the departments always have something for everybody.

At present it is more convenient for me to buy NEW MOVIE by the month but as soon as I am in a position to do so I will take a year's subscription.

Am wishing you the best of luck in your work.—Clifford Sterns, Erie, Michigan. *Thank you, Clifford. We're really working hard to try to please. Soon we'll give you an even better magazine and we hope you'll like it better, too.*

The Johnsons Agree

I agree with my namesake, Edna Johnson, in what she says about Josephine Hutchinson. In my opinion she stole everything but the scenery in the production, "Happiness Ahead."

I for one am pleased to see her on

THIS LITTLE GIRL HAD A DOLLAR!



THIS LITTLE BOY HAD A DIME!



And the thing both of them wanted most of all was Tiny Tower, the magazine that is their very own. The little girl got a year's subscription—twelve issues for her dollar. And the little boy went right out and bought his copy, "Just like I do every month," he says.

● Tiny Tower is the greatest play magazine that children have ever had. Every page is written for the child—stories they love to hear again and again, Jack and Jill in thrilling new picture-adventures, amusing cut-outs, comics, games, puzzles, jokes, things to do and make.

● Perhaps you are like the little girl who wanted a year's subscription so she would be sure to get every single issue. Then use the coupon below. But whatever you do, don't let the children miss the fun in Tiny Tower. Ten cents will get the current copy, in its new big size, at the nearest newsstand or F. W. Woolworth Co. stores.

TINY TOWER MAGAZINE,
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Please send a year's subscription to Tiny Tower to the child whose name appears below. I am enclosing \$1.00 (check or money-order.)

Child's Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Begin with the.....issue
Your name and address.....

the screen, as I would never have the opportunity to witness her stage performance. I am eagerly awaiting her next picture.—Edward Johnson, 17 Bristol Street, Cuba, N. Y. *It will be, "Oil for the Lamps of China," Edward.*

Negro Performers

It surprised me a great deal to find out that the motion picture "Imitation of Life" was not included in the local polls as one of the ten best pictures of 1934. But, if I had my way I'd pin the medal on the shoulders of Louise Beavers of the picture for the finest female performance on the 1934 screen. And incidentally the honor of producing the first cinema negro drama goes to the Universal studio.

I fervently hope NEW MOVIE recognizes the dramatic power of Louise Beavers and obliges us NEW MOVIE fans with a personality story of the screen's premier colored actress.—Ben Cohen, 12 Monroe Street, New York, N. Y. *Did you read what Herb Howe said about her in the March issue?*

A Justified Criticism

Theaters, when they are showing a picture that "packs 'em in," after having advertised it far and wide, sometimes have the customers lined up out to the curb when the last show of the evening starts. Perhaps, and often, the feature has been partially run before everyone is seated, or have even reached a place to see the screen where they stand. Such has been my experience. At the end of the regular scheduled run, the lights come on and "Good-night!" is flashed on the screen. Since they did so well with the picture, they could pay the help for overtime and run it again. Run it till the auditorium is empty, at least. How about it, theater managers?—C. E. Gilstrap, Route 1, Neosho, Mo. *Some states have laws that the projection-machine must keep turning as long as there's one person left in the theater. We suggest you write a letter direct to the theater manager, Mr. Gilstrap.*

Whew!

I'd also put opera on the screen. I'd get Gladys Swarthout, who is not only a very, very good singer but also a nice looking person. I'd abolish the filming of second-rate stories and would use more of Dickens' stories.—Adlay Talisman, 280 Riverside Drive, New York City. *Gee, maybe it's a good thing you aren't a dictator, Adlay.*

With the aid of our New Method circulars you can make these things from wood:

Ap381—For the top of your desk, a stand with compartments to hold stationery and books, and a convenient rack for pens.

Ap382—A mirror stand and a pair of snail candleholders for your dressing table.

Ap383—Here are a pair of bookends with a ship design carved out in relief.

Ap384—A combination book-case and table and plant stand.

Ap385—Make this attractive tray from a piece of wood and some picture molding.

Ap386—Here is an unusual modern candelabra which is quite simple to make.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for three circulars or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



Do You have Trouble Making Your
MAKE-UP STAY ON ?



NO DOUBT about it... it's a perfect nuisance having to apply fresh make-up a half-dozen times a day. And yet, what are you going to do when your powder *won't* stay on and your rouge and lipstick fade away?

You'll never have to put up with that sort of thing when you use OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids. For each of these lovely preparations is made with a base of *pure olive oil*... an ingredient which not only enables your make-up to go on more smoothly, but to *stay on* longer.



OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aids do more than merely beautify your complexion. They *protect* it, too! OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder guards the skin from the drying effects of wind and weather—keeps it soft, smooth and supple. Yet this powder is as light and airy as thistle-down. It never "cakes" or clogs the pores. And it is absolutely grit-free!

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick protect cheeks and lips from cracking and chapping. They flatter the living tints of the skin. Make your complexion come *alive* with youthful coloring and beauty.



Whether you are a blonde, brunette or titian-haired, you can be sure that regardless of the shade of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder you choose, you will find an OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick of the *same tonal quality*... to blend naturally with your individual skin-coloring and to provide a perfect Make-up Color Ensemble.

At leading drug and department stores for only 50c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 87-D
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

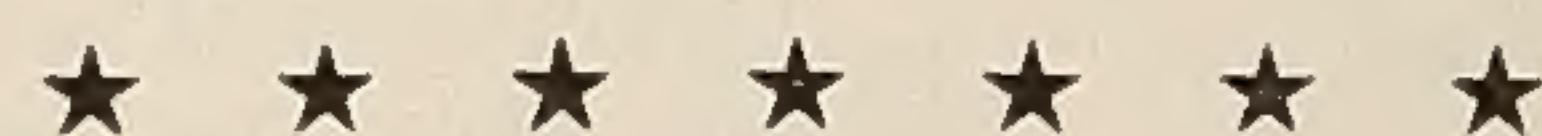


These stores carry Tower STAR Fashions

Consult This List When You Go Shopping

Tower Star Fashions . . . selected by Tower Magazines' Fashion Department and sold in the retail stores listed below will help you to buy clothes which are really becoming. Ask to see Tower Star Fashions and also the other nationally advertised products in this issue the very next time you are in one of these stores. Address any further questions to Tower's Star Fashion Editor, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Pictures of Tower Star Fashions appear on page 22 of this issue.



ALABAMA

Dothan, Van Ritch Co., Inc.
Jasper, Chas. E. Tweedy & Co.

ARIZONA

Phoenix, Korrick's

ARKANSAS

Arkadelphia, B. W. McCormick Co.
Little Rock, M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, The May Co.
San Francisco, The Emporium, Inc.

CONNECTICUT

Hartford, Brown-Thompson, Inc.
Bridgeport,
The Howland Dry Goods Co.
New Haven,
The Gamble-Desmond Co.

COLORADO

Denver, Denver Dry Goods Co.

DELAWARE

Wilmington, Kennard Pyle Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington,
Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA

Miami, Burdine's, Inc.
Orlando, Yowell Drew Co.
St. Petersburg, Rutland Bros.
Tampa, Maas Bros.

GEORGIA

Athens, Michael Bros., Inc.
Atlanta, Davison Paxon Co.
Dublin, R. L. Stephens
Savannah, Leopold Adler

ILLINOIS

Bloomington, A. Livingston & Sons
Champaign, G. C. Willis
Chicago,
W. A. Wiebolt & Co.
Moline, Banks Co.
Rockford, Block & Kuhl Co.
Peoria, The D. W. Klein Co.
Springfield, Myers Bros.

INDIANA

Logansport, Schmitt-Kloepfer Co.
South Bend, Ellsworth's

IOWA

Davenport, Abrahams
Des Moines, Younker Bros.
Sioux City, The Pelletier Co.

KANSAS

Kansas City, D. K. Woodruff
Salina, Kaufman's
Wichita, Geo. Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

Ashland, The Smart Shop
Louisville, Kaufman Straus Co.

LOUISIANA

Baton Rouge, The Dalton Co.
New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.

MAINE

Augusta, Chernowsky's
Bangor, Cortell-Segal Co.
Calais, Unobskey's New York Store
Lewiston, B. Peck Co.

MARYLAND

Baltimore, Hochschild Kohn & Co.
Cumberland, Lazarus
Hagerstown, Fashionland

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston, Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Lowell, Cherry & Webb Co.
New Bedford, C. F. Wing Co.
Revere, Rose Cornell
Springfield,
Meekins, Packard & Wheat Inc.

MICHIGAN

Bay City, L. E. Oppenheim & Co.
Detroit, The J. L. Hudson Co.
Grand Rapids, Herpolsheimer Co.
Kalamazoo, Fred Mahoney's

MINNESOTA

Duluth, Geo. A. Gray Co.
Minneapolis,
E. E. Atkinson & Co., Inc.
St. Paul, The Golden Rule

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson, Field's Inc.
Greenville, F. B. Tonkel Co.

MISSOURI

Kansas City, Harzfeld's Inc.
St. Joseph, The Paris
St. Louis, Thos. W. Garland, Inc.

MONTANA

Helena, Fligelman's

NEBRASKA

Omaha, Goldstein-Chapman Co.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury, Dainty Apparel Shop
Jersey City, State Gown Shop
Newark, L. Bamberger & Co.
Passaic, Charlotte Shop

NEW YORK

Albany, W. M. Whitney & Co.
Binghamton,
Sisson Bros.-Weldon Co.
Buffalo,
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
New York City, R. H. Macy & Co.
Rochester, Kroll's
Staten Island, Irene Dress Shoppe
Syracuse, C. E. Chappell & Sons, Inc.
Utica, Doye-Knowler Co., Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville, Bon Marche, Inc.
Durham, R. L. Baldwin Co.
Forest City, Davis Shoppe
Gastonia, Sport Shoppe
Shelby, Nash, Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo, G. M. Black
Grand Forks, Heller's

OHIO

Akron, The A. Polsky Co.
Cincinnati, Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland, Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, The Dunn Taft Co.
Dayton, The Elder & Johnston Co.
Portsmouth, Atlas Fashion
Toledo, LaSalle & Koch Co.
Youngstown, Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

OKLAHOMA

Shawnee, Blain's Fashion Shop
Tulsa, The Froug Co.

OREGON

Portland, Meier & Frank Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown, Hess Bros., Inc.
Erie, Keefe & Johnson
Harrisburg, Bowman & Co.
Lock Haven, Grossman's
Philadelphia, Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Joseph Horne Co.
Reading, Pomeroy's, Inc.
Scranton, The Band Box
Wilkes-Barre, Fowler, Dick & Walker
York, P. Weist's Sons, Inc.

RHODE ISLAND

Providence, Scott Furriers Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson, George H. Bailes
Columbia, J. W. Haltiwanger

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen, Olwin-Angell
Watertown, Schaller's

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga, Miller Bros.
Kingsport,
J. Fred Johnson & Co. Inc.
Knoxville, Anderson-Dulin-Varnell
Memphis, J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.

TEXAS

Brownwood, Garner-Alvis Co.
Dallas, W. A. Green
El Paso, Felix Brunschwig & Co., Inc.
Galveston, Robert I. Cohen

UTAH

Salt Lake City,
Zion Co-operative Merc. Institution

VIRGINIA

Richmond, Thalheimer Bros., Inc.
Roanoke, Natalie Shop

WASHINGTON

Seattle, The Bon Marche
Spokane, Spokane Dry Goods Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley, The Woman's Shop, Inc.
Bluefield, The Vogue
Grafton, Joliffe's

WISCONSIN

Milwaukee, Ed. Schuster & Co.

Maddening Hues

FOR LIPS AND CHEEKS

NEW KIND OF LIPSTICK . . . NEW KIND OF ROUGE, WORK MIRACLES IN RED

Maddening hues, yes! Colors that thrill, taunt and tempt! Truly enough (*and you'll know it the instant you try them*) such rapturous, wicked reds have never been used in lipstick or rouge before. But there's more reason than that for the soul-stirring madness so generously imparted by SAVAGE Lipstick and the new SAVAGE Rouge.

SAVAGE Lipstick works differently from ordinary lipstick. Its gorgeous color separates from the cosmetic a moment or two after application to become an actual part of the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and see your lips . . . teasingly, savagely red . . . but without the usual discouraging pastiness. Imagine a lipstick like that! Better yet, experience its magic on your own lips. One or more of the four luscious SAVAGE shades is sure to be exactly yours.

SAVAGE Rouge . . . an utterly new kind of dry rouge . . . so much finer in texture than any other that it blends right into the skin itself . . . to stay, with full color intensity, throughout the exciting hours it invites . . . instead of quickly fading away as ordinary rouge does. You'll love it, and the shades are identical to those of SAVAGE Lipstick so that your cheeks and lips will be a thrilling, perfect symphony of maddening, meaningful red.

Then . . . SAVAGE Face Powder

And what a different face powder *this* is; so fine, so soft, so smooth . . . and so surprisingly different in the results it gives. Apply it, and it seems to vanish . . . but the skin-shine, too, has gone. Imagine it! Everything you want from powder, but no "powdered" look; just caressing, soft smoothness that is a feast for eyes and a tingle for finger tips it makes so eager. Four lovely shades.

20¢ AT ALL TEN CENT STORES



TANGERINE • FLAME
NATURAL • BLUSH



Savage Cream
Rouge . . . for
lips and cheeks



NATURAL
(Flesh)
BEIGE
RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)

SAVAGE

It always has stopped raining



Life begins at sixty



They Satisfy